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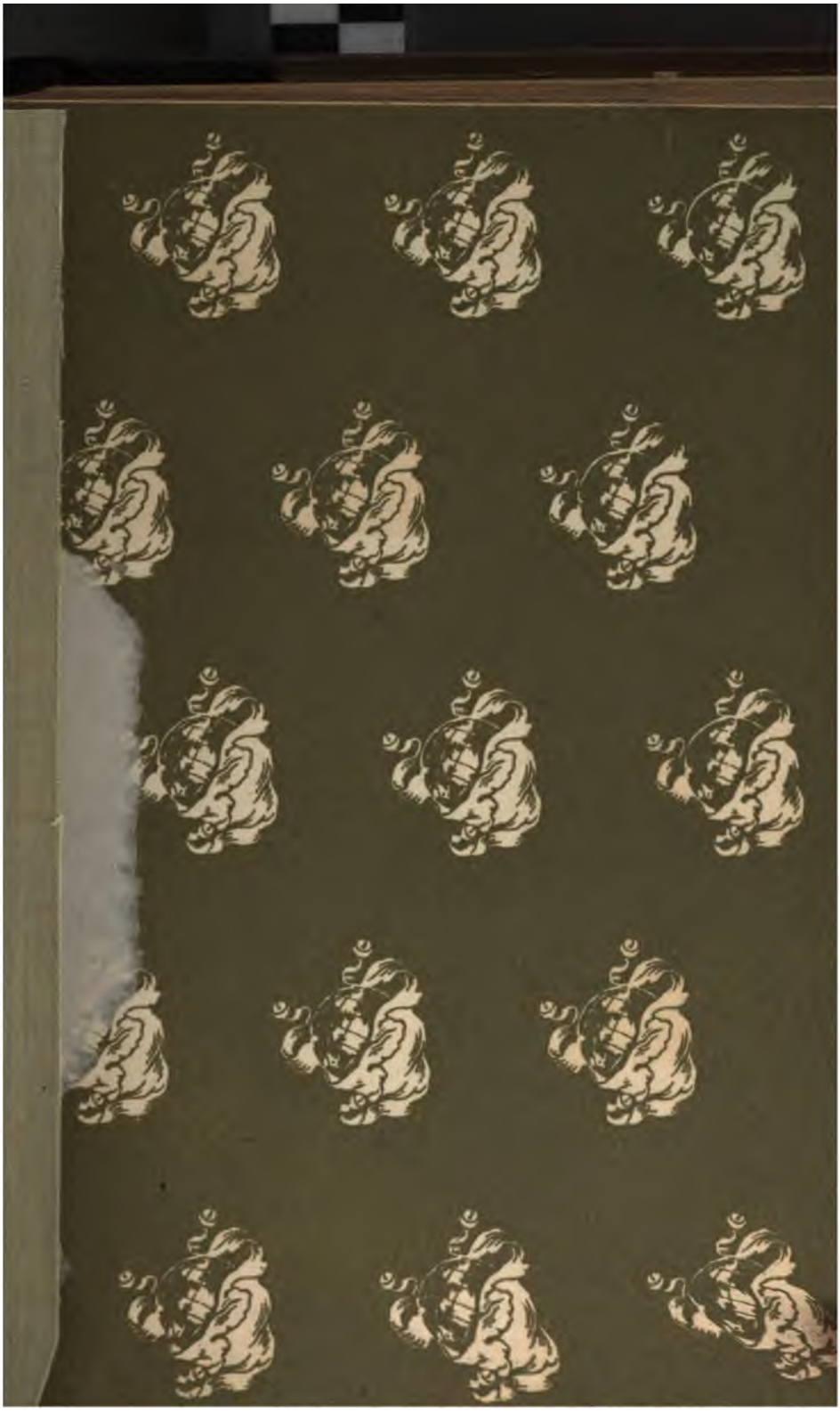

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The World's Wit and Humor

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Stephen Mendel

The World's Wit and Humor

FRENCH

International Caricature

Volume XI

Musset to Rostand

Two Centuries of Cartoons

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1906

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French Wit and Humor

and International Wit and Humor as Expressed in Caricature

By

Arthur Bartlett Maurice

French Wit and Humor

Alfred de Musset

The Deluded Avian Husband

I NEED not state that my works had crossed the Channel and that the English were quarreling for copies. They quarrel over everything except what they understand. One day I received a letter from a young hen-blackbird in London.

"I have read your poem," she said, "and it has inspired me with such admiration for you that I herewith offer you my hand and heart. God has made us for each other; for I, like you, am a white blackbird."

Imagine my surprise and delight. "A white hen-blackbird?" I said to myself. "Is it possible? Then I need no longer live alone upon earth." I immediately answered the fair unknown in such a way as to show her how acceptable to me her proposal was. I persuaded her either to come to Paris or to permit me to fly to her. She answered that she would rather come to me, because her parents were worrying her nearly to death. She would put her affairs in order, and then be with me almost at once.

And so, a few days after her letter, she came herself. She was the loveliest little blackbird in the world, whiter even than I.

"Ah, mademoiselle," I cried, "or rather madame, for from this moment I consider you my wedded wife, is it possible that a creature so charming as yourself could have been living on the same earth with me and I not have heard of it? I can now bless the sufferings that I have endured, and the peckings that my father gave me with his beak, since Heaven

has had so sweet a compensation in store for me. I thought until this hour that I should have to pass all my life in loneliness, and the thought, I confess, was a very grievous one; but now that I see you I feel within me all the qualities that a good husband and father needs. Don't let us delay, but be married without ceremony in English fashion, and fly off to Switzerland!"

"I can't see the matter in that light," answered the young lady-blackbird. "Our marriage ought to be celebrated in splendid style, and all the blackbirds in France that have a drop of good blood in their veins ought to be solemnly assembled at it. People of quality have duties toward their station. We can't be married like a couple of cats in a cellar. I have a bundle of bank-notes with me; so send out your invitations, call on your tradesmen, and see that the marriage-feast be a generous one."

I followed the directions of my white Merlette to the letter. Our wedding-feast was one of unparalleled luxury; ten thousand flies were consumed at it. The nuptial benediction was bestowed on us by a reverend cormorant father, who was an archbishop. A splendid ball brought the day to an end. There was nothing wanting, in short, to complete my happiness.

The better acquainted that I became with the character and disposition of my charming wife, the more I loved her. All graces of mind and body were united in her small person. A slight prudishness was the only fault I could find in her, but this fault, which I attributed to the English fog, would, I thought, fade away in the smiling sun of France.

A matter that caused me far greater uneasiness was a sort of mystery with which she would sometimes with great stubbornness surround herself. She locked herself in with

her maids for hours, pretending to be at her toilet. Whims of this kind are not usually looked upon with favor by husbands. It must have happened twenty times that I knocked at the door of my wife's room and was not admitted. It tried my patience cruelly. But one day I was so persistent, and in such a horribly bad temper, that she was forced to give in and unlock the door rather hastily, reproaching me at the same time for my importunity. As I entered, my eyes fell on a bottle of paste made of flour and Spanish white. I asked my wife of what use that ointment was to her, and she answered that it was a lenitive for the frost-bites that troubled her. It seemed to me at that time that there was something about the lenitive that she did not choose to have me know, but it was surely impossible to be suspicious of a creature so sweet and gentle, who had given me her hand with such readiness and perfect good faith.

At first I did not know that my wife was a literary character, but she confessed it after a while, and even went so far as to show me the manuscript of a novel modeled on Scarron and Scott. One may imagine what a delightful surprise this was to me. Not only was my wife an incomparable beauty, but her intellect, too, was fit to mate with my genius. From that time on we worked together. While I composed my poems she would scribble reams of paper. Although I read my poetry aloud to her, that did not interrupt her or prevent her from continuing to write. Her facility in composition equaled mine. She always selected dramatic subjects for her romances, such as parricides, rapes, murders, or even minor crimes, never neglecting an opportunity to have a slap at the government and agitate for the emancipation of female blackbirds. In a word, there was no obstacle so great but her intelligence could overcome it, and she let no

false modesty prevent her from saying a brilliant thing. She never blotted a line, and never sat down to write with any prearranged plot in her head. She was a perfect type of the female literary blackbird.

One day, as she was working with even more than usual industry, and perspiring freely the while, I suddenly saw to my consternation a large black spot on her back.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "what ails you? Are you ill?"

At first she seemed a little frightened, and I even thought I saw an expression of guilt on her face, but her fine breeding soon helped her to recover her self-control and to appear unconcerned.

"Is my wife losing her color?" I asked myself in a frightened whisper. The thought haunted me and robbed me of my sleep. I remembered the bottle of paste. "Heavens!" I cried, "what a suspicion! Can it be that this heavenly creature is nothing but a daub, a thin coat of whitewash? Can she have deceived me by a trick? Was it possible that instead of pressing to my heart the twin-sister of my soul, set aside for me by Providence, I have been cherishing a lot of flour and paste?"

Haunted by this awful suspicion, I devised a plan whereby to gain certainty. I purchased a barometer, and eagerly waited for it to indicate the coming of a rainy day. My plan was to take my wife into the country some Sunday when the mercury was falling, and see what effect a good washing would have on her. But we were in the middle of July, and the weather remained disgustingly fair.

My apparent happiness and my constant habit of composition had wrought my sensibilities to a very high pitch. While working, it would sometimes happen to me that, without waiting for the rime to come, I would, in the inno-

cence of my soul, abandon myself to the luxury of tears. These occasions were a source of much pleasure to my wife. The spectacle of masculine weakness always affords pleasure to feminine pride. One night when, in accordance with Boileau's precept, I was filing and polishing my verses, the flood-gates of my heart were opened. "Oh, you only and most dearly loved one," I said to Merlette, "you without whom life were an empty dream, in the light of whose smile the universe is changed for me, life of my heart, do you know how much I love you? It were so easy for me with a little study and labor to record once more in verse the hackneyed ideas of poets, but where shall I find the burning words fit to tell you of all your beauty inspires in my heart? Not even the memory of past suffering can help me to find words for my present bliss. I was a homeless, lonely orphan before you came; to-day my condition is royal. Do you know that in this poor weak frame which I must bear till death strike it down, that in this throbbing brain, ceaselessly astir with barren ideas, do you understand, my beloved, that there is no thought, no feeling, that is not wholly yours? By the little that my intellect can tell you, you may divine how much greater is my love. Oh, that my genius were a pearl, and you were Cleopatra!"

While I was doting in this manner, my tears fell upon my wife, and under them her color faded visibly. Under the tears that my eyes shed her feather became, not merely black, but a dirty, rusty hue. (I believed she must have played the same trick before.) Thus, after having given free reign to my tenderness for some minutes, I found myself in the presence of a bird, unfloured, unpasted, and in every respect like a common, every-day blackbird.

—*"Story of a White Blackbird."*

The Supper-Party of the Three Cavaliers

"Be silent, all of you!" cried Mimi. "I want to talk a little now. Since the magnificent M. Marcel does not care for fables, I am going to relate a true story, *et quorum pars magna fui.*"

"Do you speak Latin?" asked Eugène.

"As you perceive," Mlle. Pinson answered. "I have inherited that sentence from my uncle, who served under the great Napoleon, and who always repeated it before he gave us an account of a battle. If you don't know the meaning of the words, I'll teach you free of charge. They mean, 'I give you my word of honor.' Well, then, you are to know that one night last week I went with two of my friends, Blanchette and Rougette, to the Odéon theater——"

"Watch me cut the cake," interrupted Marcel.

"Cut ahead, but listen," Mlle. Pinson continued. "As I was saying, I went with Blanchette and Rougette to the Odéon to see a tragedy. Rougette, as you know, has just lost her grandmother, and has inherited four hundred francs. We had taken a box, opposite to which, in the pit, sat three students. These young men liked our looks, and, on the pretext that we were alone and unprotected, invited us to supper."

"Immediately?" asked Marcel. "That was gallant indeed. And you refused, I suppose?"

"By no means," said Mimi. "We accepted the invitation, and in the intermission, without waiting for the end of the play, we all went off to Viot's restaurant."

"With your cavaliers?"

"With our cavaliers. The leader, of course, began by telling us that he had nothing, but such little obstacles did not disconcert us. We ordered everything we wanted. Rougette took pen and paper, and ordered a veritable marriage-feast: shrimps, an omelet with sugar, fritters, mussels, eggs with whipped cream—in fact, all the delicacies imaginable. To tell the truth, our young gentlemen pulled wry faces——"

"I have no doubt of it!" said Marcel.

"We didn't care. When everything was brought in we began to act the part of great ladies. We approved of nothing, but found everything disgusting. Hardly was any dish brought in but we sent it out again. 'Waiter, take this away; it's intolerable; where did you get the horrible stuff?' Our unknown gentlemen wanted to eat, but found it impossible. In a word, we supped as Sancho dined, and in our vigor nearly broke several dishes."

"Nice conduct! And who was to pay for it all?"

"That is precisely the question that our three unknown gentlemen asked one another. To judge by what we overheard of their whispered conversation, one of them owned six francs, the second a good deal less, and the third had only his watch, which he generously pulled out of his pocket. So the three unfortunates went up to the cashier, intending to gain a delay of some sort. What answer do you suppose they received?"

"I imagine that you would be kept there, and your gentlemen sent to jail."

"You are wrong," said Mlle. Pinson. "Before going in Rougette had taken her precautions, and had paid for everything in advance. You can imagine the scene when Viot answered, 'Gentlemen, everything is paid.' Our three un-

known gentlemen looked at us as never three dogs looked at three bishops, with pitiful stupefaction mixed with pure tenderness. But we, without seeming to notice anything unusual, went down-stairs and ordered a cab. 'Dear Marquise,' said Rougette to me, 'we ought to take these gentlemen home.' 'Certainly, dear Countess,' answered I. Our poor young gallants did not know what to say, they looked so sheepish. They wanted to get rid of our politeness, and asked not to be taken home, even refusing to give their address. No wonder, either, because they felt sure that they were having to do with great ladies, and they lived in Fish-Cat Street!"

The two students, the friends of Marcel, who, up to this time, had done nothing but smoke their pipes and drink in silence, appeared little pleased with this story. Their faces grew red, and they seemed to know as much about this unfortunate supper as Mimi herself, at whom they glanced restlessly. Marcel, laughing, said:

"Tell us who they were, Mlle. Mimi. Since it happened last week it does not matter."

"Never!" cried the girl. "Play a trick on a man—yes. But ruin his career—never!"

"You are right," said Eugène, "and are acting even more wisely than you yourself are aware of. There is not a single young fellow at college who has not some such mistake or folly behind him, and yet it is from among these very people that France draws her most distinguished men."

"Yes," said Marcel, "that's true. There are peers of France who now dine at Flicoteau's, but who once could not pay their bills. But," he added, and winked, "haven't you seen your unknown gentlemen again?"

"What do you take us for?" answered Mlle. Pinson in a

severe and almost offended tone. "You know Blanchette and Rougette, and do you suppose that I——?"

"Very well," said Marcel, "don't be angry. But isn't this a nice state of affairs? Here are three giddy girls, who may not be able to pay their next day's dinner, and who throw away their money for the sake of mystifying three poor unoffending devils!"

"But why did they invite us to supper?" asked Mlle. Pinson.—"*Mimi Pinson.*"

Paul de Kock

Théophile's Mother-in-Law

"SON-IN-LAW, you will offer me your arm; your wife will take her cousin's."

"Yes, mother-in-law."

"Furthermore, when we get to the caterer's for dinner, you must not whisper to your wife. People might suspect something unrefined."

"Yes, mother-in-law."

"Neither must you kiss her."

"Why, you object to my kissing my wife?"

"Before people, yes. It's very bad form. Haven't you time enough for it at home?"

"True."

"At table you will not sit next to your wife, but next to me."

"That's agreed."

"During the meal you will take care that no comic songs on your marriage are sung. Those who write them usually permit themselves indelicate jokes, so that the ladies are put out. That is the worst taste possible."

"I'll see that none are sung."

"You will dance only once with your wife during the evening. Understand me—only once."

"But why, why?"

"Because it is proper to let the bride accept the invitations of relatives, friends, and strangers."

"But I didn't marry in order that my wife should dance with everybody except myself!"

"Do you wish to insinuate, son-in-law, that you can instruct me concerning the usages of polite society? You are beginning well."

"I assure you, mother-in-law, that I had no intention——"

"That will do. I accept your excuses. We now come to a more delicate matter, to—but, of course, you must understand me."

"I confess that I do not at all."

"Listen, son-in-law. Some newly married young men, on their wedding-night, when the ball is at its gayest, take the liberty of carrying off their wives, and disappearing with them about twelve o'clock."

"And you object to that?"

"Fie, sir, fie! If you were to be guilty of such a thing, I would make your wife sue for a divorce the day after your marriage."

"Be easy, then; I will not disappear. But when may I go away with my wife?"

"I shall take my daughter with me, and arrange an opportune time when the decencies of the situation may be observed."

"And who will take me?"

"You will go alone, but you will not go, understand me well, until there isn't a cat left at the ball."

"I shall be getting to bed very late, then. Some of the people will want square dances and country dances, and——"

"You will get to bed soon enough, son-in-law."

"But why all this, mother-in-law?"

"That will do, M. Tamponnet! It is not becoming that this conversation be prolonged."

After the interview we have just recorded between the young husband and his mother-in-law, it is easily conceivable that Théophile's marriage-feast was only moderately merry. Whenever one of the guests ventured on a jest, Mme. Durmond trod on the toes of her son-in-law, who trod on the toes of his neighbor, who trod on the toes of her neighbor, and so on; so that by a good deal of treading the message was at last conveyed to the person in question, who understood that he must stop his impertinences.

But Théophile looked lovingly at his wife, who sat staring sadly at her plate. He reflected thus: I am sure that Euphémie dare not turn her eyes my way because her mother has forbidden it. Fortunately we shall not always be under my mother-in-law's nose. And, after all, Euphémie is my wife, my property; I am her husband, and if this mother-in-law grows too tiresome, I'll just pack her off. . . .

The wedding was over. The honeymoon followed, and many other moons not quite so honeyed for Théophile, since his mother-in-law was continually at his house. She assumed habits of command. He dared not go out with his wife without giving his other arm to his mother-in-law. They went to no entertainment that bored the mother-in-law; they accepted no invitation to dine in town, if the people in question had been impolite enough not to invite the mother-in-law too; a certain person was not received at their house because he had once, on entering the drawing-room, failed to bow to the mother-in-law first; an excellent housemaid was sent away because she had offended Mme. Durmond by "answering back," and a wretched cook was kept because she had remarked that the mother-in-law was a "fine woman."

There was no end to the precautions necessary to keep

from putting the mother-in-law out of humor. From time to time Théophile resolved to make his will felt, to show that he was master, but as soon as he saw his mother-in-law's grayish-green, hard eyes fixed on him, all his good resolutions vanished, and he became as docile as a sheep.

However, the marriage bore fruit. Euphémie became stouter day by day, and Théophile was enchanted. He was proud of his wife, and took paces before the glass with the air of one who is very well pleased with himself. When his acquaintances came to visit him, he rubbed his hands and smiled with a roguish air; and once he was even bold enough to say, pointing to Euphémie:

"We have not wasted our time, you see."

But that remark had drawn down upon him a scene with his mother-in-law. She had whispered in his ear:

"Fie! Are you not ashamed to say such things?"

"But, mother-in-law, when one is married, these things are permissible. Had I failed to fulfil my duties as a husband, I imagine my wife——"

"Silence. I beg of you not to add another word. I have not even a fan to put up."

Théophile was very vexed, but held his peace. And when he saw his friend Badinet, he was very careful to conceal the tribulations which his mother-in-law caused him. . . .

Euphémie gave birth to a boy. Théophile, delighted at having a son, immediately set out to find a wet-nurse; but the mother-in-law declared that the child should be brought up by hand, and the nurse was sent off.

Théophile feared that the health of his son would not be as good with the bottle as with the breast. He proposed that his wife should herself nurse their child; but the mother-in-law forbade her daughter incurring duties which

might make it necessary for her to bare her person to profane eyes.

Théophile objected in vain:

"There is nothing more worthy of respect than a woman nursing her child. Never, at least, so far as I know, has the sight been known to awaken indelicate ideas even in the most abandoned."

Mme. Durmond replied haughtily:

"Sir, bottles were invented in order that women should not be obliged to uncover their necks. No other invention shows the beautiful progress of civilization to more advantage. As for wet-nurses, they should be abolished. I am firmly convinced that before long wet-nurses will cease to exist."

Théophile was silent through fear of vexing his wife, and the little boy was brought up by hand. His father was easily consoled, for this method made it possible for him to have his child with him, and to see it at all hours of the day. He even accustomed himself easily to the cries, tears, sighs, and groans common to infants in their swaddling-clothes.

But Euphémie, who was exceedingly nervous, could not bear, as easily as her husband did, the almost continual crying of the child. When the little boy became too noisy, she would put on her hat and shawl, and say to her mother:

"Let us go out, Mama, please let us go out! I can't bear to hear that child cry any longer. It is well enough for you to say that he is teething; it wears me out and irritates my nerves none the less."

"Very well, Daughter, let us go. Son-in-law, take good care of the child; don't leave him alone. You have the bottle

there, which, as you know, often quiets him. Use it—but in moderation."

And so the ladies went away, leaving Théophile seated near the child's cradle, putting the milk in the bottle, tasting it to see whether it was sweet enough, and finally putting it into the little one's mouth, murmuring:

"Drink, Hippolyte; drink, my boy. Some day you will come to know that your father was your nurse. I hardly know whether you'll love me any the better for that reason. You ought to, for it almost seems as if I were both father and mother to you! I exercise functions which are not usually performed by a man. Drink, little one. If you are clever, if, some day, you get to be a hero or a famous artist, I shall be able to say: I nursed him with my milk! People will think I'm talking nonsense, but it will be the truth. If Badinet were to see me giving the child its bottle, he would immediately say, 'Well, those ladies are staying out long enough.' Oh, Hippolyte, if only this is as good for you as regular nursing! But I doubt it, for all that my mother-in-law says."

The little boy, who unquestionably had a strong constitution, got on very well, and it was not long before he wanted something besides the bottle. Then came the period of pap.

But, as Master Hippolyte did not develop a good character, and cried just as much as he grew, Euphémie, in order to avoid crises in her nervous condition, continued to go out with her mother, and Théophile was left with the charge of giving the child its pap. He consoled himself with saying:

"I like burnt food well enough, and I'll eat that. I don't object to the pap, and that is a good thing, for, whether I liked it or not, I'd have to taste it all the same."

But if, at times, tired of pap and burnt food, Théophile

permitted himself to make some remark, if he showed signs of not playing the good fellow any longer, his mother-in-law would pin him down with an indignant glare, exclaiming:

"So you want my daughter to become ill, to have heart disease! You know how the child's cries harrow her tender soul, and you would have her take your place near him. Oh, sir, you are a brute, a barbarian, a savage, a household tyrant!"

Poor Théophile would venture no reply, but would take his place again with little Hippolyte, who turned out as mischievous as a red donkey.

But one day the mother-in-law worked herself up into such a rage over a servant's spilling some soup on her dress, and stormed so furiously, that she broke a blood-vessel and died after a few hours.

And that blackguard of a Théophile had not even the decency to regret her.—*"A Much-Worried Gentleman."*

Alexandre Dumas, the Elder

Chapter Touching the Olfactory Organ

HAS it ever occurred to you, dear reader, how admirable an organ the nose is?

The nose; yes, the nose.

And how useful an article this very nose is to every creature which, as Ovid says, lifts its face to heaven?

Well, strange as it may seem, monstrous ingratitude that it is, no poet has yet thought of addressing an ode to the nose!

So it has been left to me, who am not a poet, or who, at least, claim to rank only after our greatest poets, to conceive such an idea.

Truly, the nose is unfortunate.

So many things have been invented for the eyes:

Songs and compliments and kaleidoscopes, pictures and scenery and spectacles.

And for the ears:

Ear-rings, of course, and *Robert the Devil, William Tell,* and *Fra Diavolo,* Stradivarius violins and Érard pianos and Sax trumpets.

And for the mouth:

Lent, plain cooking, *The Gastronomists' Calendar, The Gormand's Dictionary.* Soups of every kind have they made for it, from Russian broth to French cabbage-soup; dishes for it are connected with the reputations of the greatest men, from Soubise cutlets to Richelieu puddings;

its lips have been compared to coral, its teeth to pearls, its breath to perfume. Before it have been set plumed peacocks and undrawn snipes; and, for the future, it has been promised whole roast larks.

But what has been invented for the nose?

Attar of roses and snuff.

You have not done well, oh, my masters the philanthropists; oh, my brothers the poets!

And yet how faithfully this limb——

"It is not a limb!" cry the scientists.

I beg your pardon, gentlemen, and retract. This appendage— Ah, yes, I was saying with what touching fidelity this appendage has done service for you.

The eyes sleep, the mouth closes, the ears are deaf.

The nose is always on duty.

It watches over your repose and contributes to your health. Feet, hands, all other parts of the body are stupid. The hands are often caught in foolish acts; the feet stumble, and in their clumsiness allow the body to fall. And when they do, they get off free, and the poor nose is punished for their misdeeds.

How often do you not hear it said:

"Mr. So-and-So has broken his nose."

There have been a great many broken noses since the creation of the world.

Can any one give a single instance of a nose broken through any fault of its own?

No; but, nevertheless, the poor nose is always being scolded.

Well, it endures it all with angelic patience. True, it sometimes has the impertinence to snore. But where and when did you ever hear it complain? . . .

But let us forget for a moment the utility of the nose, and regard it only from the esthetic point of view.

A cedar of Lebanon, it tramples underfoot the hyssop of the mustache; a central column, it provides a support for the double arch of the eyebrows. On its capital perches the eagle of thought. It is enwreathed with smiles. With what boldness did the nose of Ajax confront the storm when he said, "I will escape in spite of the gods." With what courage did the nose of the great Condé—whose greatness really derived from his nose—with what courage did the nose of the great Condé enter before all others, before the great Condé himself, the entrenchments of the Spanish at Lens and Rocroy, where their conqueror boldly flourished the staff of command? With what assurance was Dugazon's nose thrust before the public, that nose which knew how to wriggle in forty-two different ways, and each way funnier than the last?

No, I do not believe that the nose should be permitted to remain in the obscurity into which man's ingratitude has hitherto forced it.

I suggest as one reason why the nose has submitted to this injustice the fact that Occidental noses are so small.

But the deuce is to pay if the noses of the West are the only noses.

There are the Oriental noses, which are very handsome noses.

Do you question the superiority of these noses to your own, gentlemen of Paris, of Vienna, of St. Petersburg?

In that case, my Viennese friends, go by the Danube; you Parisians, take the steamer; Petersburgers, the sledge; and say these simple words:

"To Georgia."

But I forewarn you of deep humiliation. Should you bring to Georgia one of the largest noses in Europe, at the gate of Tiflis they would gaze at you in astonishment and exclaim:

"What a pity that this gentleman has lost his nose on the way." . . .

Ah, sweet Heaven! those beautiful Georgian noses! Robust noses, magnificent noses!

They are all shapes:

Round, fat, long, large.

There is every color:

White, pink, crimson, violet.

Some are set with rubies, others with pearls. I saw one set with turquoises.

In Georgia, Vakhtang IV abolished the fathom, the meter, and the yard, keeping only the nose.

Goods are measured off by the nose.

They say, "I bought seventeen noses of flannel for a dressing-gown, seven noses of cloth for a pair of breeches, a nose and a half of satin for a cravat."

Let us add, finally, that the Georgian ladies find this more convenient than European measures.—"*The Snowball.*"

The German Student

It was at Bonn that we saw the first specimen of the common student, with his enormous pipe, his tightly buttoned coat, his turn-down collar, and his microscopic cap, which, however strong the wind may be, thanks to the student's skilful maneuvering with his neck, remains on the extreme summit of his head, as if held down by a nail.

The German student of to-day is well worth considering. Without a penny to his name, but trusting to Providence, like the birds of heaven, he sallies forth upon a pilgrimage through the country, pipe in hand, tobacco-pouch at side, and Koerner's poems in his pocket. He goes on foot, however great the distance: sun and shade are free to all. As for his other wants, the "Philistine" will take care of them. So, when he sees a carriage, whether it contains strangers or natives, the student removes his pipe from his mouth, takes his embryonic cap off his head, and accosts the travelers, cheerfully offering them his company on the journey. Rarely does a German deny a gift to the passing student. At some other place, on some other road in Germany, his son is likewise passing, and perhaps at that very moment is making an appeal to the purse of the father whose son he is now assisting. The innkeeper, on his side, is full of indulgence and kindness for the pilgrim *studiosus,* whatever his academical rank; and whether he be a "finch," a "fox," or an "old house," he is the swallow returning with every spring, and is welcome to shelter under mine host's roof. As for food—fellow-countrymen can easily come to an understanding on that point; besides, the French and the English tourists will pay. Thus, without being asked whether he has money or no, on arriving at an inn the student always has his glass of Rhine wine or his bottle of beer, and he is usually asked what brand he prefers at that. He receives a dinner taken from every one else's dinner, and, if the hostelry be too crowded, a bed of fresh straw that sometimes is a sweeter couch than any stuffed mattress in the whole house. At daybreak the student rises in joyful spirits, drinks another glass of Rhine wine, lights his eternal pipe, and resumes his journey. Then, after having seen the battle-fields of Jena,

Ulm, and Leipsic, he returns to his university with the degree of "mossy head," drinks a few more thousand pints of beer, smokes a few more thousand pipes, exchanges a few score more of rapier strokes, and afterward goes back again to family life, still drinking, still smoking, but no longer dueling.

In the university town of Heidelberg I found more of my old friends, the students. They were exactly the same as at Bonn, the only difference in their faces being the difference between their pipes.—"*Excursions on the Rhine.*"

E. Arnal

Doctor Benserade

A YOUTH, to lose his treasured love afraid,
  Whom a dread fever seemed about to slay,
  Sought for a doctor every way,
Whom science deep and skill had famous made.
Our youth possessed a talisman,
  Which of these folk betrayed the ignorance;
And so, without direction sought, he can
  Undoubting on his quest advance.
And chance first led him to find out
  A doctor through the city celebrated.
  But while before his door he waited,
Thanks to the charm, flitting he sees about
Two hundred souls, who for their bodies shout.
  "Oh, oh! this leech so highly placed,"
    He said, "is certainly an ass;
  Let's leave him, and to other quarters pass!"
    But at each doctor's house, alas,
He sees a like sad cohort as before.
  At last his eager steps he stayed,
  And reads these words, *The Doctor Benserade.*
(One soul alone was standing at the door.)
He thought, 'mid doctors, he
Must the most skilful, or least murderous be.
Heart full of hope to the great man he flies,
  And states the case that sent him thither.
"Sir, I attend," our Æsculapius cries;
  "But might I ask who sent you hither,

Since I reside so far out of the town?"
"I seek you without hesitation
Upon your famous reputation.
Have not your cures and science won renown?"
"My reputation!" showing some amaze,
Answered the Doctor Benserade;
"I've only practised half a dozen days,
And but one single patient yet have had."

Théophile Gautier

Under the Table

It might have been two o'clock in the morning. The candle, unsnuffed, was guttering. The fire was nearly out.

My friend Théodore, leaning on the table with a truly bacchic unconcern, was smoking a short black pipe, nobly blackened, a veritable cutty-pipe, calculated to wake envy in a corporal of the Old Guard.

Now and then he put down his pipe, and gravely lifted his glass over his shoulder, or to the side of his mouth, or poured out from an empty bottle, or let his full glass fall. In short, our friend Théodore was completely drunk.

And that would not have astonished any one who noted the long line of bottles.

Unless he had thrown their contents out of the window, which was unlikely, he must be mathematically and logically dead-drunk. There would have been enough to make a drum-major and two bell-ringers tipsy, and our friend Théodore was alone.

I confess it with a blush, he was alone in spite of the famous adage: He who drinks alone is unworthy to live—an adage religiously followed in every state that pretends to any civilization.

He was alone—that is to say, he seemed to be so; for a deep sigh coming from under the table suddenly revealed a capsized comrade, and made it easier to explain the formidable array of empty and broken bottles that loaded the table.

With an expression of ineffable pity, Théodore let fall

from above an uncertain, vacant glance on the shapeless mass moving about in the shadow, and ostentatiously blew out a mouthful of smoke.

"Oh, Théodore, your beastly floor is as hard as a woman's heart. Give me your hand; I want to get up and have something to drink; I'm thirsty."

"If you like, I'll give you your glass," replied Théodore, feeling sure that he was too far gone to help his comrade up. "How can a man soak himself like that! Fie, the drunkard!" he added, by way of reflection.

"Unnatural being," rejoined the voice from below, "you won't help me up? Then fix lamps to people's heads, so that carriages may not run over them when they fall off the curb because they forgot to water their wine that day. I'll not be friends with you any more. Ungrateful wretch!"

Théodore, moved and softened by that touching remembrance, determined to attempt the dangerous operation of placing his friend on his chair. But the pious enterprise was not crowned with success. He made a plunge between the table and the seat and disappeared.

For a few minutes dull, stifled grunting might be heard; for Théodore had fallen on top of his friend, and he weighed on him more than remorse. However, after immense efforts, they succeeded in getting into a less uncomfortable position, and quiet was restored.

After a rather long silence—

"Alas!" said Rodrigue.

"What's the matter, my dear fellow?" said Théodore, with the characteristic amiability of drunkards.

"I'm very unhappy."

"Is it your sweetheart's fault?"

"On the contrary, the poor woman's not capable of that. To my sorrow, she's the most virtuous creature going."

Théodore sighed.

"What is virtue, Théodore?"

"How do I know?"

"That's out of Montaigne, and the most sensible thing you've said since you've murdered the language God gave you. Brutus defined virtue as a name. In fact, if it is a name, never have six letters met together to form a more insignificant word. Virtue is essentially negative. What is virtue if not to say 'no' to everything that is pleasant in life, an absurd struggle with natural inclinations and passions, the triumph of hypocrisy and falsehood over truth. When state were founded on fictions, fictitious virtues were necessary, otherwise they could not have existed. But in a positive age, under a constitutional monarchy, surrounded by republican institutions, it is indecent and ill-bred to be virtuous. Only convicts are virtuous. As for virtuous women, the race is extinct. They are all in the Père-Lachaise or some other cemetery. The epitaphs bear witness to the fact."

"But you said just now that your sweetheart was virtuous."

"Curse you! when one says that all women are bad, it is always understood that one's mother and one's sweetheart are excepted. So your remark has not even common sense."

"My Aunt Gryselde," interrupted Théodore, "was a virtuous woman."

"My dear fellow, your father and mother neglected to endow you with brains. Your Aunt Gryselde was hump-backed, red-haired, gat-toothed, and squint-eyed. She had no temptations."

"You're a materialist, Rodrigue!"

"Of course; so are all intelligent men. So ought you to be, for it's very evident that there exists some hundred odd pounds of flesh called Théodore; and the existence of his mind is, to say the least of it, problematical, judging from the idiotic conversation we are indulging in."

"It occurs to me, Rodrigue, that we might as well try to get onto our chairs again."

"Why? Let us remain on the floor now we're there. People should follow our example. The world would jog along all the better."

"So be it, then," rejoined the other. "It's more bacchic and more shameless; there's more character about it. But you commenced by lamenting the virtue of your sweetheart, and it seems that the conversation has wandered dreadfully."

"My dear fellow, you have no idea what torture I endure, having never experienced anything of the sort yourself. It's the most unfortunate thing imaginable to love any one who has no vice. The vices of our friends and sweethearts attach us to them, because they afford us the means of flattering them, and making ourselves agreeable to them. You make yourself the slave and purveyor of one of their vices, become necessary to them, and thus the most lasting friendships are formed."

The two friends turned their backs on each other and snored loudly.

A month afterward they found themselves under the same table, and had a serious conversation, which ended by sending all women to the devil!

From that time they got drunk every day, and thought themselves extremely well off.—"*Young France.*"

Théophile Gautier

Fanfreluche

To write in praise of this marvelous lap-dog, one should pluck a quill from the wing of Love himself; the hands of the Graces alone would be light enough to trace his picture; nor would the touch of Latour be too soft.

His name was Fanfreluche, a pretty name for a dog, and one that he bore with honor.

Fanfreluche was no larger than his mistress's hand, and it is well known that the marquise has the smallest hand in the world; and yet he seemed larger to the eye, assuming almost the proportions of a small sheep, for he had silky hair a foot in length, and so fine and soft and lustrous that the tresses of Minette were a mere mop by contrast. When he presented his paw, and one pressed it a little, one was astonished to feel nothing at all. Fanfreluche was rather a ball of silk, from which two beautiful brown eyes and a little red nose glittered, than an actual dog. Such a dog could only have belonged to the mother of Love, who lost him in Cytherea, where the marquise, on one of her occasional visits, found him. Look for a moment at this fascinatingly exquisite face. Would not Roxalana herself have been jealous of that delicately tipped-up nose, divided in the middle by a little furrow just like Anne of Austria's?

What vivacity in that quick eye! And that double row of white teeth, no larger than grains of rice, which, at the least emotion, sparkled in all their brilliance—what duchess would not envy them? And this charming Fanfreluche, apart from his physical attractions, possessed a thousand social graces: he danced the minuet with exquisite grace, knew how to

give his paw and tell the hour, capered before the queen and great ladies of France, and distinguished his right paw from his left. And Fanfreluche was learned, and knew more than the members of the Academy. If he was not a member of that body it was because he did not desire it, thinking, no doubt, to shine rather by his absence. The abbé declared that he was as strong as a Turk in the dead languages, and that, if he did not talk, it was from pure malice and to vex his mistress.

Then, too, Fanfreluche had not the vivacity of common dogs. He was very dainty, and very hard to please. He absolutely refused to eat anything but little pies of calves' brains made especially for him; he would drink nothing but cream from a little Japanese saucer. Only when his mistress dined in town would he consent to nibble at the wing of a chicken, and to take sweets for dessert; but he did not grant this favor to every one, and one had to have an excellent cook to gain it. Fanfreluche had only one little fault. But who is perfect in this world? He loved cherries in brandy and Spanish snuff, of which he took a little pinch from time to time. But the latter is a weakness he shared with the Prince of Condé.

When he heard the cover of the general's golden snuff-box click, it was a treat to see him sit up on his little hind legs and brush the carpet with his silken tail; and, if the marquise was engrossed in the pleasures of whist, and did not watch him closely, he would jump on the abbé's lap, who fed him with brandied cherries. And Fanfreluche, whose head was not strong, would become as tipsy as a Swiss guard and two choristers, would perform the queerest little tricks on the carpet, and become extraordinarily ferocious on the subject of the calves of the chevalier, who, to preserve

what little was left of them, would draw up his legs on his chair. Then Fanfreluche was no longer a little dog, but a little lion, and the marquise alone could manage him. His picture would not be complete without mentioning the droll little naughtinesses that he was guilty of before being stowed away into his muff, and put to bed in his niche of rosewood, padded with white satin and edged with blue silk cord.

—*"Her Ladyship's Lap-Dog."*

The Duke's Perversion

Dialogue between ÉLIANTE *and the* DUKE ALCINDOR.

Alc. Incomparable Éliante, you behold before you the humblest of your subjects, whom the great desire to lay his homage at the foot of your throne has driven to the point of importunity.

Éli. Duke, I would have you know that I am lying down, and not sitting on a throne, and at the same time would ask your pardon for not receiving you standing.

Alc. Is not the couch the throne of beautiful women? And will you not permit me to consider it a favor that you do not receive me standing?

Éli. Ah, now that I think of it, I forbid you to regard your reception in my boudoir as a favor. You are so exact that one must take one's precautions where you are concerned.

Alc. How unjust you are, and yet Heaven knows that I have always entertained the purest flame of love for you. How charming you look in that white dressing-gown.

Éli. On the contrary, I am frightfully ugly to-day.

Alc. I must beg a thousand pardons for accusing you of a falsehood, but what you say cannot be called anything else. Nor could I retract that statement if I had to die for it.

Éli. But my face must be full of wrinkles; I have not slept all night.

Alc. You are as fresh as a flower; your eyes are as luminous as stars. But were you at the baroness's little party last night? I am told that everything there was most exquisite and enjoyable. Ah, you were there! I should have divined that and have gone.

Éli. The marquise came there with a little lap-dog which I had not seen before, a little dog of the rarest breed. I have never seen its equal. Oh, such a love of a little dog! Duke, what made you desire so much to see me?

Alc. Is not the desire to see you an excellent motive in itself?

Éli. So far, so good. But have you not something more important to tell me?

Alc. By Heaven, yes! I desire to make my formal declaration of love, and to establish myself more firmly as an aspirant at the foot of your perfections.

Éli. Do not rave, Duke. You know as well as I that you are not a bit in love with me.

Alc. Ah, beautiful Éliante, you do not know how you have pierced my heart! Permit me to turn round, and you will see love's arrow sticking out.

Éli. Oh, what an interesting face he has! What long hair of purest silk, what delicate little paws! Oh, I shall go mad if I cannot have a little dog exactly like him! But, alas, there is only that one.

Alc. I love you sincerely.

Éli. What an adorable tail!

Alc. I worship you!

Éli. What exquisite ears!

Alc. Divine woman!

Éli. Delightful little beast! The abbé says that he knows Hebrew. Oh, how unhappy I am, and how well he dances! I detest that marquise; she is an intriguing woman, and wears a wig.

Alc. What can I do to console you? Shall I cross the sea, or jump from the top of Notre Dame? Whatever you command will be easy!

Éli. I want nothing but Fanfreluche. This is the single violent desire that I have had in my whole life, and I cannot satisfy it. I believe I shall fall ill. My nerves are in tatters already. Duke, give me my drops! There, that little bottle on the table. Oh, how weak I am getting!

Alc. How admirable the line of your neck is, and that Brussels lace against it——

Éli. Hush, Alcindor! You irritate me dreadfully. Oh, I would gladly kiss the devil, or even my own husband, if he came to me with Fanfreluche under his arm!

Alc. And if it were I, would I be treated worse than the devil or your husband?

Éli. No—perhaps better. That is my last word. Ring for my maid. I wish to dress.

Alc. I will obey. The die is cast; I will turn dog-snatcher. Forgive me, oh, my ancestors! Jupiter changed himself into a goose and a bull, which was even more undignified. Love reduces the noblest hearts to these base extremities. Farewell, I go in search of your Golden Fleece.

Éli. Farewell! May the god of love and the god of

thieves be propitious to you. Be careful not to return without Fanfreluche, for if you do I shall receive you, like a Hyrcanian tigress, with bare teeth and claws. Here comes my maid. Good-by, Duke.—"*Her Ladyship's Lap-Dog.*"

Augier and Sandeau

Political Ambition

POIRIER *and* VERDELET.

Verd. It strikes me that your son-in-law is not very respectful toward you. It was easy to say that you would make yourself respected.

Poir. (*over a newspaper*). I do as I please. I would rather be loved than feared.

Verd. That was not always your way of thinking. But, then, you have succeeded. Your son-in-law distinguishes you by a certain familiar kindness which he does not show to the other servants.

Poir. Instead of trying to be witty, mind your own affairs.

Verd. My affairs, indeed! We belong together here like the Siamese twins, and when you creep on your belly before the marquis, I find it hard to preserve my equilibrium.

Poir. Creep before him? What will you say next? This marquis—do you imagine that his title dazzles me? Like yourself, I have always been a liberal, as you know. I am one still. I wouldn't give a fig for the nobility. Talent and virtue are the only social distinctions which I recognize and before which I bow.

Verd. Is that so? Then your son-in-law is distinguished by unusual virtue?

Poir. You fatigue me. Do you want me to make him feel that he owes everything to me?

Verd. Oh, then it's a matter of exquisite delicacy! This

is the result of your economy. Look here, Poirier, I never approved of this marriage, as you know. I should have wished my dear goddaughter to marry a good man of our own class. But since you would not listen to me——

Poir. Oh, M. Verdelet! you are a man full of good sense and excellent feelings. You have read amusing books. You have valuable opinions on all things; but in matters of common sense, I can give you a hint or two.

Verd. In matters of common sense—you mean in matters of business. That I don't deny. You made four millions while I hardly amassed an income of forty thousand francs.

Poir. And that was through me.

Verd. I grant you that fortune came to me by your assistance. It will return to your daughter after your son-in-law has ruined you.

Poir. When my son-in-law has ruined me?

Verd. Certainly, in a dozen years' time.

Poir. You're crazy.

Verd. As things are going now you need only apply your good sense to figures to see that it can't last long.

Poir. Very well, that's my affair. Let me read my paper.

Verd. If you were the only one concerned, I would not breathe a word.

Poir. And why would you not? Do you take no interest in me? Don't you care whether I am ruined—I, who made your fortune?

Verd. What has come over you?

Poir. I have nothing to say to ingrates.

Verd. Upon my word! You are taking the disrespect of your son-in-law out on me. I repeat, if you were the only one concerned I would look upon this bad business patiently. I am not your godfather, but I am your daughter's.

Poir. And a nice mess I made of it in giving you this right over her.

Verd. You could not have chosen a godfather who would have loved her more.

Poir. Yes, I know. You love her more than I do myself. That's what you maintain. And you have persuaded her——

Verd. Are we coming back to that old story? Go on!

Poir. I am going on! Do you think it's pleasant for me to see myself driven out of my child's heart by a stranger?

Verd. She has all the affection for you——

Poir. That isn't true! You have supplanted me. She has confidence only in you; tenderness only for you.

Verd. That is because I do not frighten her. How can you expect the dear girl to be effusive in her affection for a hedgehog like you? How can she pet you if you're always bristling?

Poir. Yes, you have reduced me to playing the part of a spoil-sport, assuming for yourself that of the indulgent father. To gain the love of children by yielding to all their fancies, without consulting their true interests, is to love them for one's own sake, not for theirs.

Verd. Not so fast, Poirier; when the true interests of your daughter were at stake, it was I alone who resisted her fancies. Poor little girl, I was stubborn enough on the point of this marriage, into which you hurried her so brutally.

Poir. She loved the marquis. Let me read my paper.

Verd. It is very well for you to say that the child's heart was engaged, seeing that you were the cause of it. You introduced the Marquis de Presles into your house.

Poir. (*putting his paper away, and rising*). Another who has got there! Michaud, the owner of the forges, has been appointed a peer of France.

Verd. How does that concern me?

Poir. What! it doesn't concern you? You look upon the progress of our class with indifference, upon the fact that the government honors industry by calling in the aid of its representatives! Are not a country and an age admirable in which work opens all doors? You yourself might aspire to the peerage, and you ask how it concerns you?

Verd. Heaven forbid that I should aspire to the peerage, and save my country from my succeeding in that aspiration.

Poir. But why? M. Michaud has reached it.

Verd. M. Michaud is not merely a representative of industry, but a man of unusual merit. Molière's father was an upholsterer: that's no reason why all upholsterers' sons should think themselves poets.

Poir. But I contend that trade is the only true school of statesmanship. Who is to guide the rudder of the state if not he who has shown that he was able to sail his own bark?

Verd. A bark is not a steamship, a boatman is not a pilot, and France is not a shop. It angers me to see the mania that has entered all these silly heads! One would think, upon my word, that in this country government is the natural pastime of people who no longer have anything else to do. A simple man like you or me occupies himself for thirty years with his small affairs; he has made his little pile, closes his shop one fine day, and sets himself up as a statesman! Oh, that's all that he wants to be! Nothing else will do. I wonder why you might not just as well say: I have measured so many yards of cloth that I ought to know how to play the fiddle.

Poir. I fail to see the connection——

Verd. Instead of trying to govern France, my good

people, govern your own houses. Don't marry your daughters to ruined noblemen who think they are honoring you by permitting you to pay their debts with your ducats——

Poir. Are you saying that for my benefit?

Verd. No, for mine!—"*Poirier's Son-in-Law.*"

Henry Murger

The Founding of the Brotherhood

SCHAUNARD had elevated borrowing into a fine art. Foreseeing that it might be necessary to "oppress" foreigners, he had learned the requisite formulas for borrowing five francs in every language under the sun. He had made a profound study of the whole repertory of ruses by which the precious metals are wont to escape their pursuers. No pilot is better acquainted with the state of the tides than he with the times of low and high water; which is to say, the days when his friends and acquaintances were sure to be in funds. So much so, indeed, that if he were seen entering any particular house, people would say, not, "There is M. Schaunard," but, "To-day is the first, or the fifteenth, of the month."

Partly to facilitate the collection of this kind of tithe which he levied when hard up, partly to spread it evenly over the area of persons capable of meeting the call, Schaunard had drawn up alphabetical lists of all his acquaintances, and tabulated them under the headings of quarters and districts. Opposite each name he set down the highest possible sum that he could expect to borrow in proportion to the owner's means, the dates when he was in funds, a time-table of meals, together with the probable bill of fare. Schaunard kept besides a little set of books in perfect order, in which he entered all the sums that he borrowed, down to the most minute fractions, for he had no mind to burden himself with debt beyond a certain figure, and the amount of that figure still

hung on the pen of an uncle in Normandy whose property he was one day to inherit. So soon as Schaunard owed twenty francs to any one individual, he stopped borrowing and repaid the money in a lump, even if he had to borrow from others to whom he owed smaller amounts. In this way he always kept up a certain credit on the market, which credit he was pleased to style his "floating debt," and as it was known that he invariably paid his debts so soon as his resources permitted him to do so, people were very ready to oblige him whenever they could.

But to-day, since eleven o'clock in the morning, when he started out to scrape together those seventy-five indispensable francs, he had only succeeded in making up one poor little five-franc piece. This had been done with the collaboration of the letters M, V, and R on his famous list; all the rest of the alphabet was passing through a precisely similar crisis, and this brought his quest to an end.

By six o'clock a ferocious appetite was ringing the dinner-bell within, and he had reached the Barrière du Maine, where the letter U was domiciled. Schaunard had a napkin-ring in U's establishment, whenever there were napkins. The porter called after him as he went past.

"Where are you going, sir?"

"Up to Monsieur U——'s."

"He is out."

"And the lady of the house?"

"She is out too. They went out to dinner and left a message with me for one of their friends who was sure to come this evening, they said. In fact, they were expecting you, and this is the address they left with me," added the porter, holding out a scrap of paper.

Schaunard read these words in his friend U's handwriting:

"Gone to dine with Schaunard, Rue ——. Come and look us up."

"Well, well," thought he, as he went away, "when chance comes in, pretty tricks she plays!"

Then Schaunard bethought himself of a little eating-house only a few steps away, where he had made a meal once or twice before for a trifling sum. To this establishment, known to lower Bohemia as *La Mère Cadet,* he now betook himself. *La Mère Cadet,* half tavern, half restaurant, situated in the Chaussée du Maine, is patronized largely by carters of the Orléans Road, with a sprinkling of lady-singers from Montparnasse and first walking-gentlemen from Bobino's. In summer the place is crammed with young aspirants from studios round about the Luxembourg, literary gentlemen unknown to fame, and scribblers attached to more or less mysterious journals, who flock to *La Mère Cadet,* famous for stewed rabbit, genuine sauerkraut, and a thin white wine with a smack of brimstone.

Two or three stunted trees spread a few sickly green leaves over the heads of diners in the establishment; and beneath the shadow of these shrubs, known to frequenters of *La Mère Cadet* as "the grove," Schaunard now took his seat.

"My word! what must be, must!" said he to himself. "Now for a blowout, a private jollification all to myself."

And, without more ado, he called for soup, a half-portion of sauerkraut, and two half-portions of stewed rabbit, having remarked that in this case two halves are greater than the whole by at least a quarter.

His order attracted the attention of a young person in white, with a wreath of orange-blossoms in her hair; she

wore dancing-slippers, and a veil of imitated imitation floated over a pair of shoulders which might have been suffered to preserve their incognito. She was a singer from the Montparnasse theater, where the wings are entrances, as one may say, of *La Mère Cadet's* kitchen. The lady, having stepped in for refreshments between the acts of *Lucia di Lammermoor,* was taking a half-cup of coffee, after a dinner composed simply and solely of an artichoke with oil and vinegar.

"Two portions of stewed rabbit, the dog!" she muttered to the waitress; "the young man goes in for high feeding. What is to pay, Adèle?"

"One artichoke, four; one half-cup, four; and bread, one sou. Nine sous altogether."

"Here it is," returned the vocalist, and out she went, humming, *This sweet love, the gift of Heaven.*

"I say! She can take the *la!*" remarked a mysterious individual sitting at Schaunard's table behind a rampart of old books.

"Take it!" ejaculated Schaunard. "I rather think she takes it and keeps it to herself. Besides," he added, pointing to the plate on which Lucia di Lammermoor had just partaken of her artichoke, "nobody has any idea what it is to steep your head-notes in vinegar."

"It is a powerful acid, and that is a fact," admitted the other. "The city of Orléans produces a brand which justly enjoys a great reputation."

Schaunard took a closer look at this person, who angled thus for conversation. The fixed gaze of the man's big blue eyes, which always seemed to be looking out for something, gave to his face that expression of smug serenity which you may remark in the visages of seminarists. His complexion was

of the color of old ivory, except for a dab of opaque brick-red upon the cheeks; his mouth might have been drawn by a student of the first principles of design (if somebody had given a jog to the draftsman's elbow). The lips turned up a little, negro-fashion, disclosing a set of dog's teeth; the double chin below reposed on the folds of a white cravat tied so that one end menaced the firmament, while the other pointed to earth. The hair of this personage flowed in a yellow torrent from under the prodigious brim of a tawny-brown felt hat. He wore a long nut-brown overcoat with a cape, a threadbare garment, rough as a nutmeg-grater. A mass of papers and pamphlets protruded from its yawning pockets. He sat with a book propped up before him on the table, careless of Schaunard's scrutiny, eating his sauerkraut with evident relish, for sounds of unqualified satisfaction escaped him at frequent intervals; and now again, taking a pencil from behind his ear, he jotted down a note in the margin of the work which he was perusing.

Schaunard all at once struck his knife against a glass. "How about my stewed rabbit, eh?" he called.

The waitress came up with a plate in her hand.

"Sir," she said, "stewed rabbit is off the bill. Here is the last portion, and this gentleman ordered it," she added, setting it down in front of the man of books.

"Confound it!" cried Schaunard. And in that "Confound it!" there was such a depth of melancholy disappointment that it went to the heart of the man of books. He effected a breach in the rampart of volumes, and pushed the plate through the gap, saying in his most dulcet tones:

"May I venture, sir, to entreat you to share this dish with me?"

"I cannot think of depriving you of it, sir."

"Then would you deprive me of the pleasure of obliging you, sir?"

"Since you put it thus, sir—" And Schaunard held out his plate.

"With your permission," observed the stranger, "I will not offer you the head."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Schaunard, "I shall not be the loser!"

But, drawing back his plate, he perceived that the stranger had helped him to the very morsel which he particularly desired (so he said) to keep for himself.

"Well, well," Schaunard growled inwardly, "what was he after, with his politeness?"

"If the head is the noblest part of man," continued the other, "it is the most disagreeable member of the rabbit. So a great many persons cannot endure it. With me it is different; I am extremely fond of it."

"In that case I feel the liveliest regret that you should have deprived yourself on my account."

"What? Pardon me," said the man of books, "I kept the head for myself. I even had the honor to observe to you that——"

"Allow me," said Schaunard, pushing his plate across for inspection. "What is this morsel?"

"Just Heaven! What do I see? Ye gods! What, another head! 'Tis a bicephalous rabbit!"

"Bi——?"

"——cephalous. From the Greek. Indeed, M. de Buffon (he who always wrote in full dress) cites examples of this natural curiosity. Well, upon my word! I am not sorry to have partaken of the phenomenon."

Thanks to this incident, conversation did not languish.

Schaunard, not to be behindhand in civility, called for an extra bottle. The bookman ordered another. Schaunard contributed a salad to the feast; the bookman, dessert. By eight o'clock there were six empty bottles on the table. Communicativeness, watered by libations of thin liquor, had brought them both insensibly to the point of autobiography, and they were as well acquainted as if they had been brought up together. The bookman, having listened to Schaunard's confidences, informed him in return that his name was Gustave Colline, that he exercised the profession of philosopher, and made a living by giving instruction in mathematics, pedagogy, botany, and numerous other sciences which end in *y*.

What little money Colline made by giving lessons at pupils' residences, he spent upon old books. His long nut-brown overcoat was known at every bookstall on the quays, from the Pont de la Concorde to the Pont Saint Michel, where his purchases were so numerous that it would have taken a lifetime and more to read them through. Nobody, he himself least of all, could tell what he did with his books. But the hobby had grown to the dimensions of a passion, so that if he chanced to go home at night without a new acquisition, he would adopt the saying of the Emperor Titus, and cry, "I have lost a day!" Schaunard was so fascinated by his engaging manners, by his talk (a mosaic of every known style), and by the atrocious puns which enlivened his conversation, that he asked leave on the spot to add Colline's name to the famous list mentioned above. And when they left *La Mère Cadet,* toward nine o'clock, they had, to every appearance, included the bottles in their conversation, and were passably disguised in liquor.

—*"Bohemian Life."*

Henry Murger

An Evening Reception

TOWARD the end of the month of December the messengers of Bidault's agency received for distribution about a hundred copies of a circular of which we certify the following to be a true and genuine copy:

Messieurs Rodolphe and Marcel request the honor of your company at a reception, on Christmas Eve, Saturday next. There is going to be some fun.

P. S. We only live once!

PROGRAM

I

7 P.M. The rooms will open: lively and animated conversation.

8 P.M. The ingenious authors of *The Mountain in Labor,* a comedy rejected by the Odéon, will take a turn round the rooms.

8.30 P.M. M. Alexandre Schaunard, the distinguished artist, will execute his Imitative Symphony for the piano, called *The Influence of Blue in Art.*

9 P.M. First reading of a memoir on the abolition of the penalty of tragedy.

9.30 P.M. M. Gustave Colline, hyperphysical philosopher, and M. Schaunard will commence a debate on comparative philosophy and metapolitics. In order to prevent any possible collision, the two disputants will be tied together.

10 P.M. M. Tristan, a literary man, will relate the story of his first love. M. Alexandre Schaunard will play a pianoforte accompaniment.

10.30 P.M. Second reading of the memoir on the abolition of the penalty of tragedy.

11 P.M. *The Story of a Cassowary Hunt,* by a foreign prince.

II

At midnight M. Marcel, historical painter, will make a white chalk drawing, with his eyes bandaged. Subject: The interview between Napoleon and Voltaire in the Champs Élysées. At the same time M. Rodolphe will improvise a parallel between the author of *Zaïre* and the author of *The Battle of Austerlitz.*

12.30 A.M. M. Gustave Colline, in modest undress, will give a revival of the athletic sports of the Fourth Olympiad.

1 A.M. Third reading of the memoir on the abolition of the penalty of tragedy, followed by a collection in aid of authors of tragedies likely to be thrown out of employment.

2 A.M. Sports and quadrilles, which will be kept up till morning.

6 A.M. Rise of the sun upon the scene. Final chorus.

The ventilators will be open during the whole of the reception.

N. B. Any person attempting to read or recite poetry will be immediately ejected from the rooms and taken into custody; you are also requested not to take away candle-ends.

. . . . . .

As the clock struck six the friends went out for a hasty dinner, and then came back to light up. They were themselves

dazzled by the result. At seven o'clock Schaunard arrived with three ladies, who had left their diamonds and their hats at home. One of them wore a red shawl with black spots on it. Schaunard particularly called Rodolphe's attention to this person.

"She comes of a very good family," he explained. "She is an Englishwoman. The fall of the Stuarts compelled her to take refuge in exile, and she now lives very quietly, giving English lessons. I understand from her that her father was lord chancellor under Cromwell. She must be treated politely; do not be too free-and-easy with her."

The sound of many footsteps came up from the staircase. The guests were arriving, and saw, to their astonishment, that a fire was burning in the stove.

Rodolphe's black dress coat was well to the fore. He kissed the hands of the ladies as they entered with all the grace of the bygone days of the Regency. When a score or so of visitors had arrived, Schaunard asked whether refreshments were not going to be handed round.

"Yes, in a moment," said Marcel; "we are awaiting the arrival of the influential critic before warming the punch."

At eight o'clock the room was full, and the program was proceeded with. Refreshments of some kind (what they were nobody ever knew precisely) were handed round during every interval. It was nearly ten o'clock before the white waistcoat of the influential critic appeared upon the scene, but he only stayed an hour, and was very moderate in his potations.

At midnight, as all the firewood was burnt up, and the temperature was very low, those of the guests who had chairs drew lots as to who should convert his seat into fuel.

At one o'clock everybody was standing.

The evening passed off without regrettable incidents of any kind, unless we except a rent made in the foreign-language pocket of Colline's coat, and a box on the ear administered by Schaunard to the daughter of Cromwell's chancellor.

This memorable reception was the talk of the Quarter for a week afterward, and Phémie Teinturière, the queen of the evening, used to say, when she told her friends about it, "It was tremendously grand; such a lighting up of candles as we had, my dear!"—"*Bohemian Life.*"

"*The Passage of the Red Sea*"

For five or six years Marcel had worked at his famous picture, which he said represented *The Passage of the Red Sea,* and for five or six years this masterpiece of coloring had been persistently rejected by the judges. It had been taken so often to and fro between the artist's studio and the Musée that if it had been placed on wheels it would have rolled of itself to the Louvre. Marcel, who had altered detail and touched up the canvas a hundred times from top to bottom, ascribed the ostracism which annually banished him from the salons to personal animosity on the part of the members of the council; and at idle moments had composed a little dictionary of his injuries in honor of these Cerberuses of the Institute, illustrated with stingingly ferocious pictures. This work became generally celebrated, was known in all the studios of the Beaux Arts academy, and attained to the popularity which attaches to the immortal complaint of Jean Bélin, painter in ordinary to the Grand

Sultan of the Turks. All the students of the brush in Paris had scraps of it stored in their memory.

For a long time Marcel was not discouraged by these irritating refusals met with at each exhibition; he was comfortably convinced in his own opinion that his picture was, in the degree of its smaller proportions, the companion long waited for by *The Marriage of Cana,* that gigantic masterpiece whose brilliant splendor the dust of three centuries has been unable to dim. Every year, therefore, before the opening of the Salon exhibition, Marcel submitted his picture to the committee. Only, in order to nonplus them and to try and make them trip in their prejudiced exclusion of *The Passage of the Red Sea,* Marcel, without altering any important part of the general composition, modified some detail of it and changed its title.

Thus one year it appeared before the jury under the name of *Crossing the Rubicon,* but Pharaoh, poorly disguised under Cæsar's mantle, was recognized, and repulsed with all due honors.

The following year Marcel threw a coating of white on the surfaces of his canvas to simulate snow, put a fir-tree in the corner, and, clothing an Egyptian in the uniform of the Imperial Guard, christened his picture *The Passage of the Beresina.*

The jury, having now rubbed their spectacles upon the cuffs of their olive-green coats, were not duped by this fresh device. They perfectly well recognized the obstinate canvas, mainly by a huge brute of a multicolored horse which stood rearing high on his hind legs in the middle of a wave of the Red Sea. The trappings of this animal had afforded Marcel an opportunity for all his skill in coloring, and in his own phrasing he called the picture a synopsis of fine

tones, because with its play of light and shade it offered endless combinations of color. But once again, insensible to these details, the jury could not find blackballs enough to refuse *The Passage of the Beresina.*

"Very good," said Marcel, "I will wait. Next year I will send it again under the title of *The Passage of the Panoramas.*"

"They will be trapped, trapped, trapped, trapped!" chanted the musician Schaunard to a new air of his own composition, an air as terrible and deafening as a gamut of thunder-peals, so that it was dreaded by all the neighboring pianos.

"How can they refuse that without all the vermilion of the Red Sea mounting to their faces and covering them with shame?" murmured Marcel, contemplating his picture. "When one thinks, there are a hundred crowns' worth of color in it, and a million of genius, without reckoning my glorious youth, which has become as worn as my hat over it —a serious work, opening up new horizons to the science of color! But they haven't had the last of it. To my latest breath I will go on sending that picture! I want to engrave it on their memory."

"That is the surest manner not to engrave it," said Gustave Colline, plaintively adding to himself, "That is a good pun, a very good one. I will repeat it at the clubs."

Marcel continued his objurgations, which Schaunard continued to set to music.

"Ah! they won't accept me," said Marcel. "The government pays them, houses them, gives them decorations, with the express object, one might say, of refusing me once a year —the first of March, that is—a canvas in a hundred, mounted in a key-pattern frame. I distinctly see their intention; I see it clearly. They would like me to break my brushes.

They hope, perhaps, in refusing my Red Sea that it will drive me to throw myself out of the window in despair. But they are very ignorant of the human heart if they count on snuffing me out in that vulgar fashion. I shall not wait any longer, however, for the Salon season to come round. From this day forward my work shall become a Damocles's sword perpetually hanging over their heads. Every week I will send it to each of them—to their homes, into the bosom of their families, straight to the heart of their private life. It shall trouble their domestic joys. They shall find their wine like vinegar, their meat scorched, their wives ill-tempered. They will very soon go mad, and be put in strait-waistcoats for the meetings of the Institute. That idea pleases me immensely."—"*Bohemian Life.*"

Victor Hugo

The Bourgeois

THE world, since it exists, we tolerate.
Let us consider men, devoid of hate—
That Bourgeois, product of our age, behold:
Eggs, cheese, and soap in former days he sold;
Now he is rich, has vineyard, field, and wood;
The poor he hates, and loves not noble blood;
A porter's son, he deems it vain to trace
From Montmorency's ancient dukes your race.
He is austere, and virtuous, and discreet.
Having, when cold, warm carpets 'neath his feet,
He holds with order that can wealth protect;
Lovers he hates, and men of intellect.
He gives some alms, he lends on usury;
And says—of progress and pure liberty,
Of rights of nations—"Sweep such rubbish hence!"
He has good Sancho's coarse, rough common sense.
He'd let Cervantes die for want of aid;
He praises Boileau. He'll caress a maid,
And while with her intriguing, loudly cries
'Gainst novels for their immoralities.
At Mass on Sundays, where he strictly goes,
His book with golden edge and prints he shows,
Which cradle, cross, and day of wrath supplies;
"Not that I credit these absurdities,"
He whispers to you, but it serves his ends;
The rabble will believe, if he pretends.

"You must debase those crowds whom hunger gnaws;
Some God they need to make them fear the laws."
So past the Swiss he stalks and takes his place,
Settles his huge round paunch and purple face:
His vanity thus doubly gratifies,
He guides the poor, and God can patronize.

The Good Flea and the Wicked King

ONCE upon a time there was a wicked king, who made his people very unhappy. Everybody detested him, and those whom he had put in prison and beheaded would have liked to whip him. But how? He was the strongest, he was the master, he did not have to give account to any one, and when he was told his subjects were not content, he replied:

"Well, what of it? I don't care a rap!" Which was an ugly answer.

As he continued to act like a king, and as every day he became a little more wicked than the day before, this set a certain little flea to thinking over the matter. It was a little bit of a flea, who was of no consequence at all, but full of good sentiments. This is not the nature of fleas in general; but this one had been very well brought up; it bit people with moderation, and only when it was very hungry.

"What if I were to bring the king to reason?" it said to itself. "It is not without danger. But no matter—I will try."

That night the wicked king, after having done all sorts of naughty things during the day, was calmly going to sleep when he felt what seemed to be the prick of a pin.

"Bite!"

He growled, and turned over on the other side.

"Bite! Bite! Bite!"

"Who is it that bites me so?" cried the king in a terrible voice.

"It is I," replied a very little voice.

"You? Who are you?"

"A little flea who wishes to correct you."

"A flea? Just you wait! Just you wait, and you shall see!"

And the king sprang from his bed, twisted his coverings, and shook the sheets, all of which was quite useless, for the good flea had hidden itself in the royal beard.

"Ah," said the king, "it has gone now, and I shall be able to get a sound sleep."

But scarcely had he laid his head on the pillow, when——

"Bite!"

"How? What? Again?"

"Bite! Bite!"

"You dare to return, you abominable little flea? Think for a moment what you are doing! You are no bigger than a grain of sand, and you dare to bite one of the greatest kings on earth!"

"Well, what of it? I don't care a rap!" answered the flea in the very words of the king.

"Ah, if I only had you!"

"Yes, but you haven't got me!"

The wicked king did not sleep all that night, and he arose the next morning in a killing ill humor. He resolved to destroy his enemy. By his orders, they cleaned the palace from top to bottom, and particularly his bedroom; his bed was made by ten old women very skilful in the art of catching

fleas. But they caught nothing, for the good flea had hidden itself under the collar of the king's coat.

That night, this frightful tyrant, who was dying for want of sleep, lay back on both his ears, though this is said to be very difficult. But he wished to sleep double, and he knew no better way. I wish you may find a better. Scarcely had he put out his light, when he felt the flea on his neck.

"Bite! Bite!"

"Ah, zounds! What is this?"

"It is I—the flea of yesterday."

"But what do you want, you rascal—you tiny pest?"

"I wish you to obey me, and to make your people happy."

"Ho, there, my soldiers, my captain of the guard, my ministers, my generals! Everybody! The whole lot of you!"

The whole lot of them came in. The king was in a rage, which made everybody tremble. He found fault with all the servants of the palace. Everybody was in consternation. During this time the flea, quite calm, kept itself hid in the king's nightcap.

The guards were doubled; laws and decrees were made; ordinances were published against all fleas; there were processions and public prayers to ask of Heaven the extermination of the flea, and sound sleep for the king. It was all of no avail. The wretched king could not lie down, even on the grass, without being attacked by his obstinate enemy, the good flea, who did not let him sleep a single minute.

"Bite! Bite!"

It would take too long to tell the many hard knocks the king gave himself in trying to crush the flea; he was covered with bruises and contusions. As he could not sleep, he wandered about like an uneasy spirit. He grew thinner.

He would certainly have died if, at last, he had not made up his mind to obey the good flea.

"I surrender," he said at last, when it began to bite him again. "I ask for quarter. I will do what you wish."

"So much the better. On that condition only shall you sleep," replied the flea.

"Thank you. What must I do?"

"Make your people happy!"

"I have never learned how. I do not know how——"

"Nothing more easy: you have only to go away."

"Taking my treasures with me?"

"Without taking anything."

"But I shall die if I have no money," said the king.

"Well, what of it? I don't care!" replied the flea.

But the flea was not hard-hearted, and it let the king fill his pockets with money before he went away. And the people were able to be very happy by setting up a republic.

—*"Tales of a Grandfather."*

Eugène Labiche

Scenes from "Grammar"

CABOUSSAT *appears with a cabbage under one arm, and a beet-root under the other.*

Cab. That business with Father Madou is arranged. I begged him for one of his cabbages—as an object of artistic interest. I told him that I'd put it in my parlor. But there was a neighbor of his in his beet-field who made a sour face. I couldn't do less for one than for the other. He's a voter too. So I asked him for a beet—also as an object of artistic interest. One must know how to deal with the masses. But these things are heavy. (*Calls.*) Jean!

Jean (*entering*). Sir?

Cab. Take these things from me. Have the cabbage put in the pot. As for the beet, have it cut in slices. It makes a very good salad.

Jean (*going*). Here's the master doing his own marketing!

Cab. (*alone*). While carrying my cabbage about, I have been reflecting on what Machut said to me. I shall be mayor, the first magistrate of Arpajon! Then counselor-general! Then deputy! And after that? A portfolio! Who knows? But no, it isn't possible! I am rich, well thought of, beloved—but there is one thing that counteracts all these—French grammar! I can't, no, I can't spell! The participles especially are beyond my strength. Sometimes they agree, sometimes they don't agree, the beastly things! When I am

embarrassed I get into a mess. When I speak, it goes well enough—one can't *see* what I say, and I avoid joining my consonants and vowels. In the country it's considered high-flown and dangerous to join them. In my time one did not grow moldy in the schools. I learned to write in twenty-six lessons; to read, I don't know how. Then I threw myself into the lumber business. I can compute the cubic feet in a tree, but I can't produce literary compositions. Not even the speeches that I deliver, those wonderful speeches! Arpajon listens to them open-mouthed, like an idiot. People think me learned. I have a reputation, but thanks to whom? Thanks to an angel.

Enter BLANCHE.

Blanche. Papa——

Cab. Here is the angel!

Blanche. I've been looking for you to give you the address which you are to deliver before the agricultural convention.

Cab. If I am reelected. Have you corrected it?

Blanche. Oh, yes.

Cab. Like all the others. (*Kissing her.*) Ah, dear little girl, what should I do without you? (*Unfolding the address.*) How do you like the beginning?

Blanche. Very much.

Cab. (*reading*). "Gentlemen and honored colleagues, agriculture is the noblest of all the professions—" Look here, you've put two *s's* in profession!

Blanche. Surely——

Cab. (*kissing her*). Ah, you dear little girl! (*Aside.*) I should simply have spelled it with a *t*. (*Reading.*) "The

noblest of the professions." With two *s's*. (*Reading.*) "I venture to declare that any one who does not love the soil, whose heart does not beat higher at the sight of a cultivated field, that such a one knows nothing of the wealth of nations—" Look here, you've put a *t* in nations.

Blanche. So one must.

Cab. Ah, you dear child! (*Aside.*) I should simply have spelled it with an *s*. These *s's* and *t's*—I never can remember where they belong. (*Reading.*) "—the wealth of nations." With a *t*——

Blanche (*suddenly*). Papa, don't you know that M. Poitrinas has just arrived?

Cab. What! Poitrinas from Étampes? (*Aside.*) Now there's a real scholar.—Well, where is our friend?

Enter POITRINAS.

Cab. Ah, my dear friend, what a delightful visit!

Poit. I have long wished to explore your country from an archeological point of view.

Cab. Ah, yes; do the little broken pots still amuse you?

Poit. Still! But I wanted to speak to you of another matter too; an important matter.

Blanche (*aside*). Now comes the great question. (*Aloud.*) I hope, sir, that you will spend several days with us.

Poit. I dare not promise. It will depend on my excavations. If I find anything, I'll stay.

Blanche. Let us hope that you will find something.

(*Exit.*)

Cab. Isn't my little Blanche good?

Poit. Charming! And I shall have the happiness—but

we'll come to that later. My friend, I have a great piece of news for you.

Cab. For me?

Poit. On the strength of my recommendation you have just been named corresponding member of the Academy of Étampes.

Cab. (*aside*). Academician! He stuffs me into the Academy!

Poit. You are surprised, no doubt.

Cab. Indeed, I am. But I really don't know whether I ought to accept. My claims to the honor are very slight.

Poit. But your speeches!

Cab. Oh, on account of my speeches. (*Aside.*) That dear child!

Poit. And then, I knew why I proposed you. You could be very useful to us.

Cab. How?

Poit. You will superintend the excavations I make in this part of the country. You can then recover the Latin inscriptions, and send me reports on them.

Cab. (*frightened*). In Latin?

Poit. Hush! I suspect there is one of Cæsar's camps in the neighborhood of Arpajon. Don't mention it to any one.

Cab. You may be easy about that.

Poit. There's none in our district. This is perhaps the only one.

Cab. That's a big job.

Poit. I have made investigations which I will communicate to you. Gabius Lentulus must have passed here.

Cab. Really? Gabius—Lin—turlus? Are you sure of it?

Poit. Certain! Don't mention it to any one.

Cab. You may rely on my silence.

Poit. But I have come from still another motive. My son Edmond saw Mlle. Blanche at Étampes. He has conceived an ardent but honorable love for her, and I profit by the opportunity my excavations give me of seeing you, to make an offer of marriage.

Cab. Heavens! I don't say no; but I don't say yes. I must consult my daughter.

Poit. That's very proper. Edmond is a good young man, affectionate and steady. Takes no spirits except in his coffee.

Cab. No after-dinner cordial?

Poit. One hundred and thirty thousand francs dowry.

Cab. That's about the same as I give Blanche.

Poit. But, before everything, I must be frank with you. Edmond has one fault, a fault that is almost a vice.

Cab. That's bad. What is it?

Poit. Well, then, let me tell you—but no, I can't, I, the president of the Academy of Étampes. (*Handing him a letter.*) Here, read!

Cab. A witty squib against the Academy?

Poit. A letter which he addressed to me a week ago, and which I submit to you with shame.

Cab. You frighten me. Let's see. (*Reads.*) "My dear Father: I must make a confession to you on which the happiness of my whole life depends."

Poit. (*aside*). Spells "depends" with a *t*, the wretch!

Cab. (*reads*). "I have been madly in love with Mlle. Blanche ever since I first saw her."

Poit. (*aside*). "Been" with one *e!* Stupid!

Cab. (*reads*). "I can neither eat nor sleep."

Poit. (*aside*). "Sleep"—he spells it *ea!*

Cab. (*reads*). "Her image fills my life and troubles my dreams."

Poit. (*aside*). "Dreams"—d-r-e-e-m-s! (*Aloud.*) Isn't it atrocious?

Cab. What?

Poit. Well, it was my duty to tell you; now you know.

Cab. I know that he loves my daughter.

Poit. Yes, but he loves her in defiance of every rule of grammar. Think it over and decide. I'll make an inspection of your garden. There seems to be a Roman-looking mound in it. I'll be with you shortly.—"*Grammar.*"

Labiche and Martin

Catching a Train

Railway-Station in Paris.

PERRICHON, MME. PERRICHON, HENRIETTE, TICKET-SELLER, *and* PORTER.

Per. This way! Don't let's get separated from each other! We sha'n't find each other again. Where is our luggage? Ah, very well! Who has the umbrellas?

Hen. I, papa.

Per. And the carpetbag? And the top-coats?

Mme. Per. Here they are.

Per. And my Panama hat? I must have left it in the cab! Oh, no, it's here in my hand! Dear, how warm I am!

Mme. Per. It's your own fault! You hurry us and hustle us about so! I don't like traveling like that!

Per. It's only the start that is troublesome. Wait till we are settled. You stay here while I get the tickets. Here, hold my Panama. (*At the ticket-window.*) Three first-class tickets to Lyons.

Tick.-Sel. Not open yet. In a quarter of an hour.

Per. Oh, beg pardon; I am traveling for the first time. (*Coming back.*) We're ahead of time.

Mme. Per. There, I told you that we should have lots of time. You wouldn't let us eat our breakfast.

Per. It's better to be early. One can look at the station. (*To* HENRIETTE.) Well, my dear, are you happy? Here we

are started! A few minutes more and, swift as the arrow of William Tell, we shall be rushing toward the Alps. (*To his wife.*) Have you brought your opera-glass?

Mme. Per. Of course.

Hen. I am not reproaching you, but it's two years since you promised to take us traveling.

Per. My child, I had to sell my stock. A merchant cannot retire from his business as easily as a little girl from her boarding-school. Furthermore, I waited for your education to be over, so as to perfect it by letting the great spectacle of nature shine before you.

Mme. Per. Are you going on like that?

Per. Like what?

Mme. Per. Spouting fine phrases in a railway-station.

Per. I am not spouting phrases. I am elevating the thoughts of my child. (*Drawing a note-book from his pocket.*) Here, daughter, is a note-book that I have bought for you.

Hen. What for?

Per. To record our expenses on one side and our impressions on the other.

Hen. What impressions?

Per. Our impressions of the journey. I will dictate and you shall write.

Mme. Per. What, you're going to commence author at this time of life?

Per. There's no question of doing that, but it seems to me that a man of the world ought to have ideas, and that he ought to gather them in a note-book.

Mme. Per. That will be charming!

Per. (*aside*). She gets like that every time she has had to go without her coffee.

A Porter (*rolling a wheelbarrow with luggage*). Here is your luggage, sir. Will you have it registered?

Per. Certainly! But first I have to count it. It's well to know where one is. One, two, three, four, five, six; my wife, seven; my daughter, eight; and myself, makes nine. There are nine of us.

The Porter. Off you go, then!

Per. Let's hurry!

The Porter. Not that way; this side!

Per. Ah, very well. Just wait here! Don't let's lose each other!—"*Perrichon's Journey.*"

Saved from the Precipice!

Interior of a Swiss Inn.

PERRICHON, MME. PERRICHON, HENRIETTE, DESROCHES, GUIDE, *and* INNKEEPER.

(SAVARY *enters, supported by the* INNKEEPER *and the* GUIDE.)

Per. (*with great emotion*). Quick! Water! Salts! Vinegar! (*He makes* SAVARY *sit down.*)

All. What is the matter with him?

Per. A frightful affair! Make him drink! Chafe his temples!

Sav. Thank you—I feel better.

Des. What has happened to him?

Sav. Had it not been for M. Perrichon's courage——

Per. Don't speak of it, don't! It's horrible. We were on the frozen lake. Silent and majestic, Mont Blanc looked down upon us——

Sav. (*to himself*). Like the hero in a tragedy!

Mme. Per. But come to the point!

Hen. But, father!

Per. One moment. For five minutes we had been pensively following a foot-path which wound itself between two crevices—of ice. I walked ahead.

Mme. Per. How careless!

Per. Suddenly I hear somebody behind me fall. I turn round. This gentleman had disappeared into one of those bottomless abysses, the very sight of which makes one shudder.

Mme. Per. (*impatiently*). But, my dear!

Per. Then, heeding only the voice of courage, I, the father of a family, I throw myself——

Mme. Per. and *Hen.* Heavens!

Per. On the edge of the precipice, and stretch out my alpenstock to him. He grasps it. I draw, he draws, we draw, and, after a wild struggle, I drag him from the awful void to the face of the sun, our universal father.

Hen. Oh, papa!

Mme. Per. My dear!

Per. (*kissing his wife and daughter*). Yes, my dear ones, that is a beautiful page——

Des. (*to* SAVARY). How do you feel now?

Sav. All right. Don't worry. (*Aloud.*) M. Perrichon, you have just saved a son to his mother——

Per. That's true!

Sav. A brother to his sister!

Per. And an individual to society.

Sav. Words are powerless to speak one's gratitude for such a service.

Per. That's true!

Sav. It is only the heart, you understand, only the heart——

Per. Daniel! Yes, let me call you by your Christian name!

Sav. (*to himself*). Hullo!

Per. (*with emotion*). Daniel, my friend, my child—your hand! I owe you the sweetest emotions of my life. Without me, you would now be a formless and repulsive mass buried under the ice. You owe me everything, everything. I shall never forget it.

Sav. Nor I!

Per. (*wiping his eyes, to* DESROCHES). Ah, young man, you do not know the pleasure that one experiences in saving one's fellow man.

Hen. But, papa, the gentleman knows it very well, since——

Per. Oh, yes, that's true! Innkeeper, bring me the travelers' book.

Mme. Per. For what purpose?

Per. Before leaving these abodes, I desire by a brief record to consecrate the memory of this event!

. . . . . .

Perrichon's Residence, Paris.

PERRICHON, HENRIETTE, MAJORIN, *and* JEAN.

Jean (*announces*). M. Daniel Savary!

Per. Ah, here he is, our dear friend, our excellent Daniel.

Sav. (*entering*). Ladies!

Per. Come, let me introduce you to Majorin. Majorin,

I present to you one of my good, one of my best friends, M. Daniel Savary.

Maj. Savary? Of the steamship company?

Sav. The same.

Per. Ah, if it were not for me he would not pay you your dividends to-morrow.

Maj. Why?

Per. Why? Simply, my good man, because I saved his life.

Maj. You?

Per. We were walking on the lake of ice; silent and majestic, Mont Blanc looked down upon us——

Sav. (*to himself*). There he goes again!

Per. We were pensively following a path——

Hen. (*who has opened a newspaper*). Look, papa, what this paper contains.

Per. What, am I in the paper?

Hen. Read it yourself. There.

Per. You'll see, I have been drawn for the jury. (*He reads.*) "We have received news from Chamouni——"

All. Listen!

Per. (*reads*). "——of an event which might have had the most deplorable consequences. M. Daniel S—— missed his step, and disappeared into one of those abysses that are so feared by travelers. One of the witnesses of the scene, M. Perrichon, who permits us to mention his name—" When did I permit them? "—M. Perrichon, a well-known Paris merchant, and the father of a family, heeding only the voice of courage, and careless of his own life, rushed to the abyss—" That's true! "—and, after unheard-of efforts, was happy enough to save his companion. Such heroic devotion is only surpassed by the modesty of M. Perrichon,

who seeks to escape the congratulations of a profoundly admiring public. Good citizens of all countries will thank us for celebrating such virtue."

All. Ah!

Sav. (*to himself*). Three francs per line!

Per. "Good citizens of all countries will thank us for celebrating such virtue." (*To* SAVARY, *with emotion.*) My friend, my child! Come to my arms.

Sav. (*aside*). Most decidedly, I am in luck.

Per. I am surely no revolutionary, but I proclaim it aloud: there is something good in the press! (*Putting the paper in his pocket.*) I will send out for ten copies.

—"*Perrichon's Journey.*"

Erckmann and Chatrian

The Comet

LAST year, before the festivities of the carnival, the news reached Hunebourg that the world was coming to an end. The unpleasant information was first spread by Dr. Zacharias Piper, of Colmar. He had read it in the *Lame Messenger,* in the *Perfect Christian,* and in half a hundred other almanacs.

The doctor's calculations amounted to this: that on Shrove Tuesday a comet would descend from heaven; that it would have a tail consisting of boiling water, thirty-five millions of leagues in length, with which it would sweep the earth, causing the snow on the mountain-tops to be melted, the trees to be dried up, and the people to be consumed.

A worthy scholar of Paris, M. Popinot, it is true, affirmed a little later that, though the comet would undoubtedly come, its tail would be composed of such thin and harmless vapors that it would trouble no one; so that every one could go quietly about his business. For the truth of this assertion he made himself answerable, and, indeed, it calmed all fears. But, unfortunately, we have living at Hunebourg, in the Three-Pots Lane, an old wool-spinner, named Maria Finck. She is a small, wrinkled, white-haired old woman, whom people consult in all the delicate affairs of life. She lives in a low room, the ceiling of which is hung with painted eggs, little chains of red, blue, and gilded nuts, and a thousand other curious things. She wears old-fashioned furbe-

lows, and lives on buns—facts which give her a great reputation throughout the country.

Maria Finck, instead of approving the opinion of good, honest M. Popinot, took sides with Dr. Zacharias Piper, saying:

"Pray and repent of your sins; make your peace with Heaven. For the end is near; the end is near!"

At one end of her room you may see a picture of hell, whither people descend upon a road strewn with roses. Not one suspects the real direction of the road; but some go dancing and swinging a bottle, and others hold a ham or a string of sausages, while a fiddler, in beribboned hat, plays a tune to make the journey merrier. Some of these people are joyfully embracing, and all are carelessly approaching a flaming chimney, into which the foremost are already falling, with arms extended and legs in air.

Imagine the reflections of all reasonable beings on seeing this representation. Not one of us is so virtuous but he has a certain number of sins on his conscience, and no one can flatter himself that he will be placed immediately at the right hand of the Lord. No, it would be very presumptuous to imagine that things will turn out like that; it would be a sign of very condemnable pride. So most people said, "We will have no carnival, but spend Shrove Tuesday in acts of contrition."

Never was the like seen before. The adjutant and the captain of the place, as well as the sergeants and corporals of the Third Company of the —th, in garrison at Hunebourg, were really in despair. All the preparations for the feast, such as the great town hall, that had been decorated with plants and with military trophies, the stage that had been raised for the orchestra, the beer, the Kirschwasser, the

Bischoffs, which had been ordered for the refreshment hall —in a word, all the good things would be entirely lost, simply because the girls of the town would not hear of dancing.

"I am not wicked," said Sergeant Duchêne, "but if I had hold of that Dr. Zacharias Piper of yours, it would fare ill with him."

But the most disappointed mortals were Daniel Spitz, the secretary of the mayoralty, Jérôme Bertha, the postmaster's son, the tax-collector Dujardin, and myself. We had traveled to Strasburg a week before to get costumes. In order that nothing should be wanting, Uncle Toby had given me fifty francs out of his own pocket. I had chosen my get-up as Pierrot at Mlle. Dardenai's in the Arcade. This costume consisted of a shirt with large folds and huge sleeves. The latter were adorned with onion-shaped buttons as large as one's fist, and one could toss them from chin to thigh. One covered one's head with a black cap, whitened one's face with powder, and, provided one had a long nose, hollow cheeks, and well-shaded eyes, it was admirable.

Dujardin, because of his large paunch, had chosen a Turk's costume embroidered at all the seams. Spitz had a Punch's coat made up of a thousand bits of red, green, and yellow, a hump in front, another behind, and a big policeman's hat, set well back on his head—you never saw anything handsomer. Jérôme Bertha was to be a savage, with parrot-feathers. We were sure, first of all, that the girls would desert the soldiers for us, and, when one has gone to such expense, to see everything going to the deuce on account of an old fool like Dr. Zacharias Piper—why, it's enough to make one hate one's kind. But, then, what can you expect? People have always been the same, and the fools always have the best of it.

Shrove Tuesday came, with a sky full of snow. People gazed to the right, to the left, above, below—no comet! The girls looked confused, the boys ran to their cousins, aunts, or godmothers, to all the houses: "Do you see now that old woman Finck is crazy," they cried, "and all your ideas about the comet mere folly? Do comets ever come in winter? Don't they always appear in vintage-time? Come, come, we must decide something, and, the deuce, there is still time enough!"

As for the sergeant and corporals, they went into the kitchens, exhorted the servants, and loaded them with reproaches, so that a few recovered their courage. Old men and women came to see the great hall of the mayoralty, and to admire the suns between the windows, made of sabers and daggers, and little tricolored flags. There came a change. All remembered that it was Shrove Tuesday. The young girls hastened to get their frocks out of their wardrobes, and waxed their little shoes. At ten o'clock the great town hall was thronged. We had won the battle, and not a young girl in all the town was missing at that roll-call. The clarionets, the trombones, and the big drum resounded, the high windows shone out into the night, the waltzers spun round like mad, and the country dances went on merrily. The girls and boys were jubilant beyond words, and the old grandmothers sat comfortably near the stove, and laughed with all their hearts. They jostled each other in the refreshment hall; enough could hardly be provided, and Father Zimmer, who had been permitted to furnish all these good things, could boast of having made that night worth his while. Along the whole length of the outer staircase you could see people who had partaken too freely of the liquid refreshments, and who now came stumbling out. Out-of-doors the snow was falling steadily.

Uncle Toby had given me his latch-key, so that I might go home when I wished. I had not missed a single waltz up to two o'clock, but then I had enough. Besides, I was beginning to feel the effects of all the good beverages. Once out in the street, I felt better, and debated with myself whether I should go back, or home and to bed. I should have enjoyed another dance, but I was sleepy. So I decided to go home, and started for the Rue Saint Sylvestre. I helped myself along by the wall, turning over many matters in my mind.

I had been proceeding in this way for about ten minutes, and was about to turn the corner by the fountain, when, raising my nose by chance, I saw on the ramparts behind the trees a moon, red as coal, that was coming through the air. Though it was still millions of miles away, it was going so fast that it was bound to reach us within a quarter of an hour. The sight upset me utterly; the hair of my head stood on end, and I said to myself, "It's the comet! Zacharias Piper was right!" And, hardly knowing what I was about, I started back to the mayoralty at a run. I rushed up the staircase, overturned those who were coming down, and cried in a terrified voice, "The comet! The comet!"

The ball was just at its height. The big drum was thundering away, the boys were stamping their feet, kicking up their legs, when they turned—the girls were red as poppies. But, when they heard the voice in the hall, "The comet! The comet!" a sudden silence invaded the place, and the people, looking about, saw each other pale, with drawn cheeks and sharp noses.

Sergeant Duchêne darted to the door, stopped me, and put his hand over my mouth, saying:

"Are you mad? Will you hold your tongue?" But I

threw myself back, and continued to repeat in a voice of despair, "The comet!"

Footsteps were already thumping down the stairs; people rushed out; the women groaned; the tumult was frightful. Some old women, put off their guard by Shrove Tuesday, raised their hands to Heaven, and stammered out, "Jesus! Maria! Joseph!"

In a few seconds the hall was empty. Duchêne left me leaning quite exhausted against a window-sill. I looked out at the people running up the street, and I was nearly crazy with fright. Passing through the refreshment room, I saw the sutler, Catherine Lagoutte, and Corporal Bouquet finishing off the last of a bowl of punch.

"Since all is to end," they said, "let it end well!" Below on the staircase many sat and confessed to each other. One said, "I have practised usury!" Another, "I have used false weights!" Another, "I have cheated at cards!" They all talked at once, except now and then, when they stopped short, and cried out together, "Lord, have mercy on us!" I recognized Fèvre, the old baker, and Mme. Lauritz. They were beating their breasts like miserable sinners. But these things did not interest me, who had sins of my own to account for.

Soon I reached some who were running toward the fountain. You should have heard their groans. All recognized the comet, and I saw that it had doubled in size.

The crowd stood in the dark, and wailed:

"It is all over! Oh, Lord, it is all over, and we are lost!"

And the women invoked St. Joseph and St. Christopher and St. Nicholas—in short, all the saints in the calendar.

At this moment I passed in review all the sins I had committed since coming to years of discretion, and I felt

horrified at myself. I grew cold under my tongue, thinking that we were all going to be burned up, and, as the old beggar Balthazar was standing near me, leaning on his crutch, I embraced him, saying:

"Balthazar, when you rest in Abraham's bosom, you will take pity on me, won't you?"

Then he replied, sobbing:

"I am a great sinner, M. Christian. These thirty years I have deceived the community from my love of idleness; for I am not nearly so lame as I seem."

"And I, Balthazar," lamented I, "I am the greatest sinner in Hunebourg!"

We wept on each other's necks.

You see, that is how people will be at the judgment; kings with bootblacks, good citizens with barefoot ragamuffins. They will no longer be ashamed of one another, but call one another brothers; and, because fire purifies everything, the newly shaven will not shrink from embracing the stubble-bearded, for the fear of being burned makes your heart tender. Oh, if there were no hell, we should not see so many good Christians! That is the best part of our holy religion.

At last, when we had all been on our knees for a quarter of an hour, Sergeant Duchêne arrived all out of breath. He had run first to the arsenal, and, seeing nothing there, had come back by the Rue des Capucins.

"Well," said he, "what have you been making such a fuss about?" Then, perceiving the comet, "The devil! What is that?"

"It's the end of the world, sergeant," said Balthazar.

"The end of the world?"

"Yes; the comet!"

Then he began to swear like the devil, and exclaimed,

"Now, if the adjutant were here, they might know the countersign!"

Then, all at once, drawing his sword and marching along the wall, he cried, "Forward! I don't care what it is! It must be investigated!"

Every one admired his courage, and, inspired by his example, I followed him. We went gently, ever so gently, staring at the comet, which became plainer every second, seemingly moving at the rate of thousands of miles an hour. Finally we came to the corner of the old Capuchin convent. The comet seemed to be rising; and the farther we advanced, the higher it rose. We had to raise our heads, so that, at last, Duchêne's neck was almost broken with gazing into the air. Twenty paces farther I saw the comet, a little to one side. I questioned the prudence of advancing, when the sergeant stopped. "I'll be d——d," muttered he; "it's the reflector."

"The reflector," said I, coming up; "is it possible?" And I looked very much astonished.

It was really the old reflector of the Capuchin convent. Since the Capuchins had gone in 1798, it had never been lighted, and at Hunebourg every one went to bed with the chickens. But the night-watchman, Burrhus, foreseeing that a good many people would be drunk that night, had charitably put a candle into it to prevent them from rolling into the ditch that runs around the old cloister; and then he had gone home to the wife of his bosom.

We distinguished the parts of the lantern very well. The wick was as big as your thumb, and, when the wind blew a little, the wick would flare up and flash, and that is why it moved like a comet. Seeing this, I was going to call out to the others, when the sergeant said to me, "Will you be

quiet! They would make fun of us if they knew we had charged on a lantern. Attention!"

He unhooked the rusty chain, and, with a tremendous crash, down came the reflector. Then we both ran away. The others waited a long time. But, finding the comet extinguished, they took heart, and went to bed.

Next day the report spread that the prayer of Maria Finck had moved the comet to put itself out; so, since that day, she has been regarded as a holier saint than ever.

Such things happen occasionally in the good little town of Hunebourg.

Edmond About

The Hungry Englishwoman

When I had clasped my knife, and was ready to lie down in the shade with that placid quietude that follows the breakfast of snakes and travelers, it seemed to me that I heard the tramping of horses' hoofs. I put my ear to the ground, and ascertained the fact that two or three horsemen were coming up behind me. Two minutes later appeared two ladies mounted on hired horses, and equipped after the manner of traveling Englishwomen. Behind them walked a servant whom I had no trouble in recognizing—it was Dimitri.

I politely stepped out of the way of the two ladies, who did not seem to pay much attention to my salutation. I shook hands with Dimitri, who told me in a few words all that I wanted to know.

"Am I on the road to Parna?"

"Yes, we're going there too."

"Then I can go along with you?"

"Why not?"

"Who are the ladies?"

"Englishwomen. His lordship stayed at the hotel."

"What sort of people?"

"Pooh! London bankers. The old lady is Mrs. Simons, of the house of Barley & Co.; the lord is her brother; the young girl her daughter."

"Pretty?"

"Matter of taste. I prefer Photini."

"Are you going as far as the fortress of Phile?"

"Yes. They have hired me for a week. Ten francs a day and provisions. I organize their excursions. I started with this one because I knew I should meet you here. What wasp is stinging them now?"

The old lady, put out at seeing that I had borrowed her servant, had made her horse trot along a road, on which, in the memory of horses, no one had ever trotted. The other animal tried the same trick, and, if we had chatted a few minutes more, we should have been left far behind. Dimitri ran to rejoin the ladies, and I heard Mrs. Simons say to him in English:

"Don't ever leave us. I am an Englishwoman, and I intend to be well served. I don't pay you for talking to your friends. Who is that Greek whom you've been gossiping with?"

"He is a German, madam."

"Ah! What does he do?"

"He is botanizing."

"Ah! Is he an apothecary?"

"No, madam, a scholar."

"Ah! Does he know English?"

"Very well."

The three "ahs" of the old lady were uttered with such varied intonation that I should like to have recorded them, had I been a musician. They indicated by fine shades of expression how I was gaining in the esteem of Mrs. Simons. Nevertheless, she did not speak to me, and I followed the little group in silence. Dimitri did not dare to talk to me; he walked on in front like a prisoner of war. Miss Simons did not turn round, and I could not judge in what way her ugliness differed from that of Photini. What I could see

without indiscretion was that the young Englishwoman was tall and superbly set up. And the glimpse I caught of her neck would have made me think of the swans in the zoological gardens even if I had not been a naturalist.

Her mother turned round to talk to her, and I quickened my pace in the hope of being able to hear her voice. I am insatiably curious, and I just arrived in time to hear the following conversation:

"Mary Ann!"

"Yes, mama?"

"I'm hungry."

"Are you?"

"I am."

"I'm warm, mama."

"Are you?"

"I am."

Now, Dimitri had counted on having his two ladies breakfast at the inn at Calyvia. Unfortunately, the inn was deserted, and its door closed. When Mrs. Simons discovered this fact, she started a very loud quarrel with Dimitri, and, turning round, showed me a profile as sharp as the blade of a Sheffield knife, and two rows of teeth like fences. "I am English," she said, "and I have the right to eat when I am hungry!"

"Madam," answered Dimitri piteously, "in half an hour you shall breakfast in the village of Castia."

From the inn to the village the road is particularly detestable. It is a narrow slope between a huge mountain and a precipice that would make the very mountain-goats dizzy. Mrs. Simons, before risking herself on this infernal path, on which the horses had hardly space for their four hoofs, asked if there were not another road. "I am English," she

said, "and I was not made to be rolled down precipices." Dimitri praised the path; he assured her that there were a hundred worse ones in the kingdom. "At least," answered the lady, "lead my horse by its bridle! But what will become of my daughter? You had better lead her horse. But I don't want to break my neck, either. Couldn't you lead both at once? Oh, this detestable road! It may be well enough for Greeks, but it wasn't made for English people. Am I not right, sir?" she added, and turned to me graciously.

Regularly or not, I was introduced at last. I bowed with all the elegance I was master of, and said in English:

"Madam, the road is not as bad as it may at first sight appear. Your horses are sure of foot. I know them from experience. And then, with your permission, you can have two guides—Dimitri for yourself, and me for the young lady."

No sooner said than done. Without awaiting an answer, I stepped forward, and took the bridle of Mary Ann's horse. And as I turned toward the young lady, and as the wind raised her blue veil, I saw the most adorable face that had ever upset the soul of a German naturalist.

I conducted Mary Ann up to the village of Castia, which we found to be as deserted as the inn of Calyvia. Poor Dimitri took the trouble of knocking at two or three doors to make sure that the inhabitants had not all gone to sleep. No one was there. He only succeeded in scaring a poor cat, which, swift as an arrow, disappeared in the woods.

This time Mrs. Simons lost her temper. "I am an Englishwoman," she said to Dimitri, "and I am not to be made fun of with impunity. I shall make complaint at the legation. What! I hire you to take me for a promenade in the

mountains, and you make me travel along precipices! I order you to provide breakfast, and you expose me to starvation. We intend to breakfast at the inn, and the inn is abandoned. I am patient enough to follow you to this frightful village, and the inhabitants have all absconded. It isn't natural. I have traveled in Switzerland, which is likewise a mountainous country, and yet I never wanted for anything there. I always breakfasted at my regular time, and even ate trout! Do you understand me?"

Mary Ann tried to calm her mother, but the good lady would not listen to anything. Dimitri explained to her that most of the villagers were charcoal-burners whose business took them into the woods. At all events there was no time lost yet; it was not yet eight o'clock; and he was sure, within ten minutes, of finding an inhabited house where breakfast could be obtained.

"What house?" asked Mrs. Simons.

"The farm of the convent. The monks of Pentelicus have large estates about Castia. They keep beehives on them. The good old man who manages the farm always has wine, bread, honey, and chickens. He will give us breakfast."

"He will have gone out, like everybody else."

"If he has, he can't be far off. It is swarming time now, and he can't leave his hives."

"Go and see, then; I've had enough of traveling for this morning. I have made a vow not to mount again until I have eaten."

"It will not be necessary for you to mount, madam," said Dimitri, with a guide's patience; "we can tie our horses here, and arrive more quickly by walking."

Mary Ann persuaded her mother to agree. She wanted so much to see this good old man. After a fifteen minutes'

walk we saw the house, and before it a human shape. It was the good old man, who turned out to be a young fellow of about twenty-eight, fat and merry. All Greek monks have the honorary title of good old man. Age does not matter.

The old man, when he saw us coming, raised his arms to heaven with a gesture of complete stupefaction. "Here's a curious fellow," said Mrs. Simons. "What is there to be astonished at? Has he never seen English people before?"

Dimitri, who ran on ahead, kissed the old man's hand, and said with a curious mixture of respect and familiarity:

"Bless me, Father. Wring the necks of two chickens; you'll be well paid for them."

"Wretch!" cried the monk, "what are you doing here?"

"We want breakfast."

"Haven't you seen the abandoned inn?"

"Certainly."

"And the empty village?"

"If I had met anybody, I wouldn't have climbed up here to you."

"Then you are in collusion with them?"

"With whom?"

"With the robbers!"

"Are there robbers in the mountains?"

"Since the day before yesterday."

"Where are they?"

"Everywhere!"

Dimitri turned to us and said:

"We haven't a minute to lose. The robbers are about. Let's run to our horses. A little courage and speed, ladies, if you please!"

Edmond About

"But this is too much," exclaimed Mrs. Simons, "without having breakfasted!"

"Madam, your breakfast might come to cost you very dear. For Heaven's sake, let us make haste!"

"But this is like a conspiracy. You have made up your mind to make me die of hunger! Now it's robbers! As if robbers really existed! I don't believe in robbers. The newspapers deny their existence. Moreover, I'm an Englishwoman, and if any one were so much as to touch a hair of my head, why——"

Mary Ann was not quite so self-possessed. She threw herself into my arms, and asked if there were any danger of our being killed.

"Of our being killed—no. But of our being robbed—certainly."

"What do I care?" cried Mrs. Simons. "Let them rob me of everything I have, but let them give me my breakfast. That's what I want!"—*"The King of the Mountains."*

Villiers de L'Isle Adam

The Love of the Natural

DURING one of his morning excursions in the forest of Fontainebleau, Monsieur C—— (at that time at the head of the government), while straying over grass and dew in the last rays of sunrise, found himself in a kind of valley beside the ravine of Apremont.

Always of a sort of rectilinear elegance, quite simple, in round hat and buttoned frock coat, with a matter-of-fact air, in his distinguished modesty nowhere exceeding the appearance of a professional tourist, he was abandoning himself to the charms of nature for health's sake.

Suddenly he discovered that "reverie had conducted his steps" toward a hut—commodious enough, and quite natty with its two windows and green shutters. Coming closer to it, Monsieur C—— could see that the planks of this unusual dwelling were provided with numbers in order, and that it was a kind of movable booth, let, doubtless, to whoever wanted it. Upon the door was written, in white capital letters, these two names—DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

This inscription astonished him. With smiling curiosity, yet discreetly—in a word, without in the least dreaming of intruding upon this hermitage—he knocked politely at the door.

"Come in!" called two fresh young voices from within.

He lifted the latch and the door opened, just as a sunbeam, flitting through the leaves, lighted up the interior of this idyllic dwelling.

Monsieur C——, upon the threshold, found himself in the presence of a very young man, with locks of fair hair, the features of a Greek medallion, a clear skin, and skeptical blue eyes, whose fine glance yielded that peculiar challenging look which belongs to Norman eyes; also of a very young damsel, with an ingenuous face of a pure oval, crowned with beautiful brown tresses. Both were dressed in full mourning of homespun, of a cut which only their shapeliness made passable. Both were charming, and their artistic look, strangely enough, awakened no distaste.

The head of the government was a man who had seen the world, but in spite of himself he found himself rejoicing at sight of another variety of face than that of governors, lieutenant-governors, and mayors. It rested his eyes.

Daphnis was standing beside a rustic table. The amiable Chloe, regarding the unexpected guest with lowered eyelids, was seated upon an iron bed—a new patent—with a mattress of seaweed, white, coarse coverings, and double pillow. Three plain chairs, some housekeeping utensils, plates and china cups in imitation of old Limoges, and on the table a bright service of new plated ware, completed the furnishing of this nomadic retreat.

"Stranger," said Daphnis, "be welcome—you who enter with this unhoped-for ray of sunlight. You will breakfast with us quite informally, will you not? We have eggs, milk, cheese—even coffee! Chloe, quick, another plate!"

The powerful ones of the earth like simple and unexpected things, and willingly lend themselves to the fascinations of an incognito among the lowly. With such a reception, Monsieur C—— could scarcely refuse to be friendly, and, by way of amusing himself (for this once, and as an exception), permit himself to relax a little the rigidity of his character.

"Here," he thought, "are two eccentric young persons escaped from some corner of Paris, who have adopted this ingenious method of passing their vacation. Perhaps they will prove more amusing than the people of my own circle. We shall see."

"My young friends," he replied, smiling, with the air of an old-time king among his shepherds, "I love the natural, and I accept your sylvan courtesy."

They took their places about the table, where, Chloe having bestirred herself, the repast immediately began.

"Ah! the natural," sighed Daphnis, with a deep sigh. "We are here for that. We seek it with hearts guiltless of subterfuge. But in vain!"

Monsieur C—— looked at them. "What! How is this, my young friends? It is all around you; the natural, with all its pure joys, embraces you here—all its rural fruits! Behold them—excellent milk, slices of fresh-buttered bread!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Chloe. "True, fair stranger. One can drink the milk; for it is, I believe, made with excellent sheep's brains."

"As to the bread and butter," murmured Daphnis, "whether it is really bread, you know, with the new baking-powders, one can never be sure; but as to the butter, I confess that it seemed to me an interesting oleomargarin. However, if you would prefer cheese, here is some—in confidence let me say—of which tallow and chalk constitute scarcely more than a third part. It is a new process."

At these words, Monsieur C—— considered more attentively his two young hosts.

"And your names are Daphnis and Chloe?" said he.

"Oh! they are only our nicknames," replied Daphnis. "Our families, once in easy circumstances, lived in Paris in the

Champs Élysées, until a sudden failure reduced them to labor. I, a fresh-made bachelor of laws, was about to yawn my time out, as every one does, till I could enter the bar; and Chloe had already taken her degree as a doctor, and was about beginning practise, when a little legacy made it possible for us to marry immediately without waiting for clients or patients, and to try to take up again, agreeably to our natural tastes, our life of the time of Longus; but it is difficult nowadays. What! You have not finished eating, dear stranger? Will you have some fried eggs? These are quite in fashion. They produce them for exportation, you know. Three millions of these artificial eggs America ships us daily. They are dipped in a little acid, which forms the shell—yes, instantaneously. Believe me. Try some. We shall have some coffee afterward. It is excellent. Imitation chicory—first quality. The annual sales in Paris alone mount up to eighteen million francs, according to official statistics. Pray don't refuse. We offer it most heartily and without ceremony."

Monsieur C——, whose curiosity was aroused in spite of himself by this youthful frankness, diplomatically turned the conversation in order, with the utmost politeness possible, to avoid replying to his host's cordial invitation.

"A little legacy, you say?" he rejoined, with an air of sympathetic interest. "You are even now, in fact, in mourning, my dear young friends."

"Yes; we are wearing it for our poor Uncle Polémon," moaned Chloe, wiping away an invisible tear.

"Polémon?" said Monsieur C——, searching his memory. "Ah, yes! He who, like Silenus, was a good drinker of wine in the days of legends?"

"Himself!" sighed Daphnis. "Did he not awaken every morning with a dry throat—the worthy instrument of Bac-

chus? He loved natural wine; hence, betaking himself, in his country house, to a flagon of that famous proprietary wine, you know——"

"Yes, fair stranger," insisted Chloe, with a musical little professional voice, "a gallon of that mixture, so well compounded with tartrate and plaster and the due amount of arsenic that four or five hundred people have died of it—of that generous wine drunk by the modern artisans of France, while they sing with light heart the famous old song:

"'I reflect, while I thank God,
They've none of this in England!'"

"So, then," Daphnis continued, "the Supreme Being having called him to Himself the same evening of the purchase of the wine, our Uncle Polémon obeyed the summons in the midst of atrocious colic—the unfortunate old man!—and thus bequeathed to us some drachmas. But pardon me, perhaps you smoke, dear stranger? Will you have one of these cigars? They are really passable, and of a fair sort—an importation from America, as usual—made of leaves of paper steeped in a decoction of clarified nicotin, collected from the best Havana cigar-ends; they sell two or three millions monthly, you know, in France alone. These are the best brand, on the testimony of the government stamp."

At this, Monsieur C——, thinking he perceived, mingling with these last words, a vague intention of directing irony at progress, believed he ought to assume something of an official tone.

"Thank you," he said; "but if it be true, alas! that some abuses have crept into modern industry, with care one may

always find the genuine. Besides, at your age, what matter the vain pleasures of the table? Here, above all, in the midst of living nature, of these magnificent long-lived trees, whose venerable branches—salubrious fragrance——"

"Permit me, dear stranger," rejoined Daphnis, opening his eyes wide. "What! you do not know, then? These superb oaks, these lofty larches, which have sheltered so many royal love-affairs, having undergone during a certain recent winter's night five or six degrees more cold than their roots could support (this is according to the report of the state inspectors of waters and forests), are, in reality, *dead*. You can see the official notch which marks them for cutting down next year. They will end in the chimneys of government officials. These leaves are their last; they draw life only from their acquired momentum. It is but a brilliant agony. An expert need only throw a glance at their bark to know that the sap has ceased to flow. So, then, under the living look of their foliage, we are really surrounded with innumerable vegetable specters, fantoms of trees. The old trees leave us; room for the young ones!"

A cloud crossed the mathematical forehead of Monsieur C——. Across the high boughs outside a little cold shower came clicking down.

"I do, indeed, recall it now," he murmured; "but let us not exaggerate; and let us not scrutinize too closely if we wish to distinguish anything. This exuberant summer nature remains to us."

"How," exclaimed Daphnis anew, "how, dear stranger, can you consider a summer 'natural' in which Chloe and I pass a whole afternoon shivering together?"

"The summer is not of the warmest, indeed, this year," replied Monsieur C——. "But what of that? Lift your eyes

higher, young people. The sight of the vast sky intact and pure remains to you."

"A sky intact and pure, where every day swarms of balloons pass filled with enlightened gentlemen? It is no longer a 'natural' sky, dear stranger."

"But at night, in the starlight, when the nightingale sings, you can forget——"

"Then," murmured Daphnis, "interminable electric rays traverse the dark with their immense brooms of misty light that modify every instant the light from the stars, and adulterate the fair shining of the moon upon the woods. Night is no longer 'natural.'"

"As to the nightingales," sighed Chloe, "the continual whistling of the trains from Melun has frightened them away; they sing no more, fair stranger."

"Oh, young people," cried Monsieur C——, "you also are very—exacting! If you love the natural so much, why did you not choose the seashore? As of yore—the roar of the great waves—the stormy days——"

"The sea, dear stranger?" said Daphnis. "Can we ignore the fact that a great cable encircles, from one end to the other, this overrated immensity? It is enough, you know, to spill one or two barrels of oil over it to appease the highest waves for nearly a league around. As to the lightnings of its storms, from the moment they were made to descend from the middle of a kite into a jar, the sea has not seemed to us so—'natural.'"

"In any case," said Monsieur C——, "the mountains remain, for exalted souls, a haven where calm——"

"The mountains?" replied Daphnis. "Which? The Alps, for instance? Mont Cenis, with its railway running through from side to side like a rat, and which besoots with

its smoke, like a fetid perambulating censer, the table-lands once green and habitable? Express-trains overrun the mountains from peak to base with cog-wheel brakes. The mountains are no longer 'natural.'"

There was a moment's silence. "Then," Monsieur C—— immediately replied, resolved to learn just how far the paradoxes of these two elegizing lovers of nature would go—"then what do you expect to do?"

"Nothing—except to renounce it!" cried Daphnis. "To follow the times. And, in order to live, do something; for example, take to politics, if you like. That brings in 'good returns.'"

At this Monsieur C—— started, and, repressing a burst of laughter, looked at them both.

"Ah!" said he, "really? And, if I am not impertinent, what would you be in politics, Monsieur Daphnis?"

"Oh!" said Chloe tranquilly, always in an exquisitely professional and matter-of-fact voice; "since, kind stranger, Daphnis represents in himself the part of the rural malcontents, I have advised him to present himself, at all hazards, as a carpetbag candidate from the most backward district in the country. He himself agrees. Now, what is necessary nowadays in the eyes of the majority of electors to deserve the legislative badge? To take good care, above all, to write or to have written the least artistic book; to know how to prevent oneself from being endowed with great talent in any art; to affect to scorn as frivolous anything which borders upon a production of the imagination—that is to say, to speak of such only with a patronizing smile, abstracted and placid; to understand how to give habitually an impression of himself as a sane mediocrity; to be able to kill time every day with three hundred colleagues either

by voting to order or by making out to one another that each is at bottom only a surly braggart, entirely destitute of disinterestedness save for rare exceptions, and every evening in chewing a toothpick and regarding the rabble with a stony stare while he murmurs, 'Bah! Things will take care of themselves; things will take care of themselves.' Such are the preliminary conditions, is it not true, requisite for being a possible legislator? Once elected, he portions out nine thousand francs' worth of appointments—and the perquisites—for one does not pay with words in politics. He is called the government, and confers upon his dear little Chloe one or two fine offices for the collection of the tobacco tax. That would not be half bad, I think; and it is an easy trade. Why should you not try it, Daphnis?"

"Eh?" said Daphnis; "I don't say no. It is a question of expense for handbills and posters, and of making applications for which one could, if need be, survive the inevitable sinking of the heart. After all, if it was only a matter of making a decision to carry the thing off— See here, dear stranger, let us put them all in your hat and draw by lot! You ought to have the lucky hand, I feel that; I bet you will bring out the best one among them. Besides, later, if another looked pleasanter—smiled more upon me— Whew! at the price they come to nowadays, according to what they weigh and produce, I should not give myself the trouble to change. Decisions, nowadays, are no longer 'natural,' you see."

Monsieur C——, as an affable man with an enlightened mind, condescended to smile at these innocent paradoxes which the age of these precocious young geniuses excused in his eyes.

"Indeed, Monsieur Daphnis," said he, "you could repre-

sent the part of cynic-loyal, and under that title unite many votes."

"Without reckoning," rejoined Chloe, "if I may believe, fair stranger, the bit of newspaper which wrapped the cheese this morning, that several districts are seeking to counterbalance—inventing for the purpose *some one* at present unfindable—the troublesome influence of a certain 'general' who is become the popular infatuation, the deputy in fashion, and whose politics——"

"A 'general,' do you say, Chloe?" interrupted Daphnis, with astonishment. "A general who deals in politics, and who is a deputy? Is a general, then, not now 'natural'?"

"No," said Monsieur C——, graver, in spite of himself, this time. "But let us conclude, my young friends. Your youthful frankness, somewhat odd, but amiable, has gained my sympathy, and I ought in my turn to make myself known. I am at present at the head of the French Government, of which you are, it appears, citizens ironical; and I carefully take note, Monsieur Daphnis, of your approaching candidacy."

Opening his coat, Monsieur C—— let them see, between his waistcoat and his fine white shirt, starched and stiff, that length of broad red watered ribbon so effective in his pictures, and leaving no doubt as to the august function he bears—that, in brief, which takes the place of the crown without shocking any one.

"Behold, the king!" cried Daphnis and Chloe with one voice, rising, struck with astonishment and vague respect.

"There is no longer any king, young people," said Monsieur C—— coldly. "True, I have the power of a king—to some degree——"

"I understand," murmured Daphnis, in a condoling tone. "You are no longer a 'natural' king."

"At least I have the honor to preside over a 'natural' republic," dryly replied Monsieur C——, rising.

Daphnis coughed gently at these words, but without interrupting, and with deference—not yet being a "deputy."

"As such," added Monsieur C——, "I exempt you from the excise tax, in recognition of your graceful hospitality; and, as an exception, give you full and complete license to occupy, without disturbance from *our* guards, during the vacation of 1888, this unfrequented valley, situated in one of the chief government forests. When the time comes, if I can be of greater service to you—you young laggards of such a legend as progress is, alas!—I shall see to it, you may rest assured."

"Blessed be the day!" began Daphnis. And the "king" bowed to the two "shepherds," and withdrew with steady step beneath the huge dead trees toward the distant old palace, leaving the pseudo pair of the time of Longus somewhat stunned by their adventure.

Having returned to the royal dwelling, where Monsieur C—— was, for the time being, I believe, occupying the apartments of Saint Louis (the least inhabitable, for that matter, of this ancient structure, which has no longer any reason for existing, save as a hunting-box or picturesque country dwelling), the honored president of the present administration, smoking a *genuine* cigar in the oratory of the conqueror of Ali Mansourah, could not refrain from acknowledging to himself that, at bottom, the love of things *too* natural is no longer aught but a dream, scarce to be realized, and for that reason the better adapted to occupy the attention of backward-looking people; and that for Daphnis and Chloe to

lead to-day their simple rustic life—for them to nurture themselves, namely, on *real* milk, *real* bread, *real* butter, *real* cheese, *real* wine, in *real* woods under a *real* sky in a *real* hut, united by a love guiltless of afterthought—they would have to begin by placing their so-called hut upon a basis of about twenty-five thousand francs' income, it being understood that the first of the benefactions which we indubitably owe to science is to have placed the simple, essential, "natural" things of life *beyond the acquisition of the poor.*

Gustave Droz

My Wife Goes to the Ball

Dialogue between HUSBAND *and* WIFE.

Wife. Ah, how nice of you to come home so early! (*Looking at the clock.*) A quarter to six. But how cold you are, my dear; your hands are frozen! Come and sit by the fire. (*She puts a lump of coal on the fire.*) I've been thinking of you all day. It's cruel that you should have to go out in such weather! Is everything right here? Are you comfortable now?

Husband. Quite comfortable, my darling. (*Aside.*) I've never seen my wife so amiable. (*Aloud, taking the bellows.*) Yes, quite comfortable, and I've such an appetite! Has baby been good?

Wife. You're hungry? That's capital! (*Calling out.*) Marie, tell cook the master would like dinner early. Don't forget what I told you—and a lemon.

Husband. Mysteries?

Wife. Yes, sir; I've got a little surprise for you. I flatter myself that you'll be charmed with it.

Husband. Tell me what it is.

Wife. Oh, it's a real surprise! How inquisitive you are! Your eyes are glittering already. What if I don't tell you?

Husband. Oh, I should break my heart!

Wife. Come, then, I won't tease you. You are to have fresh oysters and a young partridge for dinner to-night. Now, don't you love me?

Husband. Oysters and a partridge! You're an angel! (*He kisses her.*) An angel! (*Aside.*) What the deuce is the matter with my wife? (*Aloud.*) Have you had any visitors to-day?

Wife. I saw Ernestine this morning, but she only just came in for a moment. She has had to send her maid away. Would you believe it, the girl was seen the evening before last dressed as a man, and in her master's clothes? That was too much of a good thing!

Husband. That's what it is to have confidential servants. And you've only seen Ernestine?

Wife. Yes, and quite enough too. (*With annoyance.*) How stupid I am! I forgot I had a visit from Mme. de Lyr.

Husband. God bless her! Does she still laugh askew in order to hide her discolored tooth?

Wife. How naughty you are! But she's very fond of you. Poor woman! I was really touched by her visit. She came to remind me that her— You will be cross, now. (*She kisses him, and sits down very close to him.*)

Husband. What, I shall be cross? I'm not a Turk! Tell me, what's it all about?

Wife. But remember the oysters and partridge. Let's go in to dinner. I won't tell you. You're in a bad temper already. Besides, I almost told her we shouldn't go.

Husband. Ah, I knew it! Let her and her tea-party go to Jericho. What have I done to her, anyhow?

Wife. She means to give you pleasure. She's a delightful friend. I like her because she always speaks so well of you. If you had been hidden in the cupboard during her visit you wouldn't have been able to help blushing. (HUSBAND *shrugs his shoulders.*) "Your husband is so amiable," she said; "so lively, so witty. Try to bring him; it's a priv-

ilege to have him." I replied, "Certainly," but without any meaning, you know. Oh, I've not the least wish to go! It's not particularly amusing at Mme. de Lyr's. Her rooms are filled with a crowd of dull people. I know they're very influential, and might be useful, but what's that to me? Let's go in to dinner. There's still one bottle of that famous Pomard; I kept it to wash down your partridge. You can't think how I love to see you eat a partridge. You consume it with such unction. You're a bit of a glutton, you know. (*She takes his arm.*) Come, dearest, I hear your little rascal of a son getting impatient in the dining-room.

Husband (*gravely*). Hm! And when is it?

Wife. When is what?

Husband. Why, the tea-party.

Wife. Ah! the ball, you mean—I hadn't given it another thought—Mme. de Lyr's ball? Why do you ask, since we're not going? Let's make haste; the dinner will be getting cold. It's to-night.

Husband (*stopping suddenly*). What! the party is a ball, and the ball is to-night! But, hang it! a ball isn't thrown at your head in that sort of fashion! You are informed beforehand.

Wife. Of course she sent us an invitation a week ago. I don't know what became of the card. I forgot to show it you. It was very wrong of me.

Husband. You forgot? You forgot?

Wife. And a good thing I did. You'd have been sulky all the week. Let's begin dinner.

. . . . . .

Husband. But come, tell me (*pouring out more wine*), you haven't your gown ready?

Wife (*with innocent astonishment*). What gown, dearest?

Husband. Why, for Mme. de Lyr's!

Wife. For the ball! What a memory you have! You're still thinking of it? No, I haven't. Oh, yes; I have my tarlatan gown; a woman can manufacture a ball-gown so easily!

Husband. And the hair-dresser isn't ordered.

Wife. That's true, he's not ordered; and, besides, I've not the least desire to go to the ball. We'll settle down cozily by the fire, read a little, and go to bed early. Ah! I just recollect that as she went away Mme. de Lyr said, "Your hair-dresser is the same as mine; I shall order him for you." And I was so stupid I didn't answer. But it's not far; I can send Marie to countermand him.

Husband. Since he is ordered, this miserable wig-maker, let him come, and let us try to enjoy ourselves a little at this ball. But I must find everything laid out ready on the bed: gloves, coat, and so on; and you must tie my white cravat.

Wife. Done! (*She kisses him.*) You're the best of husbands. I'm delighted, darling, because I know you are sacrificing yourself to give me pleasure, although I'm utterly indifferent to the ball itself. I really haven't the least desire to go.

. . . . . .

Husband. Come along, let us go down; the carriage is waiting. It's a quarter past eleven. (*Aside.*) Another night without sleep. . . . Whip up, coachman—224 Rue de la Pépinière.

(*They reach their destination. The Rue de la Pépinière seems in great commotion. Policemen push their*

way through the crowd. In the distance confused shouts and the sound of approaching wheels are heard. HUSBAND *leans out of the window.*)

Husband. What's the matter, coachman?

Coachman. It's a fire, sir; the firemen have just arrived.

Husband. All the same, drive us to 224.

Coachman. We are there, sir; that's where the fire is.

House Porter (*pushes his way through the crowd and approaches the carriage*). Probably, sir, you were coming to Mme. de Lyr's. She's dreadfully sorry, but her house is on fire. She cannot possibly receive her friends.

Wife (*excitedly*). It's outrageous!

Husband (*humming*). How distressing! How heart-rending! (*To the* COACHMAN.) Home, as quickly as possible. I'm fearfully sleepy. (*He settles himself comfortably in the carriage, and turns up his collar. Aside.*) Anyhow, I got a well-cooked partridge.

—"*Husband, Wife, and Baby.*"

Édouard Pailleron

Platonic Love in a Greenhouse

MME. DE CÉRAN *and the* DUCHESS DE RÉVILLE, *hidden in the foreground to the left;* BELLAC *and* LUCY WATSON, *groping for each other at the right;* PAUL RAYMOND *enters from the left of the background, followed by* JEANNE RAYMOND, *who tries to hold him back.*

Jeanne (*whispering*). No, no, Paul!

Paul (*whispering*). Yes, yes! Wait a moment. Let's see. At this late hour only lovers could be here. And lovers in this house—the idea is too funny!

Jeanne. Take care!

Paul. Hush!

Lucy. You are there, M. Bellac?

Paul. The Englishwoman!

Bellac. Yes, mademoiselle.

Paul. And the professor! The Englishwoman and the professor—incredible! An intrigue! A meeting! Oh, but you needn't think I'm going to leave now!

Jeanne. What?

Paul. After that, would you want to go?

Jeanne. Oh, no! (*They hide behind a shrub in the background to the left.*)

Lucy. Are you on this side?

Bellac. Here! I ask your pardon. The conservatory is usually better lighted. I don't know why, this evening—(*He approaches her.*)

Lucy. But, M. Bellac, what does this sort of meeting

mean? And your letter this morning? Why did you write to me?

Bellac. Why, to speak to you! Is this the first time, dear Miss Lucy, that we are seeking seclusion to exchange our thoughts?

Paul (*trying not to laugh, whispers to* JEANNE). Oh, oh, to exchange! I didn't know it was called that!

Bellac. Observed by everybody as I am in this house, what other way could I find to speak to you alone?

Lucy. What other? All that is necessary is to give me your arm and to leave the drawing-room with me, that's all. I am not a young French girl.

Bellac. But you are in France.

Lucy. In France, as elsewhere, I do as I choose. I have no need of secrecy, still less of mystery. You disguise your handwriting. You do not sign your name. Ah, how very French you are!

Paul (*whispers to* JEANNE). Not a bit sly, eh?

Bellac. And how good you are; you, the austere muse of science, the magnificent Polyhymnia! Cold and proud! Will you not sit down?

Lucy. No, no! And just see how all your precautions turned against us. I lost that letter.

Duchess (*aside*). I begin to understand!

Lucy. Have you not heard?

Bellac. No. You lost it?

Lucy. And what do you suppose that he or she who found it will think of it?

Duchess (*whispering to* MME. DE CÉRAN). Don't you understand now?

Lucy. It's true it was no longer in its envelope, and without the address——

Bellac. Neither my handwriting nor my signature. At all events, I thought that I was acting for the best. Dear Miss Lucy, pardon your professor, your friend, and sit down.

Lucy. No; tell me what you mean by such secrecy, and then let us go back.

Bellac. Wait! Why did you not attend my lecture to-day?

Lucy. For the very reason that I spent my time in hunting for that letter. What do you wish to speak to me about?

Bellac. How impatient you are to leave me! (*He hands her a package of papers tied with a red ribbon.*) Take these!

Lucy. The proof-sheets?

Bellac (*with emotion*). Of my book.

Lucy (*likewise moved*). Of yours? Ah, Bellac!

Bellac. I wished you to be the first to read it—alone, and before any one else.

Lucy (*taking his hands effusively*). Oh, my friend, my friend!

Paul (*aside, repressing a laugh*). Oh, what a love-gift!

Lucy. What is the matter?

Bellac. Nothing! I thought I heard— You will read this book into which I have put my thoughts, and I am sure that you will find our thoughts in communion with each other, except on one point.

Lucy. And that is?

Bellac (*tenderly*). Is it possible that you do not believe in Platonic love?

Lucy. I? Not at all!

Bellac. Very well. Then how do you explain our relations?

Lucy. Ours are those of friendship.

Bellac. Surely it is more than friendship, and better than love.

Lucy. Then, if it's more than one, and better than the other, it is neither. And now let me thank you a thousand times. But let us go back. Well—what is the matter?

Bellac. Wait!

Lucy. No, no; let us go back.

Paul (*whispers to* JEANNE). The fish won't bite.

Bellac. But I beg of you to wait! Two words only! Let us be frank with each other. The question is worth the trouble. Come, Lucy!

Lucy. Let us see, Bellac—let us see what your Platonic love amounts to. Philosophically, the conception is untenable.

Bellac. Pardon me, but this love is a friendship——

Lucy. If it is friendship, it is no longer love.

Bellac. But the conception is a double one.

Lucy. If it is double, it is not one.

Bellac. But there is a confusion.

Lucy. A confusion destroys the character of a conception. And I go further——

Paul (*whispers to* JEANNE). This is killing!

Lucy. I deny that a confusion is possible between love, which has individualization for its basis, and friendship, which is a form of sympathy; that is, of a state in which the *I* becomes, in a certain sense, the *non-I*. I deny it absolutely—absolutely.

Duchess (*whispers to* MME. DE CÉRAN). I have often heard love talked about, but never like this.

Bellac. Let us investigate further, Lucy.

Lucy. Very well, Bellac. The principal factor——

Bellac. Suppose we take an example. Suppose two beings—two abstractions—two entities—any man—any woman

—suppose these two to be in love, but with the common physiological love. You follow me?

Lucy. Perfectly.

Bellac. Let us suppose them in a situation such as this—alone, together, at night. What will happen?

Duchess (*whispers to* MME. DE CÉRAN). I have a suspicion, haven't you?

Bellac. Inevitably—you follow me?—inevitably the following phenomenon will take place.

Jeanne (*whispers to* PAUL). Oh, but this is amusing!

Bellac. Both of them, or more probably the man——

Paul (*whispers to* JEANNE). The male entity.

Bellac. Will approach her whom he thinks he loves—(*He approaches* LUCY.)

Lucy (*stepping back*). But——

Bellac (*holding her gently*). No, no! You will see. They sing their looks into each other's eyes; they mingle their breath and their hair——

Lucy. But, M. Bellac——

Bellac. And then, and then—there will pass in their consciousness, independent of their individualities, an uninterrupted succession of unconscious acts which, by a sort of progression, by a slow but ineluctable process, will precipitate them, if I may say so, toward and into the fatality of that foreseen end with which neither the will, nor the intelligence, nor the soul have had anything to do.

Lucy. Permit me, but this process——

Bellac. Wait, wait! Let us now suppose another couple. Let us suppose that with these two, who are exceptional people, psychological takes the place of physiological love. Do you still follow me?

Lucy. Yes.

Bellac. These two, sitting beside one another, move nearer together.

Lucy (*drawing back*). Why, that would be the same thing.

Bellac (*still detaining her*). Wait! There is a perceptible shade of difference. This difference I wish you to see. They, too, look into each other's eyes and mingle their hair——

Lucy. Well, and— (*She rises.*)

Bellac (*making her sit down again*). Only—only—it is not their beauty that these two contemplate, it is their souls; they do not hear their voices, but the throbbing of their thoughts. And when at last, by an entirely different though related process, they, too, arrive at this dark and puzzling point, where being no longer knows of itself, and that delicious numbness of the will comes which seems to be at once the height and the end of human felicities, then they awaken from it; not on earth, but in heaven, for their love carries them far beyond the storm-clouds of common passion into the pure empyrean of sublime idealities. (*Silence.*)

Paul (*whispers to* JEANNE). He is going to kiss her!

Bellac. Lucy, dear Lucy, don't you understand me? Oh, say that you do!

Lucy (*confused*). But it seems to me that the two conceptions——

Paul (*aside*). Oh, the conceptions! They are too funny!

Lucy. That the two conceptions are identical.

Paul (*aside*). Oh, identical!

Bellac (*passionately*). Identical! Oh, Lucy, you are cruel! Identical! But remember that all this is subjective.

Paul (*aside*). Subjective! If this goes on, I'll do something foolish.

Bellac. Subjective, Lucy; understand me!

Lucy (*deeply moved*). But, Bellac—subjective!

Jeanne (*whispers to* PAUL). He won't kiss her.

Paul (*whispering*). Then I'll kiss you instead.

Jeanne (*whispering*). But, Paul— (*A sound of kisses is heard.*)

Bellac and Lucy (*rise, frightened*). What's that?

Duchess (*aside, astonished*). So they are kissing!

Lucy. Some one—some one is here!

Bellac. Come, come—take my hand!

Lucy. We shall be heard! Oh, Bellac, I told you so!

Bellac. Come!

Lucy. But I am horribly compromised!

Bellac. I will make reparation, dear Miss Lucy, I will make reparation!—"*Tedious Society.*"

Alphonse Daudet

Father Gaucher's Elixir

"DRINK this, neighbor; you'll have something to tell me about it." And drop by drop, with the minute care with which a lapidary counts his pearls, the vicar of Graveson poured out for me ten drops of a greenish-gold, sparkling, exquisite cordial. A flood of sunshine seemed to enter my stomach.

"That is the elixir of Father Gaucher, the joy and health of our land of Provence," the good man said to me with a triumphant air. "It is distilled at the convent of the Prémontrés brothers, two miles from your mill. Isn't that worth all the Chartreuse cordials in the world? And if you only knew how amusing the history of this cordial is! You had better hear it."

And then, very simply, without the slightest intention of malice—there, in the dining-room of his parsonage, so white and calm with its pictures of our Lord's Passion, its clean, pretty curtains folded like surplices—the good priest told me a slightly skeptical and irreverent story, after the manner of Erasmus or Assoucy.

. . . . . .

Twenty years ago the Prémontrés, or rather the white fathers, as our people of Provence call them, had fallen into great poverty. If you had seen their house at that time you would have felt sorry.

The great wall and the tower were crumbling away. All about the cloister the statues and saints of stone in their

niches were overgrown with grass, and falling into ruins. Not a colored window that was whole, not a door that would lock. In the oratories, in the chapels, blew the wind of the Rhône, extinguishing the tapers, breaking the lead from the windows, spilling the holy water. But the saddest sight of all was the clock-tower of the convent, silent as an empty pigeon-house; and the fathers, having no money to buy chimes, were obliged to sound matins by clicking bits of almond-wood together.

Poor white fathers! I see them still in procession on Corpus Christi day, passing by sadly in their patched capes, pale, thin, fed on melons, and behind them their abbot with bowed head, ashamed of showing his giltless crozier in the sun, and his woolen miter. The members of the ladies' society in the procession wept with pity, and the standard-bearer sneered down at the poor monks:

"The starlings grow thin when they flock together."

The fact is, that the white fathers had themselves come to the point where they began to ask themselves whether it would not be better for them to take their flight out into the world, each to seek his own subsistence.

But one day, when this grave question was being debated in the chapter, it was announced to the prior that Father Gaucher wished to be heard in counsel. You must know that this Father Gaucher was the cowherd of the convent—that is to say, that he passed his days in driving before him the two lean cows of the convent, who nibbled their grass from the cracks of the pavement. Brought up until he was twelve by a foolish old woman of the Baux country, who was called Aunt Bégon, then taken in by the monks, the poor cowherd had never been able to learn anything but to drive the cows and say his *paternoster*. Thus they said, after

the manner of Provence, that he had a hard head, and a soul like a lump of lead. Otherwise he was a fervent Christian, though a little visionary, comfortable under his haircloth, and administering the discipline of the Church to himself with robust conviction and stout arms.

When he was seen to enter the chapter hall, stupid and awkward, saluting the assembly with one leg behind him, the prior, the canons, the treasurer—everybody began to laugh. That vacant gray face, with its goatlike beard and its dull eyes, produced the same effect wherever it appeared, a fact that made no impression on Father Gaucher.

"Reverend fathers," he said in his innocent tone, playing with his rosary of olive-wood, "it is a true saying that empty barrels have the loudest echo. Just think, by racking my poor brains, which are so muddled already, I believe that I have found a way of getting us out of our troubles.

"This is the way to do it. You know Aunt Bégon well, that good woman who took care of me when I was small. God rest her soul, the old wretch, but she used to sing wicked songs when she had been drinking. But let me tell you, reverend fathers, that old Aunt Bégon, when she was alive, knew as much about the herbs that grow on the mountains, if not more, than an old Corsican blackbird. Indeed, toward the end of her life she compounded an incomparable cordial by blending five or six kinds of herbs which we can gather on the hills. It's many years ago now, but with the help of St. Augustine and the permission of our father abbot, I think that I may yet, by a good search, rediscover the composition of that mysterious elixir. All we need then do is to bottle it and sell it at a good price, and thus our community will grow comfortably wealthy, as our brothers of La Trappe and La Grande Chartreuse are."

He was hardly allowed to finish. The abbot had sprung up to fall on his neck. The canons pressed his hands. The treasurer, more deeply moved than the others, respectfully kissed the frayed hem of his cowl. Then they returned to their seats to deliberate, and finally the chapter decided to confide the cows henceforth to Brother Thrasybulus, in order that Brother Gaucher be able to devote himself wholly to the manufacture of his cordial.

How did the good brother succeed in recovering the prescription of Aunt Bégon? At the cost of what efforts, of what long watches, his story does not relate. But the fact of the matter is that at the end of six months the elixir of the white fathers had already attained popularity. In all Comté, in the whole land of Arles, there was not a house that had not in its pantry, among its wine-flasks and olive-jars, a little brown earthenware jar, bearing the arms of Provence, and an ecstatic monk on a silver label. Thanks to the popularity of its elixir, the house of the white fathers quickly grew rich. The tower was rebuilt. The prior had a new miter, the church new windows of stained glass; under the fretted stone of the clock-tower a set of chimes and bells was ready to ring, and one fair Easter morning there tinkled and chimed peal on peal.

As for Father Gaucher, whose rusticities were a source of gaiety to the whole chapter—he was no longer known in the convent. In his place had appeared the Rev. Father Gaucher, a wise and learned man, who lived in entire isolation amid the many petty duties of the convent, and was shut up all day in his distillery, while thirty monks hunted the mountains to procure his aromatic herbs. This distillery, which no one, not even the prior, had the right to enter, was an old abandoned chapel at the end of the canons' garden. The

good fathers, in their simplicity, had invested it with a reputation of mystery and peril; and if by chance some bold and inquisitive novice, climbing along the running vines, arrived at the rose-shaped window of the gate, he tumbled down quickly enough, frightened at having seen Father Gaucher, with his beard like a wizard, bending over his furnace, hydrometer in his hand. All about him were ranged jars of red sandstone, gigantic retorts, curiously shaped crystals—a grotesque assortment that flamed as if bewitched, shimmering luridly against the window-panes.

At sunset, when the last Angelus rang out, the door of this mysterious place opened discreetly, and the reverend father went to church for the evening service. You should have seen the respect shown him in the monastery. The brothers drew up in line as he passed, and whispered:

"Hush, he has the secret!"

The treasurer truckled to him, and spoke to him with bowed head. Amid this adulation the good monk went his way, wiping his forehead, his cowl with its white borders thrown back so that it looked like an aureole; with great satisfaction he contemplated the orange-trees in the courts, the blue roofs on which new weathercocks were turning, and, in the gleaming cloister, between graceful flowery columns, the sumptuously dressed canons, as they passed two by two, peace written in their faces.

"All this they owe to me!" Father Gaucher said to himself; and each time this thought puffed him up with pride.

The poor man was well punished for his pride, as you shall see.

Now imagine that one evening, during the sacred service, he came to church extraordinarily agitated: red, panting, his cowl crosswise and so confused that when he came to the

holy water he steeped his sleeves into it up to the elbow. It was thought at first that he was confused at being late; but when he began to bow low before the organ and the galleries instead of kneeling at the high altar, when he skipped across the church in three strides, wandered about the choir five minutes before he found his stall, and then bowed right and left with a beatified grin, a murmur of astonishment ran through the naves. From breviary to breviary went the whisper:

"What can be the matter with Father Gaucher?"

Twice the impatient prior let his crozier fall on the marble slabs to command silence. In the choir the psalms were sung, but never a response.

Suddenly, in the midst of the *ave verum,* our good Father Gaucher turned about in his stall, and intoned in a resounding voice:

"In Paris a white father dwells,
Patatin, patatan, tarabin, taraban——"

Universal consternation. Everybody rose. They cried:

"Take him away! He is possessed!"

The canons crossed themselves. The abbot's crozier rolled down. But Father Gaucher saw nothing, heard nothing. Two stout monks had to take him off through the little choir-gate. He struggled like a madman, and continued his "Patatin, patatan——"

The next day, in the early morning, the unhappy man was on his knees in the prior's oratory, confessing his sin with a stream of tears.

"The elixir, my Lord, that elixir took me by surprise," he said, beating his breast. And at seeing him so crushed, so repentant, the good prior was himself moved.

"Come, come, Father Gaucher, be calm; it will all dry up like moisture in the sun. After all, the scandal was not as great as you think. It was only the song that was a little—Well, well, it's to be hoped that the novices did not hear it. But now tell me how the thing happened to you. It came from tasting the elixir, didn't it? Yes, yes, I understand. Like our Brother Schwarz, the inventor of gunpowder, you have fallen a victim to your own ingenuity. But tell me, my dear friend, is it quite necessary that you try this terrible elixir yourself?"

"Unfortunately, it is. Instruments may test the quantity and strength of the alcohol, but for the exquisite finish, for the smoothness of taste, the tongue alone will do."

"Ah, very well. But tell me one thing. When you are thus obliged to taste the cordial, does it seem good to you? Do you take pleasure in it?"

"Alas, yes," said the poor father, and turned red. "For the last two evenings it has had a flavor, an aroma! Surely Satan himself is playing me this evil trick. But henceforth I am determined to use the test-tube alone. So much the worse if the cordial is not quite so delicate, nor has so pearly a flow."

"By no means!" the prior objected quickly. "We must not risk the dissatisfaction of our customers. All you have to do, now that you know your danger, is to be on your guard. How much do you need to take to test the cordial's quality? Fifteen or twenty drops. Let's put it at twenty. The devil must be very sharp to catch you with twenty drops. However, to prevent accidents, I henceforth dispense you from attendance at vespers. You will repeat the service in your distillery. And now go in peace, dear Brother; but be sure to count your drops."

Alas, the poor reverend father counted his drops in vain! The demon held him, and would not release him.

The distillery became the scene of strange vesper services. During the day all would go well. Father Gaucher, then quite himself, would prepare his retorts, carefully assort his herbs—those exquisite, shapely herbs of Provence, saturated with scent and sunshine. But in the evening, when all the elements had been compounded, and when the elixir simmered in its great basins of red copper, then the poor man's martyrdom would begin.

"Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—twenty!"

The drops fell from the reed into a vermilion goblet. The twenty drops—the poor father gulped them down, almost without pleasure. It was the twenty-first drop that excited his appetite. Oh, that twenty-first drop! Then, to escape the temptation, he knelt down at the end of the laboratory and plunged into *paternosters*. But from the warm cordial there floated to him a little whiff so aromatic that, whether he would or not, he was drawn back to the basins. The cordial was of a beautiful greenish-golden tint. Bent over it with distended nostrils, the father stirred it with a reed, and in the little glittering waves of that emerald flood he seemed to see the green eyes of Aunt Bégon laughing and gleaming at him.

Ah, one drop more!

And, from drop to drop, the poor fellow ended by filling his goblet to the brim. Then, at the end of his power of resistance, he fell into a huge armchair, and, with legs stretched out and eyes half closed, he swallowed his sin in little gulps, repeating with a delicious feeling of remorse:

"I am damning myself, I am damning myself."

But the most terrible thing of all was that at the bottom of

his goblet he discovered, through some fiendish influence, all the wicked old songs of Aunt Bégon: *Three Little Wenches at a Feast,* and *The Shepherdess Went Alone to the Wood,* and, above all, that famous ditty of the white fathers, *Patatin, Patatan.*

Think of his confusion on the morrow, when his neighbors said to him, with sly looks:

"Oh, oh, Father Gaucher, the crickets were chirping in your cell last night."

Then came tears and despair and haircloth and fasting and chastising of the body. But nothing could prevail against the demon of the elixir, and every evening at the same hour the evil possession began again.

And all that time orders rained upon the monastery like a blessing. They came from Nimes, from Aix, from Avignon, from Marseilles. From day to day the convent assumed more and more the appearance of a factory. There were brothers who did the packing, brothers who pasted on the labels, brothers who put the bottles into pasteboard boxes. Many hours were lost to the service of God; but the good people of the district lost nothing by it, I assure you.

And then, one fine Sunday morning, as the treasurer was reading the year's accounts to the whole chapter, and while the good canons listened with dancing eyes and smiling lips, suddenly Father Gaucher sprang into the midst of the assembly and cried:

"This business is over! I'll have no more of it! Give me my cows!"

"But what is wrong, Father Gaucher?" asked the abbot, who had a strong suspicion of what was coming.

"The matter is, my Lord, that I am on the straight path to a fine eternity of flames and tortures. I drink—I drink—like mad!"

"But did I not tell you to count your drops?"

"To count my drops! It's a question of counting goblets now. Yes, reverend Fathers, that's what I've come to: three goblets an evening. You see that that can't go on. Have your elixir made by whom you will, but may God strike me dead if ever I touch it again!"

It was not the chapter that laughed now.

"But you will ruin us!" cried the treasurer, shaking the great ledger at him.

"Would you rather see me damned?"

Then the abbot arose.

"Reverend Brothers," said he, extending his fair white hand, on which the pastoral ring glittered, "there is a way out of the difficulty. It is in the evening, is it not, my dear son, when the demon tempts you?"

"Yes, regularly every evening. And at night, too, saving your presence, I have sweats like an ass when he sees the stick preparing for him."

"Very well; be easy. Henceforth, every evening at vespers, we will recite for your benefit that prayer of St. Augustine, to which a plenary indulgence is attached. Whatever happens then, you will be safe. You will receive absolution even at the moment of your sin."

"Ah, well, in that case—I am much obliged to you."

And without another word, swift as a swallow, Father Gaucher hastened back to his retorts.

So, in fact, every evening, at the end of the service, the celebrant would say:

"Let us pray for our poor Father Gaucher, who is sacrificing his soul for the sake of the community. *Oremus Domine*——"

And while the prayer swept over those white cowls pros-

trate in the nave, as a winter wind sweeps over snow, far away, at the end of the convent, behind the flaming windows of the distillery, one could hear Father Gaucher singing:

"In Paris a white father dwells,
Patatin, patatan, tarabin, taraban!
In Paris a white father dwells,
Who makes the little wenches dance,
Trin, trin, trin, in a garden dance,
Who makes the little——"

. . . . . .

Here the worthy vicar stopped in dismay:
"Merciful heavens! What if my parishioners heard me!"

—*"Letters from My Mill."*

William Tell

THE party of travelers now came to the Lake of Lucerne, with its dark waters overshadowed by high and menacing mountains. To their right they saw that Ruetli meadow where Melchthal, Fuerst, and Stauffacher had sworn the oath to deliver their country.

Tartarin, deeply moved, took off his cap, and even threw it into the air three times to render homage to the shades of the departed heroes. Some of the tourists mistook this for a salutation, and bowed in return. At last they reached Tell's Chapel. This chapel is situated at the edge of the lake, on the very rock upon which, during the storm, William Tell jumped from Gessler's boat. And it was a delicious emotion

to Tartarin, while he followed the travelers along the lake, to tread this historic ground, to recall and revive the various scenes of this great drama, which he knew as well as his own biography.

For William Tell had always been his ideal man. When at Bézuquet's pharmacy the game of Preferences was being played, and each one wrote on his slip of paper the name of the poet, the tree, the odor, the hero, and the woman that he preferred to all others of their kind, one slip invariably bore this inscription:

"Favorite tree?—The baobab.

"Favorite odor?—Gunpowder.

"Favorite author?—Fenimore Cooper.

"Who would you like to have been?—William Tell."

And then everybody would exclaim, "That's Tartarin!"

Imagine, then, how happy he was, and how his heart beat when he stood before the chapel commemorative of the gratitude of a whole nation. It seemed to him as if William Tell must come in person to open the door, still dripping from the waters of the lake, and holding in his hand his bolts and crossbow.

"Don't come in here. I'm working. This is not the day on which tourists are allowed," sounded a strong voice from the interior, reechoing against the walls.

"M. Astier-Réhu, of the French Academy!"

"Herr Professor Doctor Schwanthaler!"

"Tartarin of Tarascon!"

The painter, who was standing on a scaffolding within, stretched out half of his body clad in his working-blouse, and holding his palette in his hand.

"My pupil will come down and open the door for you, gentlemen," he said in a respectful tone.

"I was sure of it; of course," said Tartarin to himself, "I have only to mention my name."

For all that, he had the good taste to fall into line and modestly enter the chapel behind the others.

The painter, a splendid fellow, with a magnificent golden head of an artist of the Renaissance, received his visitors on the wooden staircase which led to the temporary scaffolding from which the mural paintings were being done. All the frescos, representing scenes from Tell's life, were complete, except the one in which the scene of the apple at Altorf was to be shown. Upon that the painter was now working. . . .

"I find it all very characteristically done," said the great Astier-Réhu.

And Schwanthaler, folding his arms, recited two of Schiller's verses, half of which was lost in his beard. Then the ladies delivered their opinions, and for some minutes one would have thought oneself in a confectioner's shop. "Beautiful!" they cried. "Lovely! Exquisite! Delicious!"

Suddenly came a voice, tearing the silence like a trumpet's blare:

"Badly shouldered, that blunderbuss, I tell you! He never held it in that way!"

Imagine the stupefaction of the painter when this tourist, stick in hand and bundle on his back, undertook to demonstrate to him as clearly as that two and two are four, that the position of Tell in the picture was incorrect.

"And I understand these matters, I would have you know!"

"And who are you?"

"Who am I?" said our Tarasconian hero, deeply astonished. And so it was not at his name that the door had opened. Drawing himself up, he answered, "Ask the pan-

thers of Zaccar, or the lions of Atlas, and perhaps they will answer you."

Every one drew away from Tartarin in fright and consternation.

"But then," asked the painter, "in what respect is Tell's position incorrect?"

"Look at me!"

Falling back with a double step that made the planks creak, Tartarin, using his cane to represent the "blunderbuss," threw himself into position.

"Superb! He is right! Don't move!" cried the painter. Then to his pupil:

"Quick, bring me paper and charcoal!"

—"*Tartarin in the Alps.*"

Delobelle, the Great Actor

After abandoning the provincial boards, and coming to join the Parisian stage, Delobelle was now waiting for an intelligent manager—the ideal, far-seeing manager who discovers geniuses—to seek him out and offer him a part worthy of his talents. He might, perhaps, especially at first, have got an inconspicuous part in some third-class playhouse, but Delobelle refused to throw himself away. He preferred to wait and "struggle," he said. And this is what he meant by "struggling":

Every morning in his bedroom, very often in bed, he went over parts in his old repertory. The Delobelle ladies trembled when they heard tirades from *Antony* or *The Children's Doctor* resounding through the partition, declaimed

in a pealing voice which mingled with the thousand noises of a great city's traffic. Then, after luncheon, the actor went out until night-time to "do his boulevard"—that is to say, to dawdle back and forth between the Château d'Eau and the Madeleine church, a toothpick stuck in his mouth, his hat a little aslant, well gloved, well brushed, and altogether glorious. The question of appearance was one of great importance with him. Therein lay his grand chance of success: to captivate the manager, that famous intelligent manager, who never would dream of employing a slovenly, threadbare person.

So the Delobelle ladies scrupulously saw to the fulfilment of all his wants, and it may well be imagined what a quantity of artificial birds and insects had to be sold to provide for a gentleman of his ideas! But the actor took their efforts quite as a matter of course. In his view the labors and privations of his wife and daughter were not devoted to himself precisely, but to the vague, mysterious genius of which he considered himself a sort of representative.

There was a certain analogy between the Chèbe and Delobelle households. Only the lot of the Delobelles was less sad than that of the Chèbes, who felt oppressed by the narrowness and monotony of their existence, while in the actor's family hope and illusion opened up all sorts of splendid vistas. The Chèbes were like people living in a blind alley; the Delobelles inhabited a filthy, dark little street, where the air was bad, but where some day a fine boulevard was to be laid out. Besides, Mme. Chèbe no longer believed in her husband, whereas, through the magic of that single word "art," her neighbor had never doubted hers.

And meanwhile, for years and years, Delobelle in vain drank vermouth with theatrical agents, absinthe with leaders

of professional applause-gangs, bitters with sketch and play writers and the celebrated What's-his-name, author of several great masterpieces. In this manner the poor fellow, without acting even once, had perforce slid down from leading man to second principal, then to financial magnates, to noble fathers, to ridiculous louts.

But he stuck to it!

Two or three times his friends had tried to find a living for him as manager in a club or *café,* or as floor-walker in some large general emporium, such as the Bastille Lights or the Colossus of Rhodes. Good manners were the only requisite qualifications, and in those Delobelle was not lacking—good heavens, no! Which, however, did not prevent the great man from heroically rejecting every such proposition. Said he:

"I have no right to give up the stage!"

Coming from the mouth of a poor devil who had not set foot on the boards for years, this sounded irresistibly comical. But you lost your inclination to laugh when you saw his wife and daughter inhaling particles of arsenic night and day, and heard them vigorously repeat, as their needles broke against the wire for the little birds:

"No, no, M. Delobelle has no right to give up the stage!"

Happy man, whose bulging eyes forever smiled condescension, and whose habit of reigning in plays had given him the exceptional position of a spoiled, adulated child—king for life! Whenever he went out the shopkeepers in the Rue Francs Bourgeois, with that Parisian mania for everything connected with the stage, bowed to him with profound respect. He was always so well dressed! And then he was so affable, so obliging! To think that every Saturday night he, Ruy Blas, Antony, the Raphael of *The Marble Women,*

the Andrew of *The Pirates of the Plains,* sallied forth with a cardboard box under his arm to take the work of his womenfolk to an establishment in the Rue Saint Denis! Well, even in the discharge of such a humble commission, this devil of a fellow exhibited such a noble deportment and natural majesty that the girl who paid the bill felt very much embarrassed at handing such an imposing swell the small weekly sum. On those evenings the actor would not go home for dinner, the ladies being told beforehand. He would then invariably meet some colleague out of luck, like himself, whom he would regale at a restaurant. What remained of the money he would faithfully take home—for which the women were properly thankful—and sometimes a bunch of flowers for his better half, a small present for Désirée, some little trinket, some trifle. What else would you have expected him to do? Those are the customs of the stage. In a melodrama it is nothing to throw a handful of gold out of the window, exclaiming:

"There, rascal, take that! Off to your mistress, and announce that I await her coming!"

Hence, despite their great courage and fortitude, and although their trade was fairly profitable, the Delobelle ladies often found themselves cramped for want of money, especially at dull seasons.—"*Fromont Junior and Risler Senior.*"

The Tartlets

On that morning, which happened to be a Sunday morning, the pastry-cook Sureau, from the Rue Turenne, called his little baker's boy, and said to him, "Here are the little

tarts for M. Bonnicar. Take them to him and come back at once. It seems that the national troops have entered Paris."

The little fellow, who knew nothing about politics, put the hot tarts into his tart-dish, wrapped the dish in a white napkin, and, placing the whole jauntily on his head, started off at a run for the Île Saint Louis, where M. Bonnicar lived. It was a magnificent morning, one of those sun-filled days of May that heap the fruiterer's stands with bunches of lilacs and clusters of cherries. In spite of the distant boom of guns and the trumpet-calls at the street-corners, the old Marais quarter kept its peaceful aspect. There was a feeling of Sunday in the air, children playing at games in the open yards, big girls amusing themselves with battledore and shuttlecock before the houses, and this little white shadow that trotted along the empty street surrounded by a pleasant odor of warm tarts—all these things gave the morning an innocent and Sunday-like atmosphere. The whole life of the quarter seemed to have poured itself into the Rue Rivoli. Cannons were being dragged about there, barricades built, crowds were gathering, and busy national troops. But the little baker's boy did not lose his head. These children are accustomed to walk amid the crowds and the uproar of the streets. For it is on festal days—New Year's or Shrovetide—that they have to be about most. Nor do revolutions astonish them.

It was truly delightful to see the little white cap bobbing in and out among the military caps and bayonets, avoiding collisions, delicately balancing the load, moving now very rapidly, now with an enforced slowness in which one could see a great desire to run. What did the battle matter to him? The great thing was to arrive at M. Bonnicar's on

the stroke of twelve, and to pocket the little gratuity awaiting him on the table of the reception-room.

Suddenly there was a great pushing in the crowd, and the cadet corps of the Republic filed past, singing. Boys they were, of twelve or fourteen, dressed up in helmets, red belts, great boots, and as proud of this soldierly outfit as of the paper caps and lanterns with which they ran about the boulevards during the carnival. This time the little chap had great difficulty keeping his equilibrium through all the hustling; but he and his tart-dish had performed so many feats on pavement or ice, that the little tarts suffered from nothing worse than fright. Unhappily, this procession, these red belts, his admiration and curiosity, made the little boy want very much to accompany the delightful crowd. He passed the town hall and the bridges of the Île Saint Louis without noticing either, and found himself carried away in the whirl of that mad run to I don't know where.

For at least twenty-five years it had been customary in the Bonnicar family to eat tartlets on Sunday. Precisely at noon, when the whole family, big and little, was assembled in the parlor, there would come a quick and merry ting-ting at the bell to inform everybody that the pastry-cook had arrived.

Then, with a noisy moving of chairs, a rustling of Sunday gowns, a settling of laughing children at the spread table, all these good folks would take their places round the little tarts, symmetrically arranged on a silver dish.

On this Sunday no ring of the bell was heard. Scandalized, M. Bonnicar looked at his clock, an old clock surmounted by a stuffed heron, a clock which had never in its life been too late or too early. The children yawned behind the window-panes, watching the corner which the baker's

boy usually came round. All conversation languished; and hunger, which increased with the twelve slow strokes of the clock, made the dining-room appear very large and sad in spite of the shining old silver on the damask cloth and the napkins folded into the shape of little stiff white horns.

Several times the old cook had come in and whispered into her master's ear, "The roast's burning! The sweet peas are overdone!" But M. Bonnicar had taken it into his head not to sit down to dinner without his little tarts. Furious at Sureau, he determined to go to see for himself what this unheard-of delay meant. As he walked out, swinging his cane and very angry, the neighbors warned him:

"Take care, M. Bonnicar. They say that the national troops have entered Paris."

He would listen to nothing, not even to the firing which boomed from Neuilly along the river, not even to the cannonade at the town hall, which broke every window-pane in the quarter.

"Oh, that wretched Sureau—that Sureau!"

In his excitement he talked to himself, and saw himself already down there in the shop, striking the slabs with his cane, making the glasses and the plates of cakes tremble. The barricade at the bridge of Louis Philippe took all anger out of him. Communal troops, with fierce expressions on their faces, were resting in the sun on the uptorn pavement.

"Where are you going, citizen?"

The citizen explained his errand; but the story of the little tarts seemed so suspicious, and furthermore M. Bonnicar, with his handsome Sunday coat and his gold-rimmed eye-glasses, had all the appearance of a reactionary.

"That's a spy," said the communists; "he must be sent to the chief."

And then four very willing men, who were not at all sorry to leave the barricade, drove the poor exasperated man before them at the butt ends of their guns. I don't know how they managed it, but half an hour later they were caught up by the national troops, and were added to a long column of prisoners starting off for Versailles. M. Bonnicar protested more and more, raised his cane, and told his story for the hundredth time. Unhappily, this invention about some little tarts seemed so absurd and incredible in this tremendous upheaval that the officers only laughed at it.

The prisoners marched in close and compact ranks, five by five. To prevent the ranks from spreading, they were ordered to take each other's arms; and this long troop of human beings made a patter on the road like a rain-storm.

The unhappy Bonnicar thought he was dreaming. Sweating, gasping, exhausted from fear and fatigue, he dragged himself along at the end of the column between two old fish-wives who smelt of petroleum and brandy; and to hear him murmur "pastry-cook, tartlets," words perpetually repeated in his cursings, one would have thought he had gone mad.

The truth is that the poor man had lost his head. Whether going uphill or down, or when the ranks loosened, he seemed to see below, in the whirl of dust that filled the empty spaces, the white jacket and cap of Sureau's little messenger. He seemed to see them a hundred times. That little white flash passed before his eyes as if to torture him, and then disappeared in the crowd of uniforms, blouses, and rags.

Finally, at sunset, they arrived at Versailles; and when the crowd saw this old man with his eye-glasses, haggard and worn, his clothes all torn and dirty, everybody agreed that he must be a criminal. They said:

"That's one of the leaders of the commune."

The soldiers had great difficulty in getting him safe and sound into the courtyard of the palace. There the wretched prisoners could break ranks, stretch out, and take breath. Some fell asleep, some swore, some coughed, some wept. Bonnicar neither slept nor wept. Sitting on the edge of a stoop, holding his head in his hands, almost dead with hunger, with shame, with fear, he reviewed in his mind's eye that unhappy day, saw his departure from home, his anxious family, his empty chair at the table waiting for him still. And then the humiliation, the insults, the blows he had endured—all on account of an unpunctual pastry-cook!

"M. Bonnicar, here are your tartlets," said a voice near him at that moment; and the good man, raising his head, was astonished enough to see the little fellow from Sureau's, who had been swept away by the cadet corps, and who now uncovered and presented to him the tart-dish hidden under a white napkin. And thus, in spite of riot and imprisonment, M. Bonnicar this Sunday, as every Sunday, ate his little tarts.

—"*Monday Tales.*"

The Cap-Hunters

Every Sunday morning Tarascon takes arms and sallies forth from her walls, with game-bag and gun, accompanied by the clamor of dogs, ferrets, trumpets, and hunting-horns. It is a glorious sight. Unfortunately, game is lacking, absolutely lacking. Soulless as animals may be, yet in the end they become distrustful. For five miles round about Tarascon the burrows are empty, the nests abandoned; not a blackbird, not a quail, not the smallest rabbit, not the tiniest white-tail is to be seen. . . .

In short, as for game, there now remains in the country only one old rascal of a hare, who has escaped, as if by miracle, the Tarasconian September massacres, and persists in living there. At Tarascon this hare is very well known. They have given him a name: he is called the Express. It is known that he has his abode on the land of M. Bompard—which, by the way, has doubled and even trebled the price of this land—but thus far they have not been able to catch him. At the present moment there are only two or three desperate fellows in fierce pursuit of him. The rest have buried the hatchet, and the Express has long since passed into a local superstition, even though the Tarasconian is scarcely superstitious by nature, and eats jugged swallows when he finds them.

"Well, then," you will say, "since game is so scarce at Tarascon, what do the Tarasconian hunters do every Sunday?"

Why, bless me! they go off into the open country, two or three miles from the town. They assemble in groups of five or six, stretch out quietly in the shade of a well, an old wall, or a tree, take from their game-bags a good slice of beef, some raw onions, a sausage, and anchovies, and begin an interminable lunch, washed down with one of those pleasant Rhône wines which excite mirth and song.

After this, when they are well ballasted, they get up, whistle to the dogs, load the guns, and begin the chase; that is to say, each of these gentlemen takes his cap, throws it into the air with all his might, and shoots it on the wing with number five, six, or two, according to agreement. He who hits his cap oftenest is proclaimed king of the hunt, and enters Tarascon triumphantly in the evening with the riddled

cap on the end of his gun, in the midst of barking and trumpet flourishes.

Needless to say, there is a brisk trade in hunting-caps in the town. There are even hatters who sell caps already riddled and ragged for the use of the unskilful; but scarcely any one but Bézuquet, the apothecary, is known to buy them.

As a cap-hunter, Tartarin of Tarascon had no equal. Every Sunday morning he would set out with a new cap, every Sunday evening coming back with a rag. In his little house the garrets were full of these glorious trophies. So all the Tarasconians recognized him as their master; and, since Tartarin was thoroughly familiar with the hunting code, and had read all the treatises and all the manuals on every possible kind of hunting, from cap-hunting to tiger-hunting, the sportsmen of the place had made him judge and umpire for all their disputes.—*"Tartarin of Tarascon."*

The Art of Song

To their passion for hunting, the strong Tarasconian race join another passion—for songs. The consumption of songs in this little region is beyond belief. All the sentimental balderdash grown yellow in the oldest sheets is found again at Tarascon in the bloom of youth, in full splendor. Each family has its own piece, as the town is aware. They know, for instance, that the apothecary's, Bézuquet, is:

"Thou, white star that I adore."

The gunsmith's, Costecalde:

"Wilt thou come to the country of cabins?"

The registrar's:

"Were I invisible, nobody should see me."

And so on for all Tarascon.

Two or three times a week they meet at each other's houses and sing these songs. The remarkable part of it is that they are always the same, and that, long as these worthy Tarasconians have been singing them, they never care to change them. They are handed down from father to son, and nobody changes them; they are something sacred. They are never even borrowed. It would never enter Costecalde's head to sing Bézuquet's, nor Bézuquet's to sing Costecalde's. You might imagine they would be tired of them after the forty years they have been singing them. Not at all; each keeps to his own, and everybody is pleased.

In songs, as in caps, Tartarin was supreme. His advantage over his fellow citizens consisted in this: he had none of his own, and he had them all. Yes, all!

The difficulty was to make him sing them. Returning early from the successes of the drawing-room, the Tarasconian hero much preferred delving in his hunting books, or spending the evening at the club, to playing the lady's man at a piano between two candles. These musical parades he seemed to think beneath him. Sometimes, however, when there was music at Bézuquet's pharmacy, he would enter as if by chance, and, after allowing himself to be much entreated, would consent to give the grand duet from *Robert the Devil,* with Mother Bézuquet. Who has not heard it has not heard anything. For my part, were I to live a hundred years, I shall all my life see the great Tartarin approaching the piano with a solemn step, leaning on his elbow, making a grimace, and, under the green reflection of the

show-cases in the front windows, trying to give his fat, good-natured face the fierce, satanic expression of Robert the Devil. Hardly had he taken his position, when the company would begin to tremble. They would feel that something grand was coming. Then, after a pause, Mother Bézuquet would begin with the accompaniment to:

"Robert, thou whom I love,
To whom my faith I plighted,
Thou seest I am affrighted!
Mercy for thyself,
Mercy for me!"

In a low voice she would add, "Your turn, Tartarin"; and Tartarin of Tarascon, with outstretched arm, clenched fist, and dilated nostrils, would repeat three times in a formidable voice, which rolled like a thunderclap in the bowels of the piano, "No, no, no!" which in good Southern dialect he pronounced, "Naw, naw, naw!" Whereupon Mother Bézuquet would repeat once more:

"Mercy for thyself,
Mercy for me!"

"Naw, naw, naw!" would Tartarin roar louder than ever —and there it ended. It was not long, as you see; but it was so finely delivered, so well imitated, so diabolical, that a fear and trembling would run through the pharmacy, and they would make him repeat his "Naw, naw, naw!" four or five times in succession. Thereupon Tartarin would wipe his brow, smile on the ladies, wink at the men, and, retiring on his triumph, go off to the club to tell them there, "I have just been singing the duet from *Robert the Devil* at the Bézuquets'."

And the most incredible thing of all was that he believed he really had.—"*Tartarin of Tarascon.*"

Interview with a Caged Lion

One evening, at the gunsmith Costecalde's, Tartarin of Tarascon was demonstrating the handling of the needle-gun, then in all its novelty. Suddenly the door opens, and a cap-hunter rushes wildly into the shop, exclaiming, "A lion, a lion!" General consternation, tumult, and jostling ensues. Tartarin flourishes a bayonet; Costecalde runs to shut the door. The cap-hunter is surrounded, questioned, and pressed. This is what they learn: Mitaine's menagerie had come for a few days to Tarascon, and had established itself in the market square, with a collection of snakes, seals, crocodiles, and a magnificent Atlas lion.

An Atlas lion at Tarascon! Never, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, had such a thing been heard of. How proudly, too, our brave cap-hunters looked at each other! What radiance on their manly countenances! And in every corner of Costecalde's shop what hearty hand-shakings, silently exchanged! The emotion was so great, so unforeseen, that no one found a word to say. Not even Tartarin. Pale and trembling, the needle-gun still in his hands, he stood thinking before the counter. An Atlas lion there, close at hand, only a few steps off! A lion—that is to say, the most fierce and formidable beast in the world, the king of animals, the game of his dreams, the first actor, as it were, of that ideal company which played such fine dramas in his imagination.

A lion, ye gods! And from Atlas too! It was more than the great Tartarin could endure. All at once a rush of blood mantled his countenance. His eyes shot fire. With a convulsive movement he threw the needle-gun on his shoulder, and turning toward the valorous commandant, Bravida, former captain of the wardrobe, he roared at him, in a voice of thunder, "Let's go and see about this!"

"But, I say, what about that needle-gun of mine you are carrying off?" timidly ventured the prudent Costecalde.

But Tartarin had already turned the corner, followed by all the cap-hunters proudly marching in step with him.

When they reached the menagerie there were already many spectators. Tarascon—heroic race!—too long deprived of dangerous spectacles, had rushed upon the Mitaine booth, and carried it by assault. And stout Mme. Mitaine was well pleased. In Kabyle costume—her arms bare to the elbow, iron bracelets on her ankles, a whip in one hand, and in the other a live plucked chicken—the illustrious lady was doing the honors of the booth.

The entrance of Tartarin with a gun on his shoulder evoked apprehension.

All those bold Tarasconians who were walking tranquilly before the cages without arms, without distrust, or even any idea of danger, had a feeling of terror, natural enough, on seeing their great Tartarin enter the place with his formidable engine of war. There was, then, something to fear, since he, this hero— In the twinkling of an eye all the space before the cages was deserted. The children cried with fear, and the ladies looked toward the door. The apothecary, Bézuquet, scampered off, saying he was going for his gun.

Gradually, though, Tartarin's attitude restored their cour-

age. Calmly, with head erect, the intrepid Tarasconian slowly made the tour of the booth, passed by the seal's basin without stopping, looked with a contemptuous eye on the long chest, full of bran, where a boa-constrictor was digesting a raw chicken, and finally planted himself before the lion's cage.

A terrible and solemn interview—the lion of Tarascon and the lion of Atlas face to face! On one side Tartarin, erect, a leg forward, his two arms leaning on his rifle; on the other the lion, a gigantic lion, at full length on the straw, with blinking eye, a stupid look, and his enormous yellow-wigged muzzle reposing on his fore-paws: both cool and self-possessed. Strange to say, whether because the needle-gun annoyed him, or because he scented an enemy of his race, the lion, who till then had looked on the Tarasconians with an air of sovereign contempt, gaping in their faces, suddenly made an angry movement. First he sniffed, gave a low growl, spread his claws, and stretched out his paws; then he rose, tossed his head, shook his mane, and, opening a pair of immense jaws, bellowed furiously at Tartarin.

A cry of terror was the answer. All Tarascon, crazed with fear, rushed toward the doors—women, children, porters, cap-hunters, even the valorous commandant, Bravida, himself. Only Tartarin of Tarascon did not budge. There he stood, firm and resolute, before the cage, with lightning in his eye, making that terrible face with which all the town was familiar. After a time, when the cap-hunters, somewhat re-assured by Tartarin's inflexibility and by the solidity of the bars, again approached their chief, they heard him mutter, while gazing fixedly at the lion, "This—yes, this is hunting indeed!"—*"Tartarin of Tarascon."*

Émile Zola

Adam's Color

In the natural sciences the most interesting study is that of the various species of one genus of animals. But the human genus offers an especially attractive subject for scholars because it pretends to have cost its Creator a whole day's work, and to belong to a different order of creation from all other beings. Let us, then, examine the different races of the great family of man. Remain in the sun, so that you may see our brothers, and read in their faces the truth of my words. At the first glance you will feel convinced that, to the disinterested observer, their faces are equally ugly in all countries. In every country one may, I know, meet with certain faces that possess a rare beauty of outline; but that is all pure imagination, since the races cannot agree on any absolute idea of beauty, each admiring what his neighbor despises, and a truth holds good only in proportion as it holds good always and for all men. I will lay no further stress on this universal ugliness. The human races are four in number: the black, the red, the yellow, and the white. And besides there are intermediate hues. It would be possible, by searching long enough, to run through the whole gamut of possible colors. But there is one question, the only one that I wish to dwell on to-day, which confronts every one who desires to make knowledge accessible to all. The question is this: Was Adam white, yellow, red, or black? If I declare him to have been white, being myself white, how can I explain the strange differ-

ences in color which I notice in my brothers? The latter, no doubt, think of their first father under their own image, and are equally puzzled when they look at me. The point is a knotty one, we must confess. Those who make a business of the higher sciences will probably explain the fact to you by the divers influences of climate and food, by a hundred fine reasons difficult to foresee or to comprehend. I will make myself plain; you will understand me quite easily. If men of four colors exist to-day—the black, red, yellow, and white—it is because God, on the first day, created four Adams: a white, a yellow, a black, and a red one.

—*"Sidoine and Médéric."*

Benefits of War

FOREIGN war is an excellent political safeguard. It frees the country of quarreling folks, and gives them a chance to go and be knocked down beyond the frontier. I mean such as are born with clenched fists, and who from time to time feel a temperamental need of a little revolution, unless they have some neighbors to thrash. In every nation there are a certain number of blows that must be dealt out, and prudence demands that this process take place five or six miles from its chief cities. Let me explain my idea more fully. The formation of an army is simply a measure dictated by foresight, with the purpose of separating riotous fellows from quiet people; and the purpose of a campaign is to get rid of the rioters as best one may, and to permit the sovereign to live in peace, with no subjects but respectable people. There is much talk, I know, of glory, conquest, and similar nonsense. These big words are the reward of fools.

If kings throw their troops at each other's head on the least provocation, it is because they understand each other, and feel better after some blood has been let. Now I propose to imitate them by impoverishing the blood of my people, who may one day suffer from a hot fever. One point alone makes me pause. The farther we get on, the more difficult it becomes to invent good reasons for war. We shall soon be reduced to living together like brothers for the want of a good reason why we should give each other an honest thrashing. I must exert my whole power of imagination. We cannot think of fighting to repair some wrong; there is no wrong to be repaired. Our neighbors are polite and well-bred people. To take possession of adjacent territories under the pretext of extending our boundaries is an old idea which has never succeeded in practise, and has always left the conquerors very sick at their stomachs. To be roused to war on the subject of certain bales of cotton, or hundredweights of sugar, would end in our being considered vulgar traders, thieves who do not like being robbed; while we wish to be considered, above all, a cultivated people, abhorring the toils of commerce, living on ideas and epigrams. None of the ordinary ways of stirring up strife will therefore suit us. And so, after long meditation, a sublime idea came to me. We will always fight for others; never for ourselves. Thus we shall evade any explanation of our fisticuffs.

Consider how convenient this method will be, and what honor we shall draw from it. We will assume the title of benefactors of the nations, proclaim aloud our disinterestedness, modestly figure as helpers in every good cause and as the devoted servants of great ideas. Nor is this all. As those whom we do not serve may be astonished at this strange policy, we will boldly answer that our eagerness to lend our

armies to whoever asks them springs from a generous desire to pacify the world, to pacify it thoroughly at the sword's point. Our soldiers, we will say, perform the office of civilizers, chopping off the heads of those who don't civilize themselves quickly enough, sowing the most fruitful ideas in the hollow ditches of the battle-field. They will baptize the earth with a baptism of blood in order to hasten the approach of the era of liberty. What we will not add is the fact that their efforts must be eternal, since they will wait for a harvest to grow on their graves in vain.

—"*Sidoine and Médéric.*"

Guy de Maupassant

"Waiter, a Glass of Beer!"

I WAS going nowhere in particular. I was merely taking a stroll after dinner. I passed the Lyonnais Bank, the Rue Vivienne, and other streets besides. Suddenly I halted before a half-empty beer-palace. With no special object in view—for I was not thirsty—I went in.

Casting a glance about for a comfortable place, I took a seat next to a man who looked rather old, and was smoking a cheap clay pipe, which was as black as coal. Half a dozen glass saucers piled up on the table in front of him indicated the number of glasses he had already consumed. I paid no closer attention to my neighbor, recognizing him at once for a "beerite," one of those habitual frequenters of beer-palaces who come in the morning when the doors open, and leave when they close for the night. He was untidy, and bald on the top of his head, a shock of long, greasy, pepper-and-salt hair falling upon his coat collar. His clothes, which were too loose, had apparently been made at a time when he was stouter. One suspected that his trousers were not fastened on tight, and that every ten yards the wearer would have to stop and pull up that erratic garment. Had he a waistcoat on? The bare thought of his boots, and of what they might contain, made me shudder. His frayed cuffs were a deep black all round the edges—just like his nails.

No sooner had I sat down beside this individual, than he coolly addressed me:

"How are you?"

I turned toward him in surprise, and looked him over. Then he resumed:

"You don't recognize me?"

"No."

"Des Barrets."

I was dumfounded. It was Count Jean des Barrets, an intimate friend of college days. I shook hands with him, but was too much perturbed to bring out a syllable. At last I stammered:

"And you—how are you?"

To which he placidly replied:

"I might be worse."

That was all he said. I tried to be civil, and racked my brain for an observation to make. At last I put the question:

"And—er—what are you doing at present?"

He answered in a tone of resignation:

"As you see."

I felt myself blushing. Nevertheless, I braved it out:

"But every day, I mean?"

After puffing out an enormous cloud of smoke, he replied:

"It's the same thing every day."

Thereupon, giving the marble surface of the table a rat-tat-tat with a copper coin, he exclaimed:

"Waiter, two glasses of beer!"

A distant voice repeated, "Two glasses of beer!" A voice still more distant shouted a strident "Here you are!" Then appeared a man in a white apron, carrying two glasses, from which he spilt a few yellow drops as he shuffled speedily across the sanded floor.

Des Barrets emptied his glass at a single draft, and put it back on the table, sucking off the foam which had remained on his mustache. After this he inquired:

"Anything new?"

I really had nothing new to tell him, and so I muttered:

"No, old chap, nothing that I know of. I—I'm in business."

In the same even tone he asked me:

"Oh! And do you find that amusing?"

"No. But it can't be helped. A fellow must do something or other."

"Why so?"

"Well—er—so as to have his time occupied."

"What's the use of that? I never do anything, as you see—no, not a thing. If one is poor, I understand that one must work. But as long as one has anything to live upon, then it's quite unnecessary. Work—why work? Are you doing it for yourself or for others? If you are doing it for yourself, I suppose you enjoy it, and then it's all right; if you do it for somebody else, you're an idiot!"

Then, resting his pipe on the marble slab, he again cried out aloud:

"Waiter, a glass of beer!"

Turning back to me, he continued:

"Talking makes me thirsty. I am not used to it. No, I have no occupation; I do nothing but simply grow old. I shall have nothing to grieve for when I die. This beer-palace will be my only parting memory. No wife—no children—no cares—no worry. That's the best way."

He drained the tall glass brought him, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and took to his pipe once more.

I was stupefied. Presently I said:

"But you have not always been like this?"

"I beg your pardon, always; ever since I left college."

"But this is no life for you, my dear fellow! Why, it's

horrible! Surely you have something to do—you must have friends—you must be attached to somebody or something?"

"Not at all. I get up out of bed at noon. I come here, I have a meal, I drink beer, I wait for the evening, I have dinner, I drink beer, and then, about half-past one in the morning, I go home to bed again, because, you see, they close at that hour—which is a nuisance. I have probably spent six years out of the last ten on this seat, in this corner, and the rest of the time in bed—none of it anywhere else. Occasionally I have a chat with some of the guests."

"But when you first came to Paris, what did you do, to start with?"

"I took my degree—at the Café de Médicis."

"And what did you do next?"

"Next? Oh, I crossed the river, and came here!"

"Why did you take that much trouble?"

"Well, you know, a fellow can hardly stay in the Latin Quarter all his life. The students are too noisy. I shall never move again, now. Waiter, a glass of beer!"

I thought he was making game of me, and so persisted:

"Now, look here, tell me the truth! You have had some great sorrow, haven't you? some unfortunate love-affair perhaps? You certainly look like a man who has been hard hit by fate. Tell me—how old are you?"

"Thirty-three; but I look at least forty-five."

His wrinkled face, which was none too clean, might indeed almost have belonged to an old man. From the top of his skull fluttered a wisp or two of hair above some skin of a doubtful color. He had enormous eyebrows, a heavy mustache, and a thick, shaggy beard. There appeared to my vision—I can scarcely tell why—a basin full of dark water, in which he had attempted to wash.

"Yes," said I, "you look older than you are. Surely you must have had some trouble."

"None in the world, I tell you. I have aged because I never take any exercise. There's nothing worse for people than this life in *cafés*."

Still I could not believe him:

"Ah, then you've been a bit gay! One doesn't get bald like that without running after the women a good deal."

He tranquilly shook his head, sowing his coat collar with little white particles that fell from his last remaining locks.

"No," he remarked, "I have always behaved myself." And raising his eyes to the chandelier overhead, he added, "If I'm bald, the gas is to blame. It's frightfully bad for the hair. Waiter, a glass of beer!—You don't seem thirsty?"

"No, thanks. But really, your case is interesting. When did this—er—apathy set in? It isn't normal; it isn't natural. There's something beneath all this."

"Well, yes—it dates back a long way. I'll tell you about it." . . .

"Waiter, a glass of beer!"

The glass that was brought him he gulped down at one swallow. Only, in taking up his pipe again, as his hand trembled, he let it drop, and it broke. This caused him a gesture of despair, and drew from him the complaint:

"Well, now, that's really a tragedy, that is. It'll take me a month to color another."

And through the immense room, now full of tobacco-smoke and beer-drinkers, resounded again his everlasting cry:

"Waiter, a glass of beer!" Only this time he added, "And a new pipe!"

Paul Blouet—"Max O'Rell"

John Bull's Cookery and Tea

THE cookery of John Bull leaves much to be desired. In this country—it was Voltaire who said it—there are fifty different religions, but only one sauce. Do not fancy, however, that John does not like nice things. When he is in Paris, can't he ferret out the good corners, that's all! But then that is quite another matter. In Paris he has no need to make a parade of goodness, while in London he is obliged to. In England, he goes to church; in Paris, he goes to Mabille. Of course it is perfectly understood that it is only to look on, and to be able to describe to his wife when he returns home how wicked those dreadful Frenchmen are.

In the aristocratic households, and in the principal clubs, French cooks are kept, and the table is excellent.

In an ordinary middle-class family, the Sunday dinner consists of a large joint of about ten pounds weight, and excellent in quality, I must say, for English meat is superior to any. It is accompanied by boiled potatoes and other vegetables. A few families of free-thinking tendencies with regard to matters of routine commence the repast with peppered soup; but they are not yet very numerous. This Sunday joint is partaken of cold on Mondays, and in the form of a pudding on Tuesdays, with the same vegetables. Vegetables, as a separate course, have yet to be known. Asparagus, young green peas even, are plainly boiled and eaten with the meat, and badly boiled, as a rule; they have to be crunched rather than eaten. Asparagus with white sauce

or in salad, spinach, or sugared peas, even fried potatoes, that democratic dish, all such things would be considered epicurean. Here Puritanism is carried even as far as to the kitchen. It would seem that man had been placed in this world to deny himself the good things that the Creator put in it.

In Scotland, things are still worse. Walter Scott relates that, when a child, he one day took the liberty of exclaiming before his father, "Oh, how nice the soup is!" The Puritan parent forthwith ordered a pint of cold water to be added to it.

The head of the family says grace before and after the repast. In low-church or dissenting families the father repeats grace for one or two minutes. He does this to remind you that you are not at table to enjoy yourself, and you soon find out that he is right. Every one is motionless and silent. If you venture a remark, you receive monosyllabic replies. You are asked if you will take a little more beef, and you reply, "No, thank you," or "If you please, but only a very small piece." Of these two alternatives you had better choose the first; it is the more proper. If you are asked, as you certainly will be, "Have you been long in England?" and "How do you like it?" be sure and say exactly how long you have been over, and that you like England very much. Do not venture into details; that would be conversation, and nobody would be grateful to you for breaking the solemn silence. After you have been thus seated at table about an hour, you will be seized with a longing to shriek, or to pinch your neighbor, to ascertain whether he is alive or only pretending. You had better mind, or you would not get invited again, which you would regret very much.

If John dines frugally at home, it is in public that you

should see him at table. His appetite and his epicurism are then revealed to an astonishing extent. The public dinner is an eminently English institution.

The king of banquets is the one given by the lord mayor, on the 9th of November, the day of his installation at the Guildhall.

All the city companies, all the clubs, and all the societies hold their annual banquets. One of the finest London dinners, the most interesting perhaps, is that given by the Royal Academy of Painting. Politics are excluded. It is the meeting-ground of all the aristocracy of nature in England. Cabinet ministers, eminent members of the House of Lords and of the House of Commons, conservatives or liberals, bishops, generals, judges, scientific and literary men, artists, lawyers —every great man of the day is to be seen at that table. The Prince of Wales and his brothers never fail to honor this banquet with their presence.

These dinners cost fabulous sums of money—from five to eight pounds a head. The turtle soup, which invariably heads the bill of fare, costs a guinea a quart. The rest to match.

At dessert, the loving-cup is passed round, and toasts and speeches begin. The English, who have been used, in the debating societies of the public schools and universities, to speaking in public, excel in after-dinner speeches, which are sometimes perfect little masterpieces of aptness and humor.

First come the patriotic toasts: the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the other members of the royal family; the army and navy, the Houses of Parliament. Then comes the toast of the evening—that is to say, that the success of the club or the society is drunk, or the health of the principal guest, if the dinner is given in honor of some hero of the day.

Ladies are seldom invited to these banquets. When they are included, however, the assembly breaks up after the toast to the ladies.

These dinners last from four to five hours.

When you go to a party, the servant, before showing you to the drawing-room, conducts you to the dining-room, and there asks you whether you take tea or coffee. You promptly reply that you take tea. The coffee is generally atrocious, simply because no one knows how to make it, or will take the trouble to make it properly.

Tea, which in France is still a luxury, costing twelve or fifteen francs a pound, is excellent in England for two francs and a half. So the poorest families can indulge in a cup of tea night and morning. It is the favorite drink of women, and the cure for all ills. "Ah! sir," said an old Norman peasant woman to me one day, "my coffee—after the sweet Jesus—is my salvation!" Tea plays the same part over here.

The teakettle is, like the broth-pot in France, the emblem of domestic virtue.

It is when John drinks his tea very hot in tiny sips, nibbling a bit of bread and butter or of toast, that he is really beautiful and edifying. Nearly all the middle class take tea at five o'clock, and make a meal of it too. Better still: John sometimes gives what he calls a tea-party, a compound noun which I would not attempt to translate into French. Then, besides bread and butter and toast, the table is laid out with preserves, and black dry cakes, very much like gingerbread in color and taste. The old maids are in the seventh heaven. You should see them, forcing angelic smiles over tusks an inch long, with their eyes chastely cast down, and their hands folded on the edge of the table, waiting for the lady of the

house to ask them if they take milk and sugar, or if their tea is sweet enough.

"Is your tea as you like it?"

"Oh! very nice, thank you."

The body remains motionless, bolt upright, the head alone turns slightly.

"Will you not take a little cake?"

"No, thank you, only a tiny piece of bread and butter."

At dinner, if conversation flags at every moment, beef and pale ale are there to keep you alive at any rate, but with these slops and slices, you have not even strength enough to attempt to enliven it. You give up the idea at the outset, and it dies in agony.

We must, however, do justice to English hospitality. You will never be invited to a party, be it ever so modest, without being asked to sit down to a good supper. When somebody proposed to us, as young men in Paris, to take us to a ball, we never failed to inquire beforehand whether there was supper to be expected. Needless to ask such a question in England; it is an understood thing.

In France, to this very day, and in very good houses indeed, the mistress of the house will ask you, about one o'clock in the morning, whether you would like to take a cup of chocolate!

No, we shall never be serious like the English.

—*"John Bull and His Island."*

Ludovic Halévy

Americans in Paris

FORMERLY Paris belonged to the Parisians, and that at no very remote period—thirty or forty years ago. At that time the French were the masters of Paris, as the English are the masters of London, the Spaniards of Madrid, and the Russians of St. Petersburg. That time is no more. Other countries still have their frontiers; there are now none to France. Paris has become an immense Babel, a universal and international city. Foreigners do not only come to visit Paris; they come here to live. At the present day we have in Paris a Russian colony, a Spanish colony, a Levantine colony, an American colony. The foreigners have already conquered from us the greater part of the Champs Élysées and the Boulevard Malesherbes. They advance; they extend their outworks; we retreat, pressed back by the invaders; we are obliged to expatriate ourselves. We have begun to found Parisian colonies in the plains of Passy, in the plain of Monceau, in quarters which formerly were not Paris at all, and which are not quite even now. Among the foreign colonies the richest, the most populous, the most brilliant, is the American colony. There is a moment when an American feels himself rich enough, a Frenchman never. The American then stops, draws breath, and while still husbanding the capital, no longer spares the income. He knows how to spend; the Frenchman knows only how to save.

The Frenchman has only one real luxury—his revolutions. Prudently and wisely he reserves himself for them, knowing

well that they will cost France dear, but that at the same time they will furnish the opportunity for advantageous investments. The Frenchman says to himself:

"Let us hoard! Let us hoard! Let us hoard! One of these mornings there will be a revolution, which will make the five-per-cents fall fifty or sixty francs. We will buy then. Since revolutions are inevitable, let us try at least to make them profitable."

They are always talking about the people who are ruined by revolutions; but perhaps the number of those enriched by revolutions is still greater.

The Americans feel the attraction of Paris very strongly. There is no town in the world where it is easier or more agreeable to spend a great deal of money. For many reasons, both of race and origin, this attraction exercised over Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival a very remarkable power.

The most French of our colonies is Canada, which is no longer ours. The recollection of their first home has been preserved faithfully and tenderly in the hearts of the emigrants to Montreal and Quebec. Suzie Percival had received from her mother an entirely French education, and she had brought up her sister in the same love of our country. The two sisters felt themselves Frenchwomen, still better, Parisians. As soon as the avalanche of dollars had descended upon them the same desire seized them both—to come and live in Paris. They craved for France as if it had been their fatherland. Mr. Scott made some opposition.

"If I go away from here," he said, "your incomes will suffer."

"What does that matter?" replied Suzie. "We are rich—too rich. Do let us go. We shall be so happy, so delighted!"

Mr. Scott allowed himself to be persuaded; and at the beginning of January, 1880, Suzie wrote the following letter to her friend, Katie Norton, who had lived in Paris for some years:

"Victory! It is decided! Richard has consented. I shall arrive in April, and become a Frenchwoman again. You offered to undertake all the preparations for our settlement in Paris. I am horribly presuming—I accept! When I arrive in Paris, I should like to be able to enjoy Paris, and not be obliged to lose my first month in running after upholsterers, coach-builders, horse-dealers. I should like, on arriving at the railway station, to find awaiting me *my* carriage, *my* coachman, *my* horses. That very day I should like you to dine with me at *my* home. Hire or buy a house, engage the servants, choose the horses, the carriages, the liveries. I depend entirely upon you. As long as the liveries are blue, that is the only point. This line is added at the request of Bettina.

"We shall only bring seven persons with us. Richard will have his valet, Bettina and I two ladies' maids; then there are the two governesses for the children, and besides these two boys, Toby and Bobby, who ride to perfection. We should never find such a perfect pair in Paris.

"Everything else, people and things, we shall leave in New York. No, not quite everything: I had forgotten four little ponies, four little gems, black as ink. We have not the heart to leave them. We shall drive them in the phaeton; it is delightful. Both Bettina and I drive four-in-hand very well. Ladies can drive four-in-hand in the Bois very early in the morning, can't they? Here it is quite possible.

"Above all, my dear Katie, do not consider money. Be as extravagant as you like, that is all I ask."

The same day that Mrs. Norton received this letter witnessed the failure of a certain Garneville. He was a great speculator, who had been on a false scent. Stocks had fallen just when he had expected a rise. This Garneville had, six weeks before, installed himself in a brand-new house, which had no other fault than a too startling magnificence.

Mrs. Norton signed an agreement—one hundred thousand francs a year, with the option of buying house and furniture for two millions during the first year of possession. A famous upholsterer undertook to correct and subdue the exaggerated splendor of a loud and gorgeous luxury.

That done, Mrs. Scott's friend had the good fortune to lay her hand on two of those eminent artists without whom the routine of a great house can neither be established nor carried on. The first was a head cook of the first rank, who had just left an ancient mansion of the Faubourg Saint Germain, to his great regret, for he had aristocratic inclinations.

"Never," said he to Mrs. Norton, "never would I have left the service of her grace the duchess if she had kept up her establishment on the same footing as formerly; but the duchess has four children—two sons who have run through a good deal, and two daughters who will soon be of an age to marry—they must have their dowries. So the duchess is obliged to draw in a little, and the house is no longer important enough for me."

This distinguished character of course made his conditions. Though excessive, they did not alarm Mrs. Norton, who knew that he was a man of the highest merit; but he, before deciding, asked consent to telegraph to New York.

He wished to make certain inquiries. The reply was favorable; he accepted.

The second great artist was a stud-groom of the rarest and highest capacity, who was just about to retire after having made his fortune. He condescended, however, to organize the stables for Mrs. Scott. It was thoroughly understood that he should have a free hand in purchasing the horses; that he should wear no livery; that he should choose the coachmen, the grooms, and every one connected with the stables; that he should never have less than fifteen horses in the stables; that no bargain should be made with the coach-builder or saddler without his intervention; and that he should never mount the box, except early in the morning, in plain clothes, to give lessons in driving to the ladies and children if necessary.

The cook took possession of his stores, and the stud-groom of his stables. Everything else was only a question of money, and with regard to this Mrs. Norton made full use of her extensive powers. She acted in conformity with the instructions she had received. In the short space of two months she performed prodigies, and that is how, when on the 15th of April, 1880, Mr. Scott, Suzie, and Bettina alighted from the mail train from Havre, at half-past four in the afternoon, they found Mrs. Norton at the station of Saint Lazare. She said:

"Your carriage is there in the yard; behind it is a landau for the children; and behind the landau is an omnibus for the servants. The three carriages bear your monogram, are driven by your coachmen, and drawn by your horses. Your address is 24 Rue Murillo, and here is the bill of fare of your dinner to-night. You invited me two months ago; I accept, and will even take the liberty of bringing a dozen friends with

me. I shall furnish everything, even the guests. But do not be alarmed; you know them all. They are mutual friends; and this evening we shall be able to judge of the merits of your cook."

The first Parisian who had the honor and pleasure of paying homage to the beauty of Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival was a little confectioner's boy, of fifteen, who stood there in his white clothes, his wicker basket on his head, at the moment when Mrs. Scott's carriage, entangled in the multitude of vehicles, slowly worked its way out of the station. The boy stopped short on the pavement, opened his eyes wide, looked at the two sisters with amazement, and boldly cast full in their faces the single word:

"*Mazette!*"

When Mme. Récamier saw her first wrinkles and first gray hairs, she said to a friend:

"Ah, my dear, there are no more illusions left for me! From the day when I saw that the little chimney-sweeps no longer turned round in the street to look at me I understood that all was over."

The opinion of the confectioners' boys is in similar cases of equal value with the opinion of the little chimney-sweeps. All was not over for Suzie and Bettina; on the contrary, all was only beginning.

Five minutes later, Mrs. Scott's carriage was ascending the Boulevard Haussmann to the slow and measured trot of a pair of magnificent horses. Paris counted two Parisians more.

The success of Mrs. Scott and Miss Percival was immediate, decisive, like a flash of lightning. The beauties of Paris are not classed and catalogued like the beauties of London; they do not publish their portraits in the illustrated

papers, or allow their photographs to be sold at the stationers'. However, there is always a little staff, consisting of a score of women, who represent the grace and charm and beauty of Paris, which women, after ten or twelve years' service, pass into the reserve, just like the old generals. Suzie and Bettina immediately became part of this little staff. It was an affair of four-and-twenty hours, of less than four-and-twenty hours, for it all happened between eight in the morning and midnight, the day after their arrival in Paris.

Imagine a sort of little fairy play, of which the success increases from act to act.

1st. A ride at ten in the morning in the Bois, with the two marvelous grooms imported from America.

2d. A walk at six o'clock in the Allée des Acacias.

3d. An appearance at the opera at ten in the evening in Mrs. Norton's box.

The two novelties were immediately remarked, and appreciated as they deserved to be, by the thirty or forty persons who constitute a sort of mysterious tribunal, and who, in the name of all Paris, pass sentences beyond appeal. These thirty or forty persons have from time to time the fancy to declare "delicious" some woman who is manifestly ugly. That is enough; she is "delicious" from that moment.

The beauty of the two sisters was unquestionable. In the morning it was their grace, their elegance, their distinction, that attracted universal admiration; in the afternoon it was declared that their walk had the freedom and ease of two young goddesses; in the evening there was but one cry of rapture at the ideal perfection of their shoulders. From that moment all Paris had for the two sisters the eyes of the little pastry-cook of the Rue d'Amsterdam; all Paris repeated his

"*Mazette,*" though naturally with the variations and developments imposed by the usages of the world.

Mrs. Scott's drawing-room immediately became the fashion. The familiars of three or four great American houses transferred themselves in a body to the Scotts', who had three hundred people at their first Wednesday. Their circle rapidly increased; there was a little of everything to be found in their set—Americans, Spaniards, Italians, Hungarians, Russians, and even Parisians.

When she had related her history to the Abbé Constantin, Mrs. Scott had not told all; one never does tell all. In a word, she was a coquette. Mr. Scott had the most perfect confidence in his wife, and left her entire liberty. He showed himself very little; he was an honorable man, who felt a vague embarrassment at having made such a marriage, at having married so much money. Having a taste for business, he had great pleasure in devoting himself entirely to the administering of the two immense fortunes which were in his hands, in continually increasing them, and in saying every year to his wife and sister-in-law:

"You are still richer than you were last year."

Not content with watching with much prudence and ability over the interests which he had left in America, he launched into large speculations in France, and was as successful in Paris as he had been in New York. In order to make money the first thing is to have no need of it.

They made love to Mrs. Scott unmercifully. They made love to her in French, in Italian, in English, in Spanish; for she knew those four languages, and there is one advantage that foreigners have over our poor Parisians, who generally know only their mother tongue, and have not the resource of international passions.

Naturally Mrs. Scott did not drive her adorers from her presence. She had ten, twenty, thirty at a time. No one could boast of any preference; to all she opposed the same amiable, laughing, joyous resistance. It was clear to all that the game amused her, and that she did not for a moment take it seriously. Mr. Scott never felt a moment's anxiety, and he was perfectly right. More, he enjoyed his wife's successes; he was happy in seeing her happy. He loved her dearly, a little more than she loved him. She loved him very much, and that was all. There is a great difference between "dearly" and "very much" when these two adverbs are placed after the verb "to love."

As to Bettina, around her was a maddening whirl, an orgy of adulation: Such an heiress! Such a beauty! Miss Percival arrived in Paris on the 15th of April; a fortnight had not passed before offers of marriage began to pour upon her. In the course of that first year she might, had she wished it, have been married thirty-four times, and to what a variety of suitors!

They asked her hand for a young exile, who under certain circumstances might be called to ascend a throne—a very small one, it is true, but a throne nevertheless.

They asked her hand for a young duke, who would make a great figure at court when France—as was inevitable—should recognize her errors and bow down before her legitimate masters.

They asked her hand for a young prince, who would have a place on the steps of the throne when France—as was inevitable—should again knit together the chain of the Napoleonic traditions.

They asked her hand for a young Republican deputy, who had just made a most brilliant maiden speech in the Chamber,

and for whom the future reserved the most splendid destiny, for the Republic was now established in France on the most indestructible basis.

They asked her hand for a young Spaniard of the purest lineage, and she was given to understand that the marriage settlements were to be signed in the palace of a queen who does not live far from the Arc de Triomphe. Besides, one can find her address in the *Almanach Bottin,* for at the present day there are queens who have their addresses in *Bottin,* between an attorney and a druggist; it is only the kings of France who no longer live in France.

They asked her hand for the son of a peer of England, and for the son of a member of the highest Viennese aristocracy; for the son of a Parisian banker, and for the son of a Russian ambassador; for a Hungarian count, and for an Italian prince; and also for various excellent young men who were nothing and had nothing—neither name nor fortune. Bettina had granted them a waltz, and, believing themselves irresistible, they hoped that they had caused a flutter of that little heart.

But up to the present moment nothing had touched that little heart, and the reply had been the same to all: "No!" Again "No!" Always "No!"

—*"The Abbé Constantin."*

Storms Behind the Curtain

THE two little grooms of the comic-opera star and of the duchess met frequently in the lobbies of various theaters. But oftenest they met in the dressmaker's waiting-room, where they had ample time to gossip, for their respective

mistresses made long visits in the inner sanctuary. And there it was that Tom and Bob, on an April afternoon of the year 1890, had a particularly interesting and animated conversation.

"Well," said Tom, "it seems your mistress scored a great success in her new piece last week."

"You bet she did! I was at the first performance. Had a seat in the gallery. There was any quantity of applause. She was called out four times." Thus answered Bob.

"Four times!"

"Yes, four times. But let me tell you about the rehearsals; they are so funny, and I always go to them with the missis. You should see them. For this new piece, for instance, they had them all last month. You should have seen the goings on. I watched it all from a little corner. They were just going to arrange the third act, and the manager kept on saying to the actors, 'You must do so and so; you must walk in this direction or in that; you must look sad; you must look gay.'

"Missis was rehearsing too. On the stage with her were the manager and the two authors of the play, a little old man and a little young man. Suddenly the little old man says to missis, 'Pass over to the left!' says he. 'Why?' says she. 'Because I think it's better!' says he. 'Can't agree with you,' says she. And that was the way it all began. You see, it was missis's idea to remain on the right-hand side. She got angry. Now, she isn't half bad, but when she *is* angry—Lord! Well, people do get hot easily enough, and so the little old man jumped into a fit and cried, 'That's enough! I want you to go to the left, and to the left you'll go. I am the author, and I'm master here, and you're just too free!' Missis turned pale as milk. 'What

did you say?' she asked. 'That you're too free, and that this foolishness has to stop!' 'And I—I have had enough of you and your nasty piece. Get some one else to play it. I won't! Here's my part.' And she chucked the roll of paper straight at the little old man's nose.

"And while the little old man was screaming with anger, missis said, 'You insult me, and I won't be insulted!' And she gathered up her furs, turned right about, and off she went. As for me, you ought to have seen me run, trying to get to the carriage ahead of her. I caught her up at the stage-door. There she was, trotting along—but not alone. Behind her trotted the manager, the stage-director, and the other author, the little young man, who had taken no part in the quarrel, but seemed for all that to take her side in it. And they all talked at her, and tried to keep her from going. But she went on, without answering. We passed by the lodge of the porteress, and she shouted, 'What's the matter? Is there a fire?' And so at last, quite out of breath, the five of us—missis, the manager, the stage-director, the young author, and myself—arrived in the street walk before the carriage-door. Missis jumped in, and called to me, 'To the park, Bob; shut the door, and get on the box.' She was quite pale, she was, and she bit her teeth together. But I couldn't close the door. The manager held it, and wouldn't let it go. He said to me, 'No, my young friend, don't close the door.' He tried to flatter me, you see, by calling me his young friend. He leaned against the door, and said to missis, 'My dear, be reasonable. You can't leave us in the lurch like that. What will become of me without you? Be good; come down, and let us go on with our rehearsal.' And the two others repeated after him, 'Come down, my dear; come down!'

"By that time at least a dozen or so people had collected round us. At last the manager begged so hard that missis ended by saying, 'Very well, I'll go back, but only on condition that he begs my pardon.' 'Very well, my dear; only come, and I promise that he will apologize.' 'Oh, no; he must come and apologize here!' 'Here, out in the street?' 'Yes, right here!' 'But that's impossible!' 'Very well, then, good-by.' I tried to jump to my seat on the box, but the manager held me by the arm and wouldn't let me move; and finally, seeing how missis wouldn't give way on any account, he said, 'Very well, we'll get him.' And as they were going away she called out, 'I'll give you five minutes!' She has a little clock inside her carriage. 'Five minutes, you understand. It's five minutes past ten now; if you don't return at ten minutes after, I'm off!' 'We'll be in good time!' they told her.

"So they went, and missis she snuggled into her carriage-seat like a little dog in its basket. I waited, standing by the door. Missis was raging. I heard her little foot go tap, tap, tap. She kept her eyes on the little clock. The hands hurried on, and the five minutes were nearly over when the little old man, pale, and uglier than ever, came marching along between the stage-director and the manager. And when I saw him coming, I was proud to think that my mistress could make authors march like that—decorated authors, too, because, you see, the little old man had a ribbon in his buttonhole.

"He came up to the carriage, and begged her pardon—that he did. The sweat ran down his cheeks, and the others prompted him from each side. Well, when everything seemed all right, and missis she was just going to get out of the carriage, she stopped again, and said, 'But, of course, you

understand that I will not pass over to the left, but remain on the right of the stage.' The little old man was going to object, but the manager squeezed his arm, and he said, 'Of course, you'll stay on the right as much as you please.' And it was a good thing he was not obstinate, for without missis the play wouldn't have been up to much.

"The other day I heard Paul, the hair-dresser, having a bit of a chat with the missis, and he said how every one spoke of her success. 'True,' she answered; 'but you know well enough that without me the play would have been nowhere.' And Paul answered, 'That's just what everybody says. No one mentions the play, but they only talk about you.'"—"*Tom and Bob.*"

Noiraud

"Do not be afraid, sir; you will not miss your train. For fifteen years have I taken travelers to the station, and not one has ever missed his train! Believe me, not one!"

"However——"

"Oh, don't look at your watch! There is something which you don't know, but which must be taken into account; your watch can't tell you that the train is always a quarter of an hour late. In fact, it has never been known to be less than a quarter of an hour late."

That day the unexpected happened. The train was punctual, and I missed it. My cabman was furious.

"It must be announced," said he to the station-master, "if your trains suddenly take to arriving at the right time. It's outrageous!"

He appealed to all the bystanders:

"Isn't it true that it's outrageous? I don't want to be put in the wrong before the gentleman. A punctual train! Explain to him that it has never happened before."

A general cry arose, "Yes, yes; it is usually late!" I had no less than three long hours to wait in this very melancholy village of the Canton of Vaud, overshadowed by two melancholy mountains, with little caps of snow on their heads.

How was I to kill time? Well, it now became my turn to make an appeal, and again there was a unanimous cry, "Visit the Cauldron; there's nothing else worth seeing in this part of the country!" And where was this Cauldron? On the mountain to the right, half-way up, but the road was rather a complicated affair. I was advised to take a guide, and was told that down below, in the little white house with the green shutters, I should find the best guide in the neighborhood, a man named Simon.

I went, and knocked at the door of the little house.

An old woman opened the door.

"Does Father Simon live here?"

"Yes, he lives here; but if you want to go to the Cauldron——"

"Yes, that's where I want to go."

"Well, Father Simon cannot walk very well this morning. He has a pain in his legs. But don't worry; there's some one to take his place; there's Noiraud."

"Well, let's have Noiraud."

"Yes, but I must warn you that Noiraud is not a person——"

"Not a person?"

"No; he is our dog."

"Your dog?"

"Yes—Noiraud. He will guide you just as well as my husband. He is in the habit of doing so."

"In the habit?"

"Certainly. For years and years Father Simon always took him. So he learned to know the place, and now he does his little job quite well alone. He has often guided travelers, and they have always complimented him. As for his intelligence, have no fear; he has as much as either you or I. Of course he can't speak; but that does not matter. If there were a monument to be shown, it would be different, because then he would have to know historic facts and dates. But we have only the beauties of nature here. Take Noiraud. Then, too, he will cost you less. My husband charges three francs, Noiraud only thirty sous; and you will see as much for your thirty sous as my husband could show you for three francs."

"Very well, then. Where is Noiraud?"

"Sunning himself in the garden. He has already taken an Englishman this morning. But I'll call him—eh?"

"Very well."

"Noiraud! Noiraud!"

With one jump through the window he was there. He was a rather wretched looking little black dog, with long, tousled hair. Yet he had in his whole little person a certain something of seriousness, decision, and importance.

He first looked at me. It was a clear, self-assured, firm glance, which ran me over from top to toe, and measured me up immediately: I was evidently a traveler to see the Cauldron.

To miss one train is quite sufficient for a day, and I clung to the point of not doing the same thing again. I

therefore impressed the fact on this good woman that I had only three hours to stay.

"I quite understand," she said; "you want to take the four o'clock train. Don't be afraid! Noiraud will bring you back in time. Come, Noiraud, start off!"

But Noiraud seemed at first indisposed to start off. He remained motionless, and looked at his mistress with a certain agitation.

"To be sure!" cried the old woman. "How stupid of me to have forgotten the sugar!" She took four lumps of sugar from a drawer, and, handing them to me, said:

"That's why he wouldn't go; he did not have his sugar. You see, Noiraud, the gentleman has the sugar. Start off, then, my boy, to the Cauldron, the Cauldron, the Cauldron!"

While she repeated these words three times very slowly and distinctly, I looked at Noiraud attentively. He answered his mistress's words with little motions of the head, which waxed quicker and seemed at last to show that he was being put out of patience and humor. One might translate them in some such way: "Yes, yes; to the Cauldron. The gentleman has the pieces of sugar. I understand. Do you take me for a fool?"

Noiraud's feelings were evidently hurt. He turned round, stared at me, and said, clearly as any dog can, "Come, you there, let's be off!"

I followed him obediently. We started together—he in front, I behind. Thus we passed through the village. Children playing in the street recognized my guide.

"Hullo, Noiraud! Good day, Noiraud!"

They wanted to play with the dog, but he turned away his head disdainfully, with the air of a dog who has sterner

duties to perform, and who is earning his thirty sous. One of the children cried:

"Leave him alone! He's taking the gentleman to the Cauldron. Good day, mister!"

And they all laughed, and repeated, "Good day, mister!"

I smiled, but awkwardly enough. I was embarrassed, a little humiliated even. I was dominated by that little beast. For the moment he was master. I hastened from the village, and was alone with Noiraud and the scenery which he was to show me.

This scenery was, to begin with, a horribly dusty road over which the sun flared and burned. The dog went on with an alert stride, and I became tired following him. I tried to moderate his pace.

"Come, Noiraud, not so fast; there's a good fellow!"

Noiraud turned a deaf ear to my pleading, and became quite violently angry when I ventured, at the corner of a field, to sit down under the shadow of a tree. He barked at me in a ragged little voice, and looked at me severely. Evidently I was breaking the rules of the game. It was not the custom to stop here. And his yaps became so sharp and indignant that I hastened to start off again. Noiraud immediately regained his temper, and trotted merrily before me. What a thing it is to be understood!

A few minutes, and we were upon a charming road, shady and full of flowers, and melodious with the murmur of streams. Noiraud suddenly made a bolt, and I speedily followed him. There he stood, with head erect and beaming eye, in a cool little glade, where, by the side of a tiny waterfall, stood a rustic bench. He looked at the bench and looked at me, and I felt that I was beginning to appreciate Noiraud's method of communication.

"There we are," he said to me; "here's the place to rest. And you were so idiotic as to stop in the sun! Come, sit down; I permit it."

I did sit down, and lit a cigar. I was almost on the point of offering one to Noiraud. Perhaps he smoked. But I imagined that he would prefer a bit of sugar. He caught it adroitly, cracked it between his teeth, lay down at my feet, and closed his eyes. Here he was evidently in the habit of making a little halt and taking a little nap. He did not sleep longer than ten minutes, during which I remained quiet. I was beginning to have confidence in Noiraud. I determined to obey him blindly. He got up, stretched himself, and looked at me as if to say, "Come, my friend, we must be off!" And there we were, like two old friends, walking through the woods, but now at a slower pace. Noiraud evidently appreciated the charm and silence of the place. Hither he had hastened to escape from the heat, and that is why he had hurried so. Now we could take our time, and enjoy one of the prettiest roads in Vaud at our leisure.

A little road extended to the left. For a moment Noiraud hesitated, but then went on, though not without some signs of uncertainty. And then he stopped. We had made a mistake! He returned and took a road to the left, which presently brought us to a circle of rocks, and Noiraud, nose in air, invited me to contemplate the respectable altitude of the rocks in question. When he thought that I had looked at them long enough, he faced about, and regained the main road. He had made up to me for his momentary forgetfulness.

Soon the road became more mountainous and steeper. I got on slowly, and with difficulty. Noiraud jumped nimbly

from rock to rock, but never abandoned me. He watched me with the most touching solicitude, and yapped encouragement. "We'll be there in a moment," he said, "and then you'll see the Cauldron."

We saw it. A moderately large waterfall tumbled from a moderate height into a rather ordinary basin of rock, hissing and rebounding on the way. I should have been sorry to have taken the trouble of climbing up had I not made Noiraud's acquaintance, who was far more interesting and remarkable than the waterfall.

On each side of the stream, in a little Swiss hut, was installed a little Swiss milkmaid, one dark, the other fair, both in national costume, and both eager for my arrival at the threshold of their boxlike little houses. The fair girl struck me as having very pretty eyes, and I was going toward her when Noiraud stopped me with furious barks. Did he prefer dark ladies? It seemed so, for Noiraud was appeased when I went the other way, and presently sat at a little table before the hut of his young friend. I asked for a cup of milk. Noiraud's friend went into her little toyshop house, whither Noiraud followed her. Through the window I watched the little wretch. He was served first.

After that, with white drops of milk clinging to his mustache, Noiraud came out to keep me company and see me drink my milk. I gave him a bit of sugar; and so we two, very much satisfied with each other, and breathing the vital and clear air of the mountain, spent a delicious half hour.

But soon Noiraud became impatient and agitated. I read in his eyes that it was time to start back. I arose, paid, and was about to proceed on the road by which we had come. Noiraud looked at me with disapproval and severity.

What progress I had made within the last two hours in learning to understand his silent eloquence!

"What an opinion you must have of me!" said Noiraud. "Do you think that I'll take you twice by the same road? Not at all! I understand my business better. We will now take the other road back."

We did, and it was even prettier than the first. Noiraud would sometimes turn round, and look at me with merry and triumphant glances. On the way to the station we had to pass through the village again, and there Noiraud was spoken to by several of his canine friends, who very much wanted to play with him; but Noiraud, growling and grumbling, repelled all their advances.

"Do you not see," said he, "that I am busy taking this gentleman to the station?"

It was not until we had reached the waiting-room that he consented to part with me. Gaily he munched his last pieces of sugar, and said:

"We're twenty minutes early. *I* wouldn't let you miss the train! A pleasant journey to you!"

Halévy and Meilhac

Private Theatricals

PAULINE *and* PITOU.

Paul. Are you from the theater?

Pit. Yes. My name is Pitou. I am the assistant prompter, and I am bringing something at the request of Count de Valréas.

Paul. Will you wait a moment?

Pit. Oh, certainly I will wait—as long as ever you please! (*Aside.*) Good place this; not quite so fine as Mlle. Charlotte's, but more select. Evident that fashionable people live here.

Enter GILBERTE DE SARTORYS.

Gil. Pauline, send at once to the Rue de la Paix. I am dining out to-night, and shall want that dress. I must have it here before six. (*Exit* PAULINE.) You have lost no time.

Pit. No; for as soon as I knew whom I was to have the honor of obliging, I——

Gil. Then you know me?

Pit. Quite well, madame.

Gil. How is that?

Pit. One evening Mlle. Charlotte was peeping through the hole in the curtain, between the acts. She called M. Greluche, and said, as she pointed out a proscenium-box, "There's Mme. de Sartorys."

Gil. Indeed?

Pit. And then I—after M. Greluche had done—took my turn, and that is how I know you, madame. I also have the honor of knowing your father. I have often seen him by the porter's lodge at the theater, waiting for——

Gil. Yes, that will do! What did you say you had brought for me?

Pit. *Indiana and Charlemagne,* and the part of Indiana written out separately by my own hand. Knowing the play only through the ordinary text, one can't possibly get the right idea. Here is your part alone, with all the traditions noted in the margin.

Gil. Traditions?

Pit. Well, I might say the jokes, as it were, which the original actors of the piece added to their parts.

Gil. Yes—to be sure—very nice! And then there's the music.

Pit. I have had it copied—as you see.

Gil. (*scanning part*). Here is a song called "Whirlwind Toes." What sort of song may that be?

Pit. It goes like this, madame. (*Hums a few bars.*)

Gil. Shall I be able to sing it, do you suppose?

Pit. Oh, you couldn't possibly sing worse than Mlle. Charlotte, and yet you see——

Gil. But, my good man, I don't sing badly at all!

Pit. Beg your pardon, I'm sure! Perhaps you might like to try the song now? (*Goes to piano.*)

Gil. What! do you play?

Pit. Oh! yes, madame; I strum a little. One may have all sorts of different talents in our profession without ever coming to anything.

Gil. Well, then, supposing we begin?

(PITOU *opens piano, and begins to play air. A faint knock is heard on the door.*)

Gil. Who's there? What is it? You can't come in!

Sar. (*outside*). But it's I, my dear!

Gil. Oh! it's you, is it? Come in, then—you!

Enter HENRI DE SARTORYS.

Gil. My dear, this is M. Pitou. (*To* PITOU.) Go on!

Sar. Oh!

Gil. For the performance, you know, which I am to take part in: *Indiana and Charlemagne*—burlesque. You gave your consent, you remember, because it is for a charitable object. M. Pitou has been kind enough to come here to rehearse the——

Sar. I beg your pardon, but I had something particular to talk with you about. However, I am sorry if——

Gil. Oh, that's quite a different thing! M. Pitou, you can come another time. Yes, you will come another time—won't you, M. Pitou?

Pit. Just as you wish, madame; you have only to send me word. I live at 22 Rue des Dames, Batignolles. At your service, madame. Good afternoon.

Sar. Good day. (*Exit* PITOU.)

Gil. Yes, you know, it's for that splendid entertainment which Mme. de Cambri is organizing for the benefit of the poor.

Sar. And Mme. de Cambri—what part is she going to play in this splendid entertainment for the benefit of the poor?

Gil. None.

Sar. What! none at all?

Gil. No. How can she act a part when she is doing the organizing?

Sar. Of course not! Just like her!

Gil. What do you mean?

Sar. She's very good at making other people act, is your friend Mme. de Cambri; but as for doing anything herself——

Gil. Well?

Sar. Well, while you are up there on the stage, exerting yourself, she will be sitting comfortably down below, watching you and criticizing your work.

Gil. You don't like Mme. de Cambri?

Sar. I neither like her, nor do I dislike her. I merely desire to record the fact that she is a woman who knows what she is about.

Gil. And I?

Sar. You? You are the sweetest little actress in the whole world!

Gil. Thanks, ever so much! But, my dear, you said you wanted to talk with me about something. (*Studies her part brought by* PITOU.)

Sar. I did.

Gil. Go on, then.

Sar. What I have to talk about will take you miles and miles away from M. Pitou.

Gil. Really? Then it must be something serious.

Sar. Very!

Gil. So much the better. (*Continues studying her part.*)

Sar. My love! I was going to——

Gil. Tell me, Henri, what is a stevedore's costume?

Sar. Why——

Gil. Yes, I know you are very dignified, and all that; but you needn't pretend——

Sar. A stevedore—let me see—a stevedore wears a loose silk blouse tucked into a pair of velvet breeches.

Gil. And what else?

Sar. A red scarf.

Gil. What else?

Sar. A nautical cap.

Gil. And then?

Sar. And then that's all.

Gil. Never will I wear such a costume as that; no, not even for the benefit of the poor! I must find another. Yes, I must think of another. You may begin now, my dear! I am listening.

Sar. I saw the foreign secretary this morning.

Gil. Of course you told him to come!

Sar. Come where?

Gil. Why, to the entertainment!

Sar. No, I did not; but I will. This morning the topic of conversation was myself. He very much wants me to accept a post abroad.

Gil. Abroad!

Sar. You see, there is no chance for me in Paris.

Gil. What are you offered—abroad?

Sar. Carlsruhe—French minister at Carlsruhe.

Gil. Oh, French minister at Carlsruhe! Is it a good thing to be French minister at Carlsruhe?

Sar. An excellent thing!

Gil. Ah! And how far did you say it was from Paris to Carlsruhe?

Sar. I am not quite sure of the distance; a couple of hundred miles, possibly; a dozen hours by rail.

Gil. The same as going to Baden-Baden.

Sar. Which is quite near Carlsruhe.

Gil. Quite near Carlsruhe—Baden-Baden? Why didn't you say so at once? You said *abroad!*

Sar. Yes, Baden-Baden is not many miles from there.

Gil. That's settled, then. I'll spend the summer with you at Baden-Baden, and the rest of the year you will come and visit me in Paris as often as you can.

Sar. Really!

Gil. And possibly—now mind, I'm not making definite promises—I might take it into my head to give you a surprise some day. But remember, I don't promise.

Sar. All very fine, my dear! But——

Gil. Good heavens! You surely did not expect to carry me off with you to Carlsruhe?

Sar. I did.

Gil. What—the two of us—alone together down there—all the year round?

Sar. Well?

Gil. Oh, my dearest Henri! I should die—of happiness, true enough; but still I should die! No, you can't mean it! Just try to imagine Paris without Frou-Frou, and Frou-Frou without Paris!

Sar. I confess that I might imagine Paris without Frou-Frou, but——

Gil. But?

Sar. Hardly Frou-Frou without Paris.

Gil. And therefore?

Sar. Therefore I see that I have only two alternatives to choose between: I must go to Carlsruhe by myself or refuse the mission.

Gil. Well?

Sar. My mind is already made up.

Gil. Do you mean to say you intend to go without me?

Sar. No; I shall decline the post.

Gil. Ah, well done!

Sar. Is it really well done, though? I am not quite sure that it is. But I *am* sure of one thing, that I could not have found the heart to do otherwise.

Gil. So you still love me after four years of marriage?

Sar. Indeed I love you very fondly, but fear my way of showing it is not the right one.

Gil. Oh, yes, it is; you know perfectly well it is! The proper way to love your wife is to let her do anything she likes, because that puts the wife on her honor to do everything her husband likes.

Sar. Ah! Then supposing I should take you at your word, and ask you——

Gil. After what you have just done for me, how could you doubt that I should agree?

Sar. Really and truly?

Gil. Really and truly!

Sar. Then, what if I asked you to give up taking part in this performance?

Gil. Oh, my dear!

Sar. Why, what's the matter?

Gil. I thought you were going to make some reasonable request! How can I draw back from the entertainment now? Oh, no, Henri, I couldn't possibly! Besides, you'll see how pretty I look in the stevedore costume, if I *must* wear one, or in any other. I shall be a great success, and you will be pleased, because I'm your wife, you know.

Sar. Fancy, as a little stevedore!

Gil. In fact, you will be very proud of me!

Sar. Well, I must be off now.

Gil. You are going?

Sar. Yes, to the foreign secretary to take him that answer you approve of so much.

. . . . . .

GILBERTE *and* BARONESS DE CAMBRI.

Bar. I hear you are going to Carlsruhe?

Gil. I?

Bar. Yes; is it not the case that your husband has been offered the legation?

Gil. I am not going to Carlsruhe.

Bar. Does he go alone?

Gil. He is not going at all. He has declined the post.

Bar. Oh, I congratulate you, dear! That's something like being loved! I suppose it's hardly necessary to ask you now whether he consents to your appearing in this performance?

Gil. Of course he consents!

Bar. Do you know your part?

Gil. Not very well yet, especially the last scene.

Bar. We'll rehearse it. But first let me tell you a delightful piece of news. It's about our receipts; they will be simply enormous!

Gil. Yes, do tell me!

Bar. Well—just imagine—an hour ago, while I was quietly sitting at home, a gentleman was announced whom I had never heard of, and he sent up word to say that he had come to buy tickets. It's being for charity, you know, I ordered the gentleman to be shown up-stairs. He informed

me that he was from a ticket agency. He said, if I would let him have a certain number of tickets, he would pay me the money for them, and—listen—would give me five hundred francs as premium besides! What was I to do? It was for the poor, and so I took the five hundred francs, and here they are.

Gil. Oh, my dear!

Bar. Yes, here is the money; you must take it. (*Gives her bank-notes.*)

Gil. Gracious me! The first money I ever earned in my life. It shall go to our dear rector this very day.

Bar. Yes, with a little note.

Gil. Why, do you think we ought to let him know where the money comes from?

Bar. Hm——

Gil. Perhaps it would be best not to tell him, at first.

Bar. We might wait until the rector dines here or at my house——

Gil. And then explain the whole thing very nicely——

Bar. At dessert.

Gil. Yes, that will do beautifully.

Bar. The affair will be a great success, I'm sure, as M. de Valréas is to play Charlemagne.

Gil. Yes, after he has made up his mind to learn his part.

Bar. Oh, he'll act well enough! At any rate, you will acknowledge he has one incentive to make him act well.

Gil. What might that be?

Bar. He is madly in love with the lady he is going to act with.

Gil. What do you say? Madly in love?

Bar. Certainly!

Gil. What, you, who know him so well, can pretend to believe such a thing?

Bar. It's just because I do know M. de Valréas so thoroughly that I foresee how well he will act when he is *seriously* in love—this being the first time in his life.

Gil. Oh, my dear, you are absurdly mistaken!

Bar. Do you think so?

Enter VALRÉAS.

Bar. We shall see!

Val. Allow me——

Bar. Come, sir, and present your congratulations.

Val. Congratulations?

Bar. The news is true: your friend has been appointed to Carlsruhe, and Mme. de Sartorys will be starting in a week's time.

Val. What!

Bar. Directly after the performance.

Val. (*excited, to* GILBERTE). You are going away?

Bar. (*aside, to* GILBERTE). Well, what do you say to that?

Gil. (*embarrassed*). Hadn't we better rehearse?

Bar. (*to* VALRÉAS). No, she is not going away. How could she?

Gil. Oh, do let us rehearse!

Val. Yes, yes; by all means let us rehearse! By the way, what are we going to rehearse?

Gil. I should like to do the last scene; we have not had that yet.

Val. All right, on with the last scene!

Gil. Oh, of course it's all the same to you, who know neither the last nor the first!

Val. What, I not know? How can you say such a thing! I, who have been sitting up all night? Now you shall just see how I repeat my lines without the part in my hand; yes, without the part! (*To* BARONESS.) But you'll prompt me?

Bar. You needn't be anxious about that!

Gil. The scenery——

Val. We will attend to the scenery at once. (*Placing two chairs in the middle of the room.*) Here is the wall separating the two apartments, and here, between the two chairs, is the door. (*Gets a third chair.*) Now, Indiana is in her room, and Charlemagne in his.

Gil. No, that's not right. In the last scene——

Bar. Indiana is in Charlemagne's room——

Val. And Charlemagne is in Indiana's. Quite so! Now, then, are we ready?

Gil. Yes. And what about you, my dear?

Bar. Oh! I'll be stage-manager, as usual. Give me the book. There, now you can begin.

Gil. We start after the bailiff has gone——

Val. To call in the police commissary.

Gil. Yes, that's it.

Val. And then you say I don't know my part!

Gil. Now—"He is gone!"

Val. "Bravo! Hurrah!"

Gil. "But he will be back with the commissary, and they will break the door open. This is no laughing matter!"

Bar. Very good!

Gil. Yes, isn't it? "This is no laughing matter!" But I shall say it better in the performance.

Bar. (*to* VALRÉAS). Your turn. "Ah, a bright idea!"

Val. Yes, yes; I know. "Ah, a bright idea! I'll empty my apartment; I'll take all my furniture into yours."

Gil. "Oh, will you, indeed?"

Val. "Considering I am going to marry you!"

Gil. "Before the mayor?"

Bar. The directions in the book are that it has to be said impressively.

Gil. What has?

Bar. You must say "Before the mayor" impressively.

Gil. Well, let's go back, then.

Val. With pleasure!

Gil. You begin.

Val. "Considering I am going to marry you!"

Gil. "Before the mayor?" Was that better?

Bar. Much better!

Gil. Very well. "Before the mayor?"

Val. "Heavens! Quick!"

Gil. Now, what do I do?

Bar. You look out of the window.

Gil. True! "Ah, there's the commissary, with his sash on! Lord, what a long nose he has!"

Val. "It'll soon be longer. Open the door!"

Bar. (*to* GILBERTE). Now you open the door.

Gil. All right—I open the door. Now what do I say?

Bar. You say, "Very well; so much the worse, then!"

Gil. (*upsetting the chair which represents the door*). "Very well; so much the worse, then! Come along! Quick!"

Val. "Well done! And to begin with—" (*Tries to kiss* GILBERTE.)

Gil. (*evading the kiss*). Yes, and what comes next?

Val. Mme. de Sartorys won't let me kiss her.

Bar. It says here in the book, "Kisses her after crossing over."

Gil. Is that really in the book? (*Takes book from* BARONESS, *and examines it.*) Well, this bit we'll pass over.

Val. What, pass over it! And after my taking the part because of that very bit!

Gil. Hm! On the evening of the performance, I don't say but what——

Val. That's just the point! The evening of the performance I sha'n't be able to do it properly, simply because I've not been allowed to rehearse it!

Gil. Come, let's go on!

Val. No; I'll not rehearse another line!

Gil. (*to* BARONESS). I appeal to the stage-manager.

Bar. What do you expect me to do? He is quite within his rights.

Gil. Quite—within—his rights?

Bar. Entirely!

Gil. Oh! then I am obliged to——

Bar. It's for charity, my dear!

Gil. (*to* VALRÉAS). Well, as the stage-manager is on your side, and as it's for charity——.—"*Frou-Frou.*"

Catulle Mendès

The Modern Literary Man

ONCE upon a time it was the fashion for literary men to borrow a hundred sous, and to forget to return them; to leave their lodgings without giving the landlord notice; and never to pay, even in a dream, their bootmaker or their tailor. To make debts was a sort of duty. Follies of youth! The Bohemians have disappeared; literature has become respectable. We have cut our hair and put our affairs in order. We no longer wear red waistcoats, and our porter bows to us, because we give him tips, just as politely as he does to the banker on the ground floor or the lawyer on the second. Good citizens, good husbands, good fathers, we earn for ourselves epitaphs full of honor. I fought in the last war. I have a wife to whom I have never given the slightest cause for sorrow. I myself teach my three children geography and history, and bring them up to have a horror of literature. Better still: it happened to me—a remarkable turning of the tables—to lend six thousand francs to one of my uncles, an ironmonger at Angoulême, who had foolishly got into difficulties, and not without reading him a severe lecture. In a word, we are orderly, proper persons. But I say we are monsters.

For is it not indeed a monstrous thing, being a man, not to be, not to be able to be, a man like other men? To be unable to love or to hate, to rejoice or to suffer, as others love or hate, rejoice or suffer? And we cannot—no, no, never—not under any circumstances! Obliged to consider

or observe, obliged to study, analyze, in ourselves and outside ourselves, all feelings, all passions, to be ever on the watch for the result, to follow their development, to consign to our memory the attitudes they bring forth, the language they inspire, we have absolutely killed in ourselves the faculty of real emotion, the power of being happy or unhappy with simplicity. It has become impossible for us, when we feel something, to confine ourselves to feeling. We verify, we appraise, our hopes, our agonies, our anguish of heart, our joys; we dissect the jealous torments that devour us when she whom we expect does not come to the tryst; our abominable critical sense judges kisses and caresses, compares them, approves of them or not, makes reservations; we discover faults of taste in our transports of joy or grief; we mingle grammar with love, and at the supreme moment of passion, when we say to our terrified mistress, "Oh, I want you to love me till death!" are victims of the relative pronoun, of the particle. Literature, literature! you have become our heart, our senses, our flesh, our voice! It is not a life that we live—it is a poem, or a novel, or a play.

François Coppée

A Great Hero

Achille Meurtrier's fierce look and tall stature seemed to accord with his name. A big, strapping fellow he was, of about forty; not too broad in chest or shoulder, but apparently the more formidable through wearing wide-brimmed felt hats, ample short coats, large plaid trousers, and neck-ties of sanguine scarlet under rolling collars. A full beard, long hair, and his hairy hands, of which he was proud, completed the impression.

Meurtrier's chief boast, although he was otherwise the best and most lovable of good fellows, was to play off an athletic constitution; to possess the biceps of a pugilist, and, in his own words, not to know his own strength. Even in the exercise of his pacific clerical occupation he never made a gesture without the purpose of convincing the spectators of his immense vigor. If he had to take a half-empty pasteboard box from its case he advanced toward the shelf with the heavy step of a street porter, grasped the box manfully with a firm hand, and carried it with a stiff arm as far as the next table, with a shrugging of shoulders and a frown not unworthy of Milo of Crotona. So far did he carry this method that he never appeared to lift the lightest objects but with the greatest exertion; and one day, when he held a basket of old papers in his right hand, I saw him lift the other arm as if to counterpoise the enormous weight.

Meurtrier's conversations were not of a character to lessen the admiration with which he inspired me.

"What a Sunday, my boy! There is positively no fatigue that can get the better of me. Think of it: yesterday with the regatta at Joinville-le-Pont; at six o'clock in the morning the meeting at Bercy, at The Mariners, for the crew of the *Marsouin:* the sun is up; a glass of white wine, and we jump into our rowing-suits, seize an oar, and give way, one—two, one—two, as far as Joinville; then overboard for a swim before breakfast—strip to swimming-drawers, a jump overboard, and look out for squalls! After my bath I have the appetite of a tiger!" . . .

The evenings of my astonishing companion were not less adventurous than his Sundays. Collar-and-elbow wrestling in a tent, under the red light of torches, between him, the simple amateur, and Du Bois, the very man of iron; rat-hunts near the mouths of sewers, with dogs as fierce as tigers; bloody nocturnal encounters, in the most dangerous quarters, with ruffians and nose-eaters—such were the more insignificant episodes of his nightly career. Nor do I dare to relate other adventures of a more intimate character, from which, as the writers of an earlier day would have said in their noble style, the least timorous of pens would recoil in horror. . . .

One evening in July, I was slowly walking from Vaugirard through one of those depressing suburban streets with houses of varying height on either side . . . when I came to a sudden stop, attracted by the sight, near an open ground-floor window, of a dear old lady, in black gown and widow's weeds, leaning back in an easy-chair covered with green Utrecht velvet, and sitting quietly with her hands folded in her lap. Every object near her was old and simple, and seemed to have been cared for and kept, less through a wise economy than on account of hallowed mem-

ories, since her honeymoon with the gentleman of high complexion, in frock coat and flowered waistcoat, whose oval crayon portrait adorned the wall. The light of two lamps on the mantel-shelf outlined clearly every detail of the antiquated furniture, from the clock supported by a fish of artificial painted marble to the old-fashioned piano, on which the old lady might, years and years ago, have played the airs of Romagnesi.

I felt sure that it was a loved and only daughter, remaining unmarried through affection for her mother, who watched so piously over the last years of the widow. She it was, assuredly, who had established her dear mother there so tenderly, who had put the stool under her feet, and had moved near her the inlaid table with the tray and the two cups. At every moment I expected the door to open, to see that sweet, gentle girl come through it, carrying the evening coffee. Like the widow, whom she would resemble very closely, she would be dressed in black.

Intent upon the contemplation of so sympathetic a scene, and attracted by that humble poem of reality, I remained standing at some steps from the window, secure of not being noticed in the twilit street, when I saw the door open. On the threshold appeared—how far he was from my thoughts at that moment—my friend Meurtrier himself, the formidable hero of tilts on the river and frays in obscure localities! That terrible, hairy hand of his held a tiny silver coffee-pot, and between his legs was trotting a poodle which greatly embarrassed his steps.

"Mama," said the giant, in a tone of unspeakable tenderness, "here is your coffee. I am sure you will like it tonight. The water boiled well, and I poured it drop by drop."

"Thank you," said the old lady, rolling her easy-chair a little nearer to the table, "thank you, my little Achille! Many a time did your dear father say that never could my equal for making coffee be found—the dear, good man was so kind and indulgent—but I begin to believe that you are even better at it than I."

At that moment, and while Meurtrier was pouring out the coffee with the delicate caution of a young girl, the poodle, whom no doubt the sight of the uncovered sugar excited, placed his forepaws on his mistress's lap.

"Down, Medor!" she cried with kindly severity. "Was there ever such a troublesome animal! Look here, sir; you know very well that your master always gives you the last of his cup. By the way," added the widow, looking at her son, "you have taken the poor little fellow out, haven't you?"

"Certainly, mama!" he replied in a tone that was almost childlike. "I have just been to the creamery for your morning milk, and I put the leash and collar on Medor and took him with me."

"And have all his little wants been attended to?"

"You may be at ease about him. He doesn't want for anything."

Feeling reassured on this important point of canine hygiene, the good lady drank her coffee, sitting between her son and her dog, both of whom looked at her with inexpressible tenderness.

There was evidently no need to hear more. I had stumbled upon this peaceful family life—upright, pure, and devoted—which my friend Meurtrier concealed under his visionary gasconades. But so droll at once and touching was the sight which chance had led me to, that I could

not resist the temptation of watching a few minutes longer. . . .

The next morning, when I arrived at the office, I asked Meurtrier how he had spent the evening before. Instantly, and without any hesitation, he improvised an account of a sharp encounter at two o'clock in the morning on some boulevard, in which, having put his thumb through his key-ring, he had, at one blow of his fist, knocked down a rowdy of the worst kind. I listened with an ironical smile, trying to put him out of countenance; but, when I remembered how admirable a virtue his absurdity concealed, I slapped him heartily on the back, saying with conviction:

"Meurtrier, you are a great hero!"—"*Tales in Prose.*"

The Villain

For a quarter of a century had he played the part of the heavy villain at the theater. With his harsh voice, his eagle's beak of a nose, and eyes of savage glitter, he was well fitted for that part. So for a quarter of a century had he, in the cloak and fawn-colored leather belt, retreated before D'Artagnan's sword with the slippery slide of a wounded scorpion; draped in Rodin's dirty Jewish gown, he had rubbed his dry hands together, and murmured his terrible "Patience, patience!" and, huddled on the chair of the Duke of Este, he had said to Lucrezia Borgia, with a glance sufficiently infernal, "Take care not to make a mistake. The flagon of gold, madame!" When, preceded by fiddling, he made his entrance, the gallery quaked; and a sigh of relief broke the tension when the moment came for

the first walking gentleman to say to him at last, "Now, then, we must settle—you and I!" and sacrificed him for the greater glory of virtue.

But a dramatic career has little of the seductive if murmurs of horror alone mark its success; and furthermore, the old actor had hidden in some corner of his heart an ideal of bucolic happiness which most artists cherish. He sighed for an old age of leisure, for the dignified comfort of a retired shopkeeper; for a house in the country, where he could sit with his family under an arbor and raise his own melons; with cakes and wines on winter evenings; his daughter at school in a convent, his son in the uniform of the Polytechnic, and for himself the cross of the Legion of Honor.

When the theater which had engaged him for so many years failed, some capitalists thought of putting the enterprise on its feet again, with him at its head. His systematic habits and good sense, his thorough working knowledge of the stage, and his fairly intelligent literary instinct made him a good manager. He now owned stocks, and a villa at Montmorency; his son was a student at Sainte Barbe, and his daughter had just come out of Les Oiseaux; and if the spite of the small newspapers had retarded his nomination to the Legion of Honor, by recalling annually on the first of January his old ranting of the villains' parts, he could yet hope that ere long the red ribbon would flourish in his buttonhole. Some of the habits of the strolling player had not yet passed from him. He was still familiar with everybody, and still dyed his mustaches; but he was essentially good, honest, and obliging, and gained the esteem and friendship of all who knew him.—"*A Dramatic Funeral.*"

François Coppée

The Street Organ

WHY do you stand so motionless at the high window of your boudoir, my lady countess, as if the touch of some mighty hand had transformed you into marble? What are you musing upon so intently, happy woman that you are, in the fulness of your beauty at the age of thirty? What memories does it summon up, what dreams does it compel, that old galop which with wailing and groaning the hand-organ is grinding out down there on the bleak boulevard, behind the leafless lindens of your garden?

It reminds you of the great amphitheater of "Johnson's American Circus," with its border of intently gazing faces, as it appeared in the days of your equestrian triumphs. When the two negro minstrels had put their comic concert to a sudden end by breaking their violins across each other's heads, do you remember how the groom brought your trick-horse out on the sawdust track? And him you remember, the huge, white, docile creature, speckled with black, resembling a raw, dressed turkey stuffed with truffles? Then, hand in hand with the ringmaster, you made your entrance, a glittering creature in scarlet coat and hair Capoul style; the ringmaster with whom you (there is no harm in confessing it now) were just a tiny bit in love, like all the lady performers of the troupe. A quick little caper of twinkling feet by way of greeting to the public, and then, at a single bound, presto! hop! there you stand erect on your immense platform of a saddle. A crack of the whip, a stormy blare of brass instruments from the orchestra, the truffled horse falls mechanically into the proper little trot, and away you go!

Ah, countess, what an Olympian creature you were in those days! Seventeen was the number of your years, and your limbs were as those of the Capitoline Venus. What strength and grace! What perfect beauty, such as only the New World, with its crossing of varied strains, can produce! A murmur ran through the crowd. "It is Ada, the beautiful American," and, intoxicated by this gale of triumph, off you pirouetted more boldly than ever.

A long crackling round of applause always ended the first part of the performance. And then, while the assistants were climbing on their stools to hold up the hoops for you to fly through, and the streamers to be leaped over, and while the clown amused the gods in the gallery by knocking his comrade flat down upon his face, and then delicately picking him up by the seat of his breeches—then would you ride slowly round the ring, alighting upon the rim of your saddle in butterfly fashion. That was the moment of keenest delight to your admirers. Proudly erect you held your goddess-like head, garlanded with flowers, and from the skirts of gauze that flowed and swayed about your form your divine extremities, clad in pink silk tights, emerged as from a cloud.

It was in one of those intervals of rest that you first observed the count, now your husband, then one of the gayest of Parisian men about town. In the passage that led to the stables he stood, tall and slender and faultlessly dressed in his close-fitting overcoat and pearl-gray hat, a sprig of lilac in his buttonhole, and tapping his lips with the gold knob of his little cane. The next day he was there, too, and the day after, and the next again. Your eyes drooped as they met his distracted gaze—that despairing look of a man who has lost his head.

And he had lost his head. But you were neither more nor less than a good, well-conducted girl. When you were five years old you had become an orphan, for your father, who did the pole-act, had fallen and broken his neck. Then the people of the troupe adopted the little one of the profession, and the old Parisian clown Mistigris taught you your French and a bit of reading and writing. But from being the pet and plaything of these worthy mountebanks—retaining their respect, too, through it all—you became the acknowledged glory of their enterprise. You were gaining a living in an honest way, it is true, by a display of your physical proportions, but you were virtuous nevertheless, and you remember that evening when the count offered you the turquoise set, in graceful, cynical terms enough, and you came near horsewhipping him in front of the elephant's stall, in the very presence of the company.

The violent passions of the man needed but that spark. "Johnson's American Circus" was then touring through France. The count followed it to Orleans, to Tours, to Nantes, there capping the climax of his folly (just as a Russian might have done), both his parents being dead, by carrying you off and marrying you.

Ah, dear me, how dolefully the wheezy hand-organ keeps grinding out the old galop in the twilight!

What could they do, after that first intoxicating honeymoon spent in a charming little seaside village? Down in the city the men at the Jockey Club were laughing to split their sides, and the women of fashion were bursting behind their fans with anger and jealousy. The count adopted a plan most feasible under the circumstances; he went into voluntary exile for a few years. Ah, my poor countess, how bored you were in that great dark Florentine palace,

where you must needs be trained and taught like a little girl, where you had to digest so many lessons and bear with so many masters and mistresses! You were a grateful woman, though not, alas! a loving one, and so you wished to please the count, to make yourself worthy of him; but that took time and patience, and your husband would wound you so with his continual "Don't speak like that—don't do that," invariably accompanied by a freezing *my dear* that pierced your heart.

But all women can be taught. Upstart is a word possessing no feminine form. At the end of three years you were an unimpeachable countess. The count, who was sick to death of museums and old masters that he had never been able to make much of, now brought you back to Paris. Open, with a bang, flew the long-closed doors and shutters of the old mansion, and you ate your home-coming dinner in the huge dining-room, opposite a portrait of the count's great-grandfather, who had been lieutenant-general of the king's armies; a stately old gentleman he was, with powdered hair, wearing the blue ribbon across his red coat, and especially remarkable for the immense family nose. From his lofty station he seemed to look down on you with severity.

And here, again, countess, you were sad and solitary. What labor did it cost your husband, what enormous expenditures for charitable purposes, merely to create for you a small society of priests and nuns! How doleful those black robes of either sex! And now for six years you have spent your mornings in visiting schools and nurseries, and have shivered of an evening in your lonely box at the Français or the Opera. You have no child, and no hope of one, and the years are fleeting. But worst of all is, that your

only feelings toward your husband are those of gratitude and sincere friendship, for you have your opinion of him. No doubt he is a thorough gentleman in his way, but filled to the brim with stupid aristocratic prejudices, and as tiresome as a concert. He is now forty-eight, and the very type of the old beau turned milksop; a tasteless mixture enough of dyed whiskers and prejudices, gray hats and a weak stomach.

How pitiless the organ is in its persistence! Why will it play the old galop to the music of which you used in other days to time the dancing of your truffled horse? You see yourself once more in the arena at the end of your act, blowing your farewell kiss to the audience, and listening with delight to that hail-storm of applause. Are you going mad, countess? For you feel your heart beating, and the delicious emotions of your girlhood steal over you again when it seemed to you that the handsome ringmaster had tenderly pressed your fingers as he led you off the track.

At last the sound of the organ has died away; the tall skeletons of the bare trees can scarcely be seen standing out against the background of the dull, dark sky, that still grows darker and duller. The footman enters respectfully. He places a lamp that he has brought upon a stand, and says in ceremonial tones:

"The Vicar of Saint Thomas's is awaiting your Ladyship in the drawing-room."—"*Tales in Prose.*"

Anatole France

Finding an Apartment

THE usual thing happened. M. Bergeret went to look for an apartment; it was his sister who found it. Such advantages has the positivist spirit over the speculative. Let us recognize the fact that Mlle. Zoë's choice had been a good one. She lacked neither experience of life nor a sense of the fitness of things. She had traveled in Russia, and lived in Western Europe. She had observed the various manners of men. She knew the world, and hence found it easy to know Paris.

"There it is," she said to her brother, stopping in front of a new house that overlooked the Luxembourg gardens.

"The stairs are neat," said M. Bergeret, "but a little steep."

"Be quiet, Lucien! You are young enough to go up five little flights of stairs without getting tired."

"Do you think so?" asked Lucien, flattered.

She was careful to observe that the carpet on the stairs extended to the top floor.

He smilingly reproached her for being sensible of these little vanities.

"But perhaps," he added, "I myself might be a little shocked if the carpet were to come to an end on the floor below mine. One pretends to wisdom and remains vain in one particular respect. This observation recalls to me something that I saw yesterday while passing a church. The marble steps of the church were covered with a red carpet, over

which the marriage procession of some wealthy people was to pass out after the ceremony. Some poor people who wanted to be married, too, waited with their poor guests without until the rich were done. They laughed at the people stalking so gravely over the red carpet, and the poor little bride put her bare feet on it. But the attendants made her step back, and it was not until this huge article of nuptial pomp had been rolled up into a huge cylinder that the poor wedding-party was allowed to enter the church. I observed that these good people were much amused at their adventure, and agreed with graceful ease to this display of social inequality, and I thought of Lamennais's saying that society reposes on the resignation of the poor."

"We are at the top," said Mlle. Bergeret.

"I am out of breath," said M. Bergeret.

"That is because you talked so much. One does not tell long stories when one climbs up five flights of stairs."

"After all," said M. Bergeret, "it is the common lot of sages to live under the roof. Science and meditation generally flourish in the garret. And when one considers all things, a garret adorned with high thoughts is better than a marble gallery."

"This room," said Mlle. Bergeret, "is not a garret. It is lighted by a beautiful window, and you can make it your study."

Upon hearing these words, M. Bergeret looked upon the four walls as if possessed by a mortal fear, and assumed the air of a man at the edge of an abyss.

"What is the matter?" asked his sister uneasily.

But he did not answer her. That small square room, with its light wall-paper, seemed to him filled with the shadow of an unknown future. He entered it with a slow and fearful

step, as if apprehending some mysterious fate. He selected the position for his writing-table.

"I shall sit there," he said. "It is not well to consider with too much sentiment the ideas of the past and the future. Those are abstract ideas, which man does not have at first, but which he acquires laboriously and to his own sorrow. Is not the idea of the past in itself most sorrowful? No one, I suppose, would care to pass through life again by the same stages by which he had come so far. There are lovely hours, exquisite moments—that I do not deny. But they are the pearls and shining crystals woven into the coarse and somber texture of our days. The current of past years, brief in itself, seems tediously slow, and if there is anything sweet in its remembrance it is because we can rest our spirits on a few luminous points. Yet how pale is that sweetness, and how sad. As for the future, we hardly dare to look into its face; so many threats overcast that vision. When you remarked, Zoë, that this would be my study, I looked into the future and braved that unendurable sight. I believe I have sometimes shown courage; but I am given to reflection, and reflection undermines daring."

"What was really hard," said Mlle. Zoë, "was to find three bedrooms."

"Assuredly," answered M. Bergeret, "humanity in its youth did not conceive of a past or a future. These ideas which devour us have no external reality. We know nothing of life! Its development in time is a pure illusion. It is by a mere infirmity of our senses that we do not see to-morrow realized as yesterday. It is quite possible to imagine beings so organized as to be able to perceive simultaneously phenomena that appear separated by appreciable intervals of time. We ourselves do not perceive light and sound in their

temporal order. The light of the stars that appears at once to our eyes blends in itself centuries and thousands of centuries. With more perfect perceptions we could behold ourselves dead in the midst of life. For, since time does not exist in reality, and since the succession of events is apparent only, all facts are realized at once, and our future will never come to pass. It exists now; only we discover it later. Do you see now, Zoë, why I remained silent on the threshold of this room, which is to be mine? Time is a pure idea. And space has no more reality than time."

"Very likely," said Zoë. "But living in Paris is very expensive, and that fact had to be considered in taking an apartment. I don't believe you're even curious to see my room. Come, perhaps you will be interested in Pauline's."

"We will inspect both of them," said M. Bergeret, obediently trailing his animal machine across the little square carpets. Nevertheless, he continued the course of his reflections.

"Savages," said he, "do not make the distinction between the past, the present, and the future. And their languages, which are certainly the oldest monuments of humanity, permit us to gain an insight into the condition of the race before it had begun metaphysical speculation."

As he was discoursing thus, he returned into the room that was to be his study, and which at his first entrance into it had seemed to him so full of the ominous shadows of the future. Mlle. Bergeret opened the window.

"Look, Lucien."

And M. Bergeret looked at the bare tops of the trees, and said smiling:

"These black branches will assume violet tints under the gentle sun of April, and then break forth into tender foli-

age. That will be charming, Zoë, and you are very wise and good, a kind nurse and a dear sister. Come and let me kiss you."

M. Bergeret kissed his sister, and said, "You are a good girl, Zoë."

And Mlle. Zoë answered, "Our parents were both good."

M. Bergeret would have kissed her a second time, but she said:

"You'll make my hair untidy, Lucien, and I hate that."

—"*Monsieur Bergeret.*"

Madame de Martel—"Gyp"

Civil Marriage—Dialogue

On the terrace of the Orangerie. A LADY, *about thirty, walking quickly and seeming preoccupied.*

Lady. Brrr! it's freezing here! There's no good staying any longer! To-morrow's the bazaar, Saturday the races, Sunday the Grand Prix. It's just the weather for catching cold. How I must love Adalbert to come in search of a wife for him in such weather! There's devotion! Shall I find one? That's the important point! She must be as handsome as he is—slender, beautiful, and intelligent. So far, I've seen no one that attracts me in the least; he is far better than all of them! He is so handsome, so—wait! It seems to me there was one who— (*She retraces her steps for a short distance. Turning back sadly.*) No, it's not to be thought of! She is awkward, common! He wouldn't approve, I'm sure. Besides, I don't like her, and it's most important that I should. Oh, how annoying it is! I must continue seeking, begin these interminable fatiguing expeditions all over again! But I'll go now, for it's quite certain I sha'n't find what I want here.

(*She walks down the terrace, and is going out into the Place de la Concorde. At the same moment a* GENTLEMAN, *aged forty-five, enters the garden.*)

Lady (*to the gentleman, who passes very quickly*). How do you do?

Gentleman. Ah! I beg your pardon, I didn't see you! Where are you going, walking in this freezing weather?

Lady. To my carriage. I left it at this gate—and you?

Gentleman. I'm taking Mme. X., who is arranging her stall, an address I promised her.

Lady. Will they let you in?

Gentleman. Oh, yes; I'm part of the business.

Lady. What business?

Gentleman. I'm an organizer don't you know? Will you come with me?

Lady. No, I'm too cold.

Gentleman. It will warm you. We'll run.

Lady. Come along then, but we must be quick.

Gentleman. In very truth, you look frozen. Why do you come to the Tuileries all alone in such weather?

Lady. Not for my pleasure! I've just been there (*pointing to the Orangerie*).

Gentleman (*absently*). Ah! very nice! (*Resuming the conversation.*) But what did you go there for?

Lady. I went to look for—for—a marriage.

Gentleman. For yourself?

Lady. Oh! rather not! In the first place, I don't exactly see why I should go there for that; and in the second, I am far too happy as I am to——

Gentleman (*interrupting her*). There, that will do. Since the rest of the explanation would contain unflattering remarks on the sex to which I've the honor to belong, I'd rather not hear them from your pretty mouth. Then whom is it you are marrying?

Lady. I'm not marrying yet, unfortunately. I want to marry, which is by no means the same thing——

Gentleman. But whom?

Lady. My best friend.

Gentleman. Ah! is he young?

Lady. Yes; but just the right age to marry, and he wants to——

Gentleman. I hope so, for his sake. Is he nice?

Lady. Adorable!

Gentleman. Well, a man marries on less than that.

Lady. And then he has every possible good quality. You've no notion of it.

Gentleman. I'm very sorry! And naturally you are very fond of him?

Lady (*emphatically*). I adore him!

Gentleman (*surprised*). Hm, I did not think you were so extravagant in your likings. I even thought you cold.

Lady. So I am, generally. But he knew how to conquer my indifference, and what would you have? It's stupid, I know, but now I love him madly; and to please him there's nothing I wouldn't do.

Gentleman. He's to be envied! But tell me, if you love him as much as all that, why are you trying to marry him?

Lady. Because he's dying to get married!

Gentleman. Are you sure? Has he told you so?

Lady (*shrugging her shoulders*). Do you only understand things when you're told them? Don't you suppose I've seen it by a thousand trifles?

Gentleman. What, what? A thousand trifles!

Lady. Of course! For instance— Stay! you'll make me say something foolish. Well, then, admitting that I haven't seen it myself, I've been told, don't you know?

Gentleman. You've been told! Who could have been stupid enough to tell you that?

Lady. Why, your friend X.

Gentleman (*astonished*). He! Why does he interfere, the idiot?

Lady. He did me a great service in informing me, and I'm exceedingly obliged to him.

Gentleman. Naturally. That's exactly what he counted on, the wretch! I'm very curious to know how he managed to—inform—you, as you call it. It was a delicate thing to do.

Lady. Oh! with the greatest propriety. He said, "If you don't marry Adalbert, he'll give you some trouble."

Gentleman. Ah! his name is Adalbert? (*He seems to be trying to remember.*)

Lady. Yes. Do you think it an ugly name?

Gentleman. Oh! names are a matter of entire indifference to me. And so you decided to take X.'s advice?

Lady. Yes, and since—I'm looking about!

Gentleman. And doesn't he, on his part, look about too?

Lady. He'd like to, but I won't let him.

Gentleman (*taken aback*). What?

Lady. You look surprised!

Gentleman. Well, during the last five minutes I've seen you in quite a new light—I assure you I never suspected——

Lady. You consider me and my follies absurd?

Gentleman. Your "follies"? You call things by suitable names! God forbid that I should consider you absurd; on the contrary. And since you have mentioned it, I must tell you frankly that from to-day I find a new charm in you.

Lady. Because?

Gentleman. Because you were perfect in my eyes, with one exception.

Lady. Really? And that exception is——?

Gentleman. It—it's rather difficult to explain! I feared that in you, the side—how shall I put it?—the side "of the affections," to speak correctly, was but little developed. But I was mistaken, entirely mistaken.

Lady. Then you understand my love for Adalbert?

Gentleman. Adalbert or any other! I think it is always necessary to love some one.

Lady. Another! Oh, dear, no! When he dies, I've quite decided not to have another.

Gentleman (*absently*). Why should Adalbert die? Is he ill?

Lady. No, but I don't imagine he'll last forever; my affection does not blind me to that degree.

Gentleman. Does he love you?

Lady. He? I should just think he does! He worships me. He spends his days at my feet.

Gentleman. I can understand that. But why the deuce do you want him to marry?

Lady. I am not sufficient for him! It's not surprising. (*She laughs.*)

Gentleman (*surprised*). Ah!

Lady. He never leaves me for a second! Even in the house I can't move an inch without him.

Gentleman. Don't you find that inconvenient?

Lady. No.

Gentleman. But sometimes—just for a moment, you know—you want to leave even those you love best—the most amusing people get fatiguing in the long run, and——

Lady. But that's precisely Adalbert's superiority over the most amusing people.

Gentleman. You are probably not anxious that the young lady shall be pretty?

Lady. On the contrary, it's most essential. Beauty's of the greatest importance.

Gentleman. But—character?

Lady. Bah—character! You can train it! It's only myself to whom that could matter, and as long as she's not altogether bad——

Gentleman. Do you insist on talent?

Lady. Oh, no. I hate prodigies.

Gentleman. And you were to see something to-day, here?

Lady. No. I was only looking. I hoped to find something. But there's nothing at all, and I must begin all over again.

. . . . . .

Gentleman. Do you want to marry him to get rid of him?

Lady. To get rid of him? but I shall never leave him!

Gentleman (*surprised*). Ah! you shouldn't talk like that.

Lady. Why?

Gentleman (*more and more taken aback*). What? Why? You say the most dreadful things with a calmness, I had almost said a candor, which— And then you're astonished that I seem surprised, and you ask me why, opening your eyes wide——

Lady. I think you attach too much importance to a folly——

Gentleman. A folly! Again!

Lady. A weakness, if you prefer it.

Gentleman. That's better.

Lady. But a very innocent weakness, that does no one any harm.

Gentleman. I understand all weaknesses, as you say, because I am acquainted with them all more or less! I'm not

surprised at the weakness, but at the unconcern with which you speak of it. I thought you prudish—almost austere.

Lady. But I don't see that I've said anything that could change that opinion.

Gentleman. The deuce! But——

Lady. Instead of being scandalized by my search, you would do better to help me. You would be doing me a service. You must know of some one.

Gentleman. I? Why, indeed?

Lady. Through your friends, through——

Gentleman. My friends are no longer young, it's true, but all the same they like match-making.

Lady. How funny you are! You talk just as if it were a serious affair.

Gentleman. But so it seems to me. You certainly want beauty, and of course beauty must be combined with virtue?

Lady. Oh, that's of no consequence at all!

Gentleman (*astonished*). Oh!

Lady. Why "Oh"? I know it is said that the early caprices of the mother almost always injure her children, but——

Gentleman (*breathless*). It's not only for the sake of the children, it's——

Lady. For Adalbert's? Do you imagine he'll care? Now, come, find me some one. It'll be so nice of you. If you only knew how disagreeable it is for a woman to bother about such things! And then she's nearly always taken in.

Gentleman. So are men.

Lady. Much less, I assure you.

Gentleman. That's strange. I should have said the contrary. What do you want her to be like? Tell me, and then

if I hear of anything I shall know if it would be likely to suit.

Lady. I want her to be a little smaller than he is, if possible.

Gentleman. That's rather a vague size—for me.

Lady. I'll show him to you one of these fine days.

Gentleman. I confess I am curious to——

Lady. She must be dark, with tawny locks—a little curly, but not too much—and silky—with golden-color eyes—small short teeth, and extremely delicate ears and limbs.

Gentleman. Well, I must say! Dark, with tawny locks, short teeth, gold eyes, likewise delicate ears and limbs. That is to say, that if one met any one like that, one would be almost inclined to marry her oneself. I can quite understand that you won't find that model in a week.

Lady. I'm most anxious about the ears and limbs, for that's a sure sign of race.

Gentleman. Ah! she must be of good family?

Lady. Of course.

Gentleman. Adalbert will have a good time.

Lady. That's just what I wish.

Gentleman. We haven't mentioned the nose. Would you like a majestic nose or a little pink snub nose?

Lady (*protesting*). A pink nose? But you don't know anything at all about it. Pink noses are dreadful.

Gentleman. Eh, eh! But I assure you that——

Lady. I want a black nose like his, or at least chocolate.

Gentleman (*horrified*). What! black or chocolate like his? He has a black and chocolate nose?

Lady. Certainly.

Gentleman. Adalbert?

Lady. Well, what is there so surprising in that?

Gentleman. He's a negro then?

Lady. A negro? Whom are you talking about?

Gentleman. Why, of your friend.

Lady. What! (*A light dawning on her.*) Oh! great Heaven! you thought that—but it's my poodle I'm talking of—and all that I've said—and that you have replied—oh! —it's dreadful!

Gentleman (*breathing freely*). Lord! I'm so glad! But put yourself in my place. I meet you looking frozen and bored. You tell me, "I want to marry one of my friends—the best; I have just been looking for a wife for him; his name is Adalbert, etc."

Lady. And in telling you that I pointed to the Orangerie.

Gentleman. Ah! the dog-show! I had quite forgotten. I thought you were talking about a marriage in good earnest, or at least about a civil marriage.

J. de Saint Geniès—"Richard O'Monroy"

The Fugue

WISHING to keep the national holiday in some out-of-the-way corner of Normandy, I was striding up and down the hall of the Saint Lazare Station when I heard an inharmonious feminine voice address me—inharmonious but feminine.

"M. Richard! M. Richard!"

I turned round. It was my friend Mme. Manchaballe, in a traveling costume consisting of an old surah dust-cloak, trimmed with black lace that had formerly done duty at Aix with Rebecca (I knew it again), and a Leghorn hat with a heap of flowers and two pink ibis wings. However vivid your imagination may be, I defy you to present to yourself Mme. Manchaballe's head adorned with two pink ibis wings. You ought to have seen it, for it is a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle.

"Where are you off to, my dear lady?"

"I'm going to join my youngest, Caroline, at Houlgate, where we have a little cottage on the Corniche."

"Caroline? Ah, yes! she goes in for singing. Well, are the Conservatory examinations over?"

"They're over," groaned Mme. Manchaballe; "they're over, but they never began for us."

"Impossible!"

"Oh, sir, a piece of flagrant injustice! We did not even

enter for them. And yet Caroline has a nice voice. Don't you remember the evening she sang, from 'Faust':

"'Ah, how I love to see myself look so nice in this mirror'?

and then the great recitative:

"'I should much like to know who that young man was!
If he is a great noble, and how much he gives——'"

"Those are not exactly the words, Mme. Manchaballe."

"Yes, but it's the meaning. In operas words are of no importance. Well, if you remember, you were surprised yourself, and cried, 'The deuce! Your daughter has made great progress. I will recommend her to my friend Victorien Sardou.'"

"Joncières, I said Joncières."

"Well, they're both Victorien, so where's the difference? I didn't let the grass grow under my feet. Not only did I give her lessons from Mme. Saxe, but I made her call on all the members of the jury without me. At first I wanted to go with her, but she said I made her nervous, and that she sang better when I wasn't there. So I did not insist."

"I think you were quite right, Mme. Manchaballe."

"Yes, yes. And, besides, I was busy. I went to the *Concert Vatoire*. A funny sort of concert, I must say! A queer room, half theater, half study. The stage, with its two chairs and one door, looked like a porter's lodge, and a poor porter too. Not a decoration, not a piece of furniture, not an ornament on the bare walls, which were painted the color of raw beef. It seems that this plain, bare background is good for judging gesture, pose, and play of feature. Well,

I didn't mind. Instead of the usual boxes, there was a long table of severe aspect, behind which the members of the jury were seated, with the president in the center, all getting gray, short-sighted, and not handsome at all. Such beards, such heads of hair! Why do all musicians have such extraordinary heads of hair? Perhaps music is good for the hair."

"I think you are straying from the point, Mme. Manchaballe. I want to hear about Caroline."

"Just so, I'm coming to it. In short, one day I arrived late, at the end of the performance, and heard that Mlle. Terville had the first prize for her fugue, an unheard-of fugue, an extraordinary fugue, a marvelous fugue, that literally carried the jury away. And all round me I heard the critics exclaiming, 'What a fugue! Ah, my dear fellow, what a magnificent fugue!' In order not to seem out of it, I said the same, smiling like the rest. But in fact—don't laugh at me—I hadn't the least idea what a fugue was. So far, with Judith and Rebecca, I have only had to do with dancing. With pirouettes and the like I was quite at home, but I had never heard a mention of fugues. So that as soon as I got out into the vestibule I went up to Mme. Chapuzot, Stella Chapuzot's mother, who was in the same class as Caroline—and Mme. Saxe had always said, 'If Stella doesn't make a success at the opera first, it will be Caroline.' Well, Mme. Chapuzot was very jealous of us. I ought to have been on my guard, but I thought all would be right between mothers. So I went up to her and said, 'Mlle. Terville had a great success with her fugue—that is to say, she's certain of the prize. And,' I went on, 'since I wasn't there, it would be very kind of you to tell me what a fugue is, because, you see, I'd make Caroline prepare one.'

"Then Mme. Chapuzot began to laugh, and so loudly that everybody turned round to look at us. I laughed, too, for company's sake, but without exactly knowing why. Suddenly Mme. Chapuzot became serious, and said, 'A fugue, Mme. Manchaballe, is to make yourself scarce just at the moment when it would be least expected. Suppose you are to sing in the evening at the Opéra Comique: at eight o'clock, precisely, you decamp to Italy. That's a fugue. Then the terrified directors, in order to bring you back, prefer either to increase your salary or to give you a prize. That is what was done in the case of Mlle. Terville.'

"I thought it rather extraordinary. But the same evening I met by chance at the opera one of our former tenants, M. Jules Claretie, who is a member of the Academy, and consequently understands the French language, and I said to him, 'M. Claretie, if a person had to sing at the Opéra Comique at half-past eight, and at eight decamped to Italy, would that be a fugue?' 'Certainly,' replied the Academician with perfect politeness, 'that would be a fugue.'

"I hesitated no longer. I waited for the day of the competition, and then hey *presto!* without a word of warning, I packed Caroline off to Houlgate. She objected, but I said, 'Leave everything to your mother; it's for your own good.' I went to the concert-hall, and when Caroline's name was called I stood up and said, 'She's doing a fugue. She's in her cottage at the seaside.'

"'Good,' replied the president.

"And he summoned the next, Stella Chapuzot. And she passed, and Caroline failed. Now, isn't it disgraceful, sir? I ought not to have trusted Mme. Chapuzot; but, honestly now, could I suspect M. Claretie? Such a distinguished man! Put it into the papers, will you? It will prove to the

government that, say what they like, there's no equality yet; and that what spells success for one is fatal to another. But there's my train. Good-by!"

"A pleasant journey to you, Mme. Manchaballe!"

Edmond Rostand

A Duel in Rime

VALVERT, CYRANO, *and* SPECTATORS.

Val. Your—your nose is—er—your nose—is very large!

Cyr. Very.

Val. Ha, ha!

Cyr. Is that all?

Val. Why——

Cyr. Ah, no, young man, that is not enough! You might have said—dear me, there are a thousand things—varying the tone. For instance, here you are—Aggressive: "I sir, if I had such a nose, nothing would serve but I must cut it off!" Amicable: "It must be in your way while drinking; you ought to have a special beaker made!" Descriptive: "It is a crag—a peak—a promontory! A promontory, did I say? It is a peninsula!" Inquisitive: "What may the office be of that oblong receptacle? Is it an inkhorn or a scissor-case?" Mincing: "Do you so dote on birds, that you have, fond as a father, been at pains to fit the little darlings with a roost?" Blunt: "Tell me, sir, you, when you smoke, is it possible you blow the vapor through your nose without a neighbor crying, 'The chimney is afire?'" Anxious: "Go with caution, I beseech, lest your head, dragged over by that weight, should drag you over!" Tender: "Have a little sunshade made for it! It might get freckled!" Learned: "None but the beast, sir, mentioned by Aristophanes, the hippocampelephantocamelos, can have borne beneath his fore-

head so much cartilage and bone!" Offhand: "What, comrade, is that sort of peg in style? Capital to hang one's hat upon!" Emphatic: "No wind can hope, oh, lordly nose, to give the whole of you a cold, but the nor'wester!" Dramatic: "It is the Red Sea when it bleeds!" Admiring: "What a sign for a perfumer's shop!" Lyrical: "Art thou a Triton, and is that thy conch?" Simple: "A monument! When is admission free?" Deferential: "Suffer, sir, that I should pay you my respects; that is what I call possessing a house of your own!" Rustic: "Hi, boys! Call that a nose? Ye don't gull me! It's either a prize carrot or else a stunted gourd!" Military: "Level against the cavalry!" Practical: "Will you put it up for raffle? Indubitably, sir, it will be the feature of the game!" And finally, in parody of weeping Pyramus: "Behold, behold the nose that traitorously destroyed the beauty of its master, and is blushing for the same!" That, my dear sir, or something not unlike, is what you would have said to me had you the smallest leaven of letters or of wit; but of wit, oh, most pitiable of objects made by God, you never had a rudiment; and of letters you have just those that are needed to spell "fool!"

Val. Insufferable! A clodhopper, without—without so much as a pair of gloves!

Cyr. Without gloves? A mighty matter! I only had one left, of a very ancient pair, and even that became a burden to me—I left it in somebody's face.

Val. Villain, clod-poll, flat-foot, refuse of the earth!

Cyr. (*taking off his hat and bowing as if* VALVERT *had been introducing himself*). Indeed? And mine, Cyrano Savinien Hercule de Bergerac!

Val. (*exasperated*). Buffoon!

Cyr. (*crying out suddenly, as if seized with a cramp*). Oh!

(VALVERT, *who had started toward the back, turns.*)

Cyr. (*screwing up his face as if in pain*). It must have leave to stir; it has a cramp! It is bad for it to be kept still so long!

Val. What is the matter?

Cyr. My rapier prickles like a foot asleep!

Val. (*drawing*). So be it!

Cyr. I shall give you a charming little wound.

Val. (*contemptuously*). You—a poet!

Cyr. Yes, I, a poet; and to such an extent that while we fence, I will, hop! extempore, compose you a ballade!

Val. A ballade?

Cyr. I fear you do not know what that is.

Val. But——

Cyr. (*as if saying a lesson*). The ballade is composed of three stanzas of eight lines each——

Val. Outrageous!

Cyr. And an envoy of four.

Val. You——

Cyr. I will in the same breath fight you and compose one. And at the last line I will hit you.

Val. Indeed you will not!

Cyr. No? (*Declaiming.*)

Ballade of the duel which in Burgundy House
Monsieur de Bergerac fought with a jackanapes.

Val. And what is that, if you please?

Cyr. That is the title.

The Spectators (*at the highest pitch of excitement*). Make room! Good sport! Stand aside! Keep still!

Cyr. (*closing his eyes for a second*). Wait. I am settling upon the rimes. There. I have them. (*In declaiming, he suits the action to the word.*)

Of my broad felt made lighter,
  I cast my mantle broad,
And stand, poet and fighter,
  To do and to record.
I bow, I draw my sword.
  Now guard! With steel and wit
I play you at first abord.
  At the last line, I hit!

(*They begin fencing.*)

You should have been politer;
  Where had you best be gored?
The left side or the right—ah?
  Or next your azure cord?
Or where the spleen is stored?
  Or in the stomach's pit?
Let's come to quick accord;
  At the last line, I hit!

You falter, you turn whiter?
  You do so to afford
Your foe a rime in *iter?*
  You thrust at me—I ward—
And balance is restored.
  Ha, scullion, look to your spit!
No, you shall not be floored
  Before my cue to hit!

(*He announces solemnly.*)

Envoy

Prince, call upon the Lord!
I skirmish—feint a bit—
I lunge! I keep my word!
(VALVERT *staggers;* CYRANO *bows.*)
At the last line, I hit!

—"*Cyrano de Bergerac.*"

International Wit and Humor as Expressed in Caricature

[redacted]

International Wit and Humor as Expressed in Caricature

By

Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Author of

"*The Nineteenth Century in Caricature*"

(With reproductions of a few representative famous cartoons)

TO define caricature with adequacy and precision is far from being an easy matter. We can trace the word through the French derivation back to its Italian source. In a general way we can speak of it as the art of applying the grotesque to the purposes of satire. In that sense it is almost as old as history. Traces of it are to be found in Egyptian art. It was contemporaneous with the comedies of Aristophanes, and the Frenchman Champfleury hailed a certain Pauson as the *doyen* of caricaturists. It was familiar to Rome the Republic, and to Rome the Empire. Its fantastic spirit, usually taking the form of grim and terrible figures of Death and the Devil, linked with curious obscenities, pervaded the Middle Ages.

But in our modern life caricature has assumed a broader meaning and a higher dignity. It is no longer merely the expression of a grotesque idea, but a power to lash foibles and pretense, capable of toppling over dynasties and of rousing nations to heights of patriotic frenzy. To it, as to the novel, we turn to catch the mood of a period and people. Court-ridden history, concerning itself almost exclusively

with wars and kings and queens and parliaments, sees in eighteenth-century England, for example, only a line of Hanoverian monarchs, a dozen statesmen and generals, and battle-fields like Blenheim and Malplaquet, Fontenoy, and Yorktown. For the spirit of the English people, for the manners, the prejudices, the vices, and excesses of the age, we turn to the pages of Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, and to the prints of Hogarth, Bunbury, and Gillray.

So long as the Bastile frowned down on Paris, in eighteenth-century France pictorial satire was naturally of little importance; while in Germany, divided into countless little principalities, and in Italy and Spain, lying under the grim shadow of the Inquisition, pictorial satire counted for even less. It is to England, happy in the liberty of thought and speech won in the wars of Cromwell's Ironsides a century before, that we must turn to find in the prints of Hogarth and his successors the comedies of society, vice, and politics. Born in 1697 (or 1698), William Hogarth was apprenticed early in life to a silversmith, for the purpose of learning the graving of arms and ciphers upon plate. His marvelous gift for caricature soon manifested itself. In 1730 he clandestinely married the daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the court-painter, who was at first enraged at the *mésalliance*, but speedily relented when brought to a realization of his son-in-law's genius by the first plates of "The Harlot's Progress." The success of this series, one of Hogarth's most brilliant creations, was instantaneous. It became the fashion to paint scenes from it on ladies' fans. "The Harlot's Progress" was followed by "The Rake's Progress," in which Hogarth turned to the satire of the eighteenth-century life of fashion, which he later developed more fully in his "Marriage à la Mode." This series, of which one of the

THE LAST SCENE FROM HOGARTH'S FAMOUS SERIES "MARRIAGE À LA MODE." About 1730.

prints is herewith reproduced, while perhaps slightly inferior artistically to "The Harlot's Progress," is certainly the most widely known of his creations. Thackeray esteemed it the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarthian comedies.

In the first print we see the negotiations for a marriage between the daughter of a rich alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the vicious son of a gouty old earl. The fathers present as fine a contrast as the young people, the arrogance of birth of the nobleman, his coronet and gold-lace against the money-bags and mortgage-deeds of the alderman. It is evident that love has no great part in the match, for the young viscount is admiring himself in the glass, while the bride is playing with the marriage-ring and listening to Counselor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The succeeding pictures carry the ill-omened marriage to its dismal end. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, fuddling himself in evil haunts; while my lady amuses herself with foreign singers, masquerades, and the society of the sinister Silvertongue. The day comes when my lord returns home at the inopportune moment, draws his sword upon the counselor, who kills him, and is caught while trying to escape. My lady returns to her father, the city alderman, and faints upon reading Silvertongue's last speech before his execution at Tyburn. It is the old, old story, the old, old moral, the old, old sermon, about marrying for rank or money, and about evil ways and associations.

To Hogarth belonged the comedy of vice, the vice of the old eighteenth-century London—the London of Temple Bar and Tyburn and the old London Bridge, with its row of tottering houses; the London of Harry Fielding, who, of all Hogarth's contemporaries, was probably nearest to him in

A FASHIONABLE SALUTATION.
One of the best known of the Bunbury caricatures. About 1770.

mental kinship. His immediate successor in English pictorial humor, William Henry Bunbury, took as his field the comedy of society. At the time of Hogarth's death, in 1764, Bunbury was a lad of fourteen. Consequently, it was a somewhat different England which came under his observation, but still the red-blooded, robust, outspoken England of Fielding's Tom Jones, and which was later to inspire Gillray's terrible pencil. But Bunbury reflects the politer and more ceremonious side of the age. He was an aristocrat, as a youth he had made the "grand tour," he held a militia commission, and he had no liking for depicting the miseries of Gin Lane and Beer Alley. He began to publish his prints as early as 1767, when he was but seventeen years of age, most of his early work being based on his impressions of

foreign travel. To this period belong "The Englishman at Paris," the "Tour to Foreign Parts," "The Kitchen of a French Post-House," showing peasants, dandies, monks, lean Frenchmen, in contrast to stout and well-fed Britons. His life as an amateur soldier naturally led him to treat of military subjects, and among his best-known prints are "Recruits," "The Deserter," "The Militia Meeting," and "A Visit to Camp." One of his most famous sketches was "The Long Minuet," as danced at Bath, the great rendezvous of eighteenth-century fashionable English society. Mr. Selwyn Brinton, in his "Eighteenth Century in English Caricature," writes of "The Long Minuet" as a forerunner of a line of humor which the Germans have developed in *Fliegende Blätter,* and which Caran d'Ache has made use of with great success in France.

The next great figure in the history of caricature is Gillray. The two prints reproduced here—"Gulliver Inspected by a Brobdingnagian" and "Bonaparte the King-Baker"—are characteristic, yet there are probably forty or fifty other prints from which any two might have been taken, and the selection would have been just as felicitous. Then there are thirty odd sketches conceived and executed with great power, and illustrative of one side of his great but perverted genius, which could not be printed at all, of which one must speak evasively, and which were found overstrong even by an age which did not flinch from the broadest of jests and found little shame in open allusion to the elemental facts of physical life. Looking at these prints one somehow sees the shadow of the madness which darkened his later years.

The age of Gillray was a realistic one, an age of ceremony and sharp distinctions of caste. A great man was known by his exterior, and he flaunted his vices in much

GULLIVER INSPECTED BY A BROBDINGNAGIAN.

George III and Bonaparte, by Gillray. About 1800.

BONAPARTE THE KING-BAKER, BY GILLRAY.

Talleyrand, Bishop of Autun, is mixing the dough.

the same manner as he flaunted his periwig and his ribbons. Hand in hand with martial heroism went dissipation of every kind; gambling was a ruling passion throughout the land, and drunkenness was common in every class of society. To influence opinion under such conditions, no story was too infamous for credence and use. The mother, the wife, the sisters of the French emperor—all were fair game. The Bonaparte family gnawing at bones in a hut in Ajaccio, Josephine dancing naked before Barras while the young Napoleon peers furtively through the curtain—these were the scenes which Gillray depicted to keep aflame the passions of his countrymen. How savage the satire, how keen the contempt! In the print "Gulliver Inspected by a Brobdingnagian," you see the pygmy being studied through an opera-glass by the king, who holds him in the palm of his hand. "Our fathers," wrote Thackeray, "chose to set up George as the type of a great king, and the little Gulliver was the great Napoleon." Yet even when this contempt is most violent in its expression, there lurks beneath it a certain fear—fear of the genius of the emperor, fear of his star. Can the Tiddy Doll of one print, taking out of the oven a new batch of kings, be really the pygmy Gulliver who in the other print is being so contemptuously scrutinized by fat, old, dull, Hanoverian George the Third, or the arrogant conqueror who in another is shown complacently slicing off Continental Europe as his share of the plum-pudding?

In a monograph of this length it would be impossible even to give a list of Gillray's cartoons, yet the subject should not be dismissed without allusion to a print which the present writer considers as showing the high-water mark of his imaginative genius. In "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" the artist made use of John Bunyan's allegory to

THE PLUM-PUDDING IN DANGER, BY GILLRAY.

Bonaparte and Pitt dividing up the earth between them.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, BY GILLRAY.

This cartoon, which was published in London in 1808, shows Napoleon Bonaparte surrounded by the spirits of those he had injured or fought during life.

depict the manifold dangers which threatened Napoleon in 1808. It was after the disastrous Spanish occupation, and the French emperor, moving along the perilous path through the valley, is surrounded on every side by horrors threatening immediate destruction. The print is marvelous in its inven-

ROBINSON CRUSOE BONAPARTE,
BY A GERMAN CARTOONIST, IN 1817.

The Great Napoleon in exile at St. Helena.

tion and detail, and was one of the last to be executed before Gillray's mind began to give way. The waning of Napoleon's power saw an increase in caricature directed against him, not only in the countries which were struggling to throw off his yoke, but in France itself. An anonymous French print

shows the emperor in swaddling-clothes reposing sweetly in the arms of Satan, a long series of German cartoons depict him in various plights, while in England Rowlandson had

A WELLINGTON BOOT, BY HEATH. About 1820.

The Iron Duke was usually thought of as wearing a particular style of high boot, which, afterward remaining in fashion, became known as the Wellington Boot.

taken up the work left unfinished by Gillray, and was scourging the Corsican with equal ferocity, if with less cunning.

After Waterloo and the second restoration of the Bourbons, Europe, weary after the long years of turbulence, turned for a time from political caricature to the caricature of manners. In England the good-natured grotesques of Cruikshank were a pleasant relief after the savageries of Gillray. In France, under Louis XVIII, some political caricature was directed against the Jesuits, but pictorial satire

From London *Punch*.

THE FRENCH PORCUPINE.
A British conception of the warlike ambitions of the Emperor Napoleon III in 1853.

for the most part concerned itself with the comedy of manners, amusing itself over the absurdity of existing fashions in dress, the devices and abuses of matrimonial agencies, and the dangers of the *Montagnes Russes*. The Revolution of 1830 brought political caricature back into popularity, and with the ripening of the genius of Daumier and Philipon, and the establishment of *La Caricature* and afterward the

Charivari, there began that curious struggle between half a dozen poor artists on one side and his majesty Louis Philippe, his august family, and the numberless "placemen" and supporters of the monarchy on the other, which Thackeray likened to Thersites girding at Ajax. Prosecutions, seizures, fines, made no impression on the dauntless little band, and week after week, with an astounding ingenuity and variety of invention, the king of the French was held up to the laughter of Paris. The favorite device of Daumier was to play upon the resemblance the king's head bore to a pear, and soon the

From *Fliegende Blatter.*

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.
A German caricature of Napoleon III.

THE FAMOUS "POIRE."
Caricature of Louis Philippe, by Philipon, appearing in *La Caricature*.

famous "poire" was chalked upon all the walls of the city. The four sketches here reproduced constituted Philipon's defense when summoned before a jury to answer for the crime of inciting to contempt against the king's person. He drew a pear, then a second, then a third, then a fourth, each like the former one, but adding a line here and a curve there, until the last was a perfect likeness of the countenance of Louis Philippe. "Is it my fault, gentlemen of the jury," said the artist, with a shrug, "if his Majesty's face looks like a pear?" But finally came the famous September laws, the strangling of the liberty of the press, and Messieurs Daumier and Philipon were obliged to forego political caricature and to find a safe outlet for their satire in the adventures of the immortal Robert Macaire and his friend Bertrand. Macaire had the dirt and dandyism of Fielding's Blueskin with the philosophy of Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs; sometimes he was made to swindle, but where he could get a shilling more, M. Macaire would murder without scruple; everything he did was done with bland imperturbability, and he accompanied his actions with fine philosophical remarks. Macaire's companion, Bertrand, was

AN INTERNATIONAL CONCERT.

the reign of Alexander III (in 1894 or 1895), Russia entered upon an alliance with France for purposes of military defense. A concert given at Paris e united bands of a Russian regiment and the Republican Guard called forth this illustration of the alliance. A popular cartoon of the period.

A FAMILY DINNER IN FRANCE

Captain Alfred Dreyfus, of the French army, was, in 1894, imprisoned upon a charge of selling military secrets to a foreign power (believed to be Germany). Widespread suspicion of the evidence resulted in a fresh trial, and the captain was "pardoned" without being acquitted. So violent was the controversy throughout France

his foil and the recipient of his jokes. Bertrand was just as much of a rogue, but lacked Macaire's dash and genius. The blows meant for Macaire would always somehow fall on Bertrand's head. Driven out of political life, in which he made his first appearance, Macaire soon found his way to the bar, the Bourse, into the medical profession, to the stage, and into society. Everywhere he went his creators used him to satirize some swindle or humbug. It was a time when France was afflicted with a fever for speculation, and of course Macaire was not behind his compatriots in this respect. In one of the first prints of the collection, Macaire discoursed to Bertrand of his projects. "Bertrand," he said, "I adore industry. If you wish, let us create a bank, a real bank; capital, a hundred million milliards. We shall sink the

DURING THE DREYFUS AFFAIR.

as to Dreyfus's guilt or innocence that numerous duels were fought and the peace of many households destroyed. This double cartoon from *Figaro*, Paris, shows the effect at a peaceful dinner-party.

Bank of France, the bankers; we shall sink the whole world." "Yes," says Bertrand, very calm and stupid, "but the gendarmes?" "How absurd you are, Bertrand; do they ever arrest a millionaire?" Such was the key of M. Macaire's philosophy.

Contemporary with the genial Macaire was the Mayeux of Traviès, a sort of French Mr. Hyde, used by his creator to satirize in a hundred different ways the vices and foibles of Parisian life. Once or twice in his early career Macaire had trespassed on the forbidden ground of politics, and likewise, in one or two of the prints dealing with Mayeux, we recognize the gibe at the august majesty of Louis Philippe.

To a somewhat later period belonged the various cartoons dealing with the "Vésuviennes," which show that the cari-

GENERAL FEBRUARY TURNED TRAITOR. ONE OF JOHN LEECH'S CARTOONS IN *PUNCH*.

At the outset of the Crimean War, winter being at hand, the Czar Nicholas I was reported as saying, "Russia has two generals upon whom she can rely: General January and General February." Fate, however, ironically decreed that Russia should suffer severe reverses in these months, and that on the 2d of March, 1855, the Czar himself should die.

cature directed against the New Woman is by no means of recent origin. Vésuviennes was a name applied to the French Amazons of the last years of the reign of Louis Philippe and of the Second Republic. Ideas of female emancipation were in the air, and Cham and Daumier and countless minor artists found huge amusement in holding up these ideas for pictorial ridicule. A typical skit at the expense of the Vésuviennes shows a woman's club meeting at the Tuileries. Under the picture are printed the words of the impassioned orator: "Citizens! What is liberty? A woman! What is the republic? A woman! Then why do we leave the power to the men?" etc. Other objects of the political satire of this period were balloons and the dangers of ballooning; and macadamized roads, then a novelty. Literary caricature was also much in vogue. All the novelists of the time were singled out as targets, but particular attention was given to the elder Dumas and to Eugène Sue. The leading figures of political caricature during the Second Republic were, of course, Thiers and Louis Napoleon.

Under the empire political caricature in France was virtually stamped out. The cartoons directed against the Napoleonic *régime* were almost without exception printed in Belgium or England, and thence smuggled over to French soil. It was for this reason that Gavarni, who was to French pictorial art what Balzac was to the novel, has left practically nothing of a political nature. Daumier and Cham, essentially political caricaturists, were forced to work upon other subjects until the collapse of the empire in 1870. Armand Dayot, in compiling his pictorial history of France between 1851 and the Franco-Prussian War, was obliged to turn to the pages of London *Punch* in order to show political events as they were reflected in the pictorial satire of the

THE FATE OF THOSE WHO GO TO LAW.

This famous cartoon by George Cruikshank, brought out in 1827, illustrates the story of two litigants over an oyster. They submitted their case to a lawyer, who, when the case had been decided, ate the oyster and handed each a shell.

From the London *Punch*.

"MOSES IN EGYPT."

In 1875 Lord Beaconsfield created a sensation by suddenly announcing that the British Government had bought all the Khedive's share in the Suez Canal, which meant that the control of the waterway to the East had passed into English hands. This cartoon of Sir John Tenniel's shows Disraeli unriddling the riddle of Sphinx.

moment. Yet, aside from politics, there is not a phase of this brilliant period but what has been preserved to us in countless prints. By turning over the pictures of Gavarni, Cham, Du Maurier, Marcelin, Grévin, and Guys, we can see all the humors, foibles, and absurdities of the boulevards, the public balls, the skating-rinks, the strange costumes; in a word, we can trace every changing mood of butterfly Paris running light-heartedly its swift race to Sedan.

English pictorial humor, which, despite the genius of George Cruikshank, had fallen far behind the humor of the French side of the channel, received a great and lasting impetus with the foundation of *Punch* in 1841. While since that time, and especially in recent years, there have been eminent English cartoonists who have never

"UP A TREE."—COLONEL BULL AND THE YANKEE 'COON.

'COON: "Air you in earnest, Colonel?"
COLONEL BULL: "I am."
'COON: "Don't fire—I'll come down."

Tenniel's famous cartoon of Lincoln, drawn in January, 1862, on the conclusion of the "*Trent* affair," when the United States released Slidell and Mason.

GETTING GLADSTONE'S COLLAR UP. ONE OF HARRY FURNISS'S CARTOONS IN *PUNCH*.

The large collars worn by this statesman and his irascibility in parliamentary debate were the subjects of popular jest in the later years of Queen Victoria's reign.

sat at the *Punch* table or even contributed to the famous periodical, it is not too much to say that the history of English pictorial satire in the last half of the nineteenth century has been the history of *Punch*. Doyle, Leech, Sambourne, and Tenniel in political caricature; Du Maurier and May, as satirists of the manners of all classes of British society—these are unquestionably the greatest names in modern English comic art. Leech's "General Février Turned Traitor" and Tenniel's "The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger," are probably the two most stirring cartoons from English artists since the Napoleon in "The Valley of the Shadow of Death" of Gillray. At the outbreak of the Crimean War the Russian emperor had boasted in a speech that whatever forces the Allied Powers might put in the field, Russia had two generals on whom she could always rely, General January and General February. But toward the end of the winter the emperor himself fell a victim to the severity of the Russian climate, dying after an attack of influenza. General February had turned traitor. The carfoon,

which was printed March 10, 1855, caused a shudder to run through all England.

From *Punch*, December 5, 1900.

MONEY NO OBJECT.

SCULPTOR SALISBURY (at work on a statue of Victory): "I'm afraid, Mr. Bull, I must trouble you for something on account—there's a lot more work on it than I expected."—In reference to the Boer War, which was then at its height.

Tenniel's famous picture was inspired by the atrocities of the Sepoy Rebellion. It showed the British Lion, roused

to frenzy, springing at the throat of the Bengal Tiger, which was crouched over the torn and mutilated bodies of a woman and a child. From 1860, when his connection with *Punch* began, until his death, there was hardly a phase of English social life which did not at some time or other feel the keen satire of George Du Maurier's pencil. For a third of a century his work was the mirror of the English comedy of manners, and his types came to be known all over the English-speaking world. Is there a well-read man or woman who will confess to being unacquainted with Sir Gorgius Midas, with the scheming Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns and her submissive spouse, or the Duke and Duchess of Stilton, or the low comedian Grigsby, or the æsthetic trio, Postlethwaite, Maudle, and Mrs. Cimabue Brown? The loss of the Du Maurier gallery of portraits would leave as great a gap in the social history of England as would the loss of the novels of Dickens or of Thackeray. His success was not due to excellence of execution alone. In the legends attached to his drawing we see the art of *précis*-writing in its perfection. When

From the *Asino*, Turin.

THE ANGEL OF PEACE.

The Czar Nicholas II, who in convening the Hague Peace Conference of 1899 figured as the great promoter of international peace, less than five years later himself went to war with Japan. The czar here is supposed to be enlisting the Angel of Peace in a Cossack regiment.

"Peter Ibbetson" and "Trilby" appeared, the fruit of his later years, it was thought amazing that such books could be written by one without apparent literary training. A friend expressed himself to Du Maurier in this vein, and the latter referred to the long years of schooling in his contributions to *Punch*. "Each of those legends had to be a perfect story in itself—the epitome of a novel. It had to be presented with a conciseness and perfection attained only after arduous literary labor. Always I had to find the *mot juste*. That was my apprenticeship."

American political caricature, which began with William Charles, a Scotchman who used his pen against his native country with as much energy as Paul Jones did his sword, was, before the time of Thomas Nast, on a low plane, both

THE LATEST FASHIONS IN DOGS.
A characteristic Du Maurier sketch from *Punch*.

THE SKILFUL BARTENDER.

How *Punch* pictured the Federal method, under the direction of President Lincoln, "of exalting the North in the American Civil War."

"THE AMERICAN BROTHERS; OR, HOW WILL THEY GET OUT?"

Tenniel's comment on the occasion of Lincoln's reelection, November, 1864, when England considered both North and South involved in hopeless financial difficulties.

in invention and execution. The long series of prints dealing with the various administrations, political campaigns, and

From *Punch*, August 6, 1898

DOCTRINE AND PRACTISE. (After the Spanish-American War.)

DAME EUROPA (coldly): "To whom do I owe the pleasure of this intrusion?"
UNCLE S.: "Ma'am, my name is Uncle Sam!"
DAME EUROPA: "Any relation of the late Colonel Monroe?"

wars is striking only as an example of neglected opportunities. In none of these prints can we find much evidence of

THE MEXICAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF SURVEYS THE AMERICAN ADVANCE.

This was one of the popular cartoons of 1846. It represents the Mexican general, Santa Anna, as saying: "Can I believe my spectacles? These Northern barbarians have already taken Texas, they grasp at Oregon, now they are laying their rapacious hands on Mexico itself. Where is God? Where is Liberty? Above all, where is my friend John Bull?"

A CARTOON OF THE GRANT-GREELEY CAMPAIGN WHICH WAS NOT A TRUE PROPHET.

From *Figaro*.

LET US KISS AND BE FRIENDS.

A French conception of the Treaty of Paris which concluded the Spanish-American War.

individuality. There was no attempt at subtlety of expression. The artist drew in a certain number of wooden figures, and then relied on the text in the loops issuing from the mouth of each to interpret his meaning. The young republic of those years was the "Brother Jonathan" of both British and American comic art—a swarthy, thin-visaged youth who delighted in putting his heels on the mantelpiece and assuming belligerent attitudes. Through a process of evolution somewhat similar to the evolution of the "John Bull" of Gillray and Rowlandson to the "John Bull" of the present day, Brother Jonathan came gradually to assume the genial lineaments of the Uncle Sam which now typifies the nation. Uncle Sam, while universally accepted in foreign caricature, is not always so amiable a person. German, British, French, Dutch, and Spanish cartoonists have learned the art of dis-

torting his features with singular effects. For example, glance at the cartoon "Let us Kiss and be Friends" which appeared in *Figaro* after the conclusion of peace between Spain and the United States in 1898, and which is reproduced on another page. It is undoubtedly Uncle Sam, but what an avaricious and hypocritical old scoundrel it is! In even a more unpleasant light you find him in the cartoons printed in Spain just before and during the war, while ever since the controversy between Admiral Dewey and the Germans in the Bay of Manila, his appearance in German caricature is clinching evidence of a frank and vehement German dislike.

Of American social caricature in the earlier half of the century, there was some, but practically nothing of lasting importance. Pictorial publications were usually ephemeral. Satires of domestic problems and absurdities of dress were, as a rule, clumsily executed. We derive our impressions of those decades in the main from foreign sources. Some insight into our early manners, although from the point of view of the prejudiced observer, may be had in the sketches which were designed to illustrate Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans."

The first political sketches of Thomas Nast did not belong properly to caricature, or even to comic art. Yet, inspired as they were by Nast's deep-rooted belief in the justice of the Northern cause and hatred of the Confederacy, they were of tremendous effectiveness. President Lincoln spoke of them as the "best recruiting sergeants on the side of the Union." As a caricaturist Nast dated from 1867 or 1868, when he opened fire upon the corrupt ring which then controlled New York. With what intensity and ingenuity and persistence he pursued his campaign against Tweed and his minions may be seen in the cartoons reproduced here. He

Copyright by *Puck*.

THE LION AND WHY THEY DISLIKE HIM.

One of the Gillam cartoons from *Puck*, in commendation of President Cleveland's defense of Civil Service Reform.

Copyright by *Puck*.

THE EUROPEAN EQUILIBRIST, BY JOSEPH KEPPLER.

In Bismarck's diplomacy the great powers of the world were often merely pawns in the German game for the hegemony of Europe.

"Who stole the people's money?" Do tell.—Nast in the New York *Times*.

'TWAS HIM.

UNDER THE THUMB.

Two of the best-known cartoons of Thomas W. Nast against the "Tweed Ring."

began the battle almost single-handed. He kept it up, undaunted by threats and regardless of the influence that was brought to bear upon him. Tweed writhed under his attacks. "I don't care what the newspapers say about me," he once said, "only can't you stop these terrible pictures?" But those terrible pictures could not be stopped. An enormous bribe was offered, with an intimation of physical violence as the alternative—they were alike useless. Nast had made up his mind, and there was no wavering, no swerving. His work went even beyond the destruction of the ring, for it was one of his pictures showing Tweed in the guise of a kidnapper that was responsible for the recognition and arrest of the fugitive boss at the hands of the Spanish police.

While Nast's fame rests first of all on his services to the city of New York at this period, he must be remembered as a political caricaturist on a much bigger scale. He did yeoman work in the campaigns of 1872, 1876, 1880, and 1884. He was the originator of the Elephant and the Jackass, as emblematic of the Republican and Democratic parties, and of the Labor Cap and Full Dinner-Pail which are used as typifying Labor and Prosperity. It was to the impetus that he gave American caricature that we owe such publications as *Puck* and *Judge*, which, if in the early days were given to grossness, have always produced cartoons of satirical power, and which, of later years, have scrupulously refrained from the offensive and the indelicate.

Nast, a Bavarian by birth and inheritance, was the father of modern American caricature; most of his immediate successors were likewise of Germanic origin, and until the later eighties, German ideas strongly dominated the American cartoon. *Puck*, the first of the comic publications that was destined to last, when established in 1876, was designed exclu-

Copyright by *Judge*.

DON QUIXOTE BRYAN HAS HIS TILT AGAINST THE FULL DINNER-PAIL.
A conception of the Gold-Silver Campaign of 1896 by Victor Gillam, in *Judge*.

MOVEMENTS IN RUSSIAN HIGH LIFE.

From *Life*.

Copyright by *Life*.

A FOND CRITIC.

Wife of His Bosom: "Lovely, dear, lovely! But I think those sheep look too much like clouds—er—that is—of course—unless they *are* clouds."

(W. L. Jacobs in *Life*.)

THE MAIDEN LADY AND THE SERPENT.

A Story Without Words.

By A. B. Frost.

By special permission of *Scribner's Magazine*.

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sively for the German-reading population. The *Puck* printed in English did not appear until a year later, and, though edited by an American, the late Henry Cuyler Bunner, its draughtsmen, headed by Joseph Keppler, were almost all Germans or Austrians. Bernard Gillam, Keppler's greatest rival in the field of American caricature in the early eighties, was by birth an Englishman. Keppler and Gillam were both men of remarkable invention and power, and to them we turn for all the permanent caricature dealing with the history of the nation in the ninth decade of the last century. Week by week, in the pages of *Puck* and *Judge*, they took up the cudgels in behalf of each of the two great political parties. Some of their cartoons, and perhaps some of the most effective, were marred by a coarseness and cruelty which would not be tolerated in a more urbane age. Yet their work gave caricature the impetus that it needed to make it become eventually a feature of daily journalism.

While the caricaturists were prolific all through the eighties and early nineties, and men like Gillam and Keppler and Bush and Rogers and Opper were forces to be reckoned with in the political struggles of 1888 and 1892, the immense importance of the cartoon did not begin to be fully realized until the great economic and political upheaval preceding the election of 1896, when Mr. Cleveland was being repudiated by his own party and the West was frenzied over free silver, and caricature became rampant throughout the land. Literally thousands of pencils were assailing the trusts, the money power, the demon Gold. The vast majority of these cartoons were weak and exaggerated in inventions and executions, possessing only the merit of a certain fanatical sincerity. The minority represented the work of men of genuine power.

It was about this time that Frederick Burr Opper, who has

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"Oh, Isaac! ain't it awful?" "Yes; but ain't yer glad now dat we didn't buy furst-class tickets, Rachel?"
(F. W. Read in *Life*.)

served a long apprenticeship on *Wild Oats, Frank Leslie's,* and *Puck,* began to come into his own. It is doubtful if American pictorial humor has ever produced a more prolific artist. Lacking the obstinate convictions of Nast, Opper relies for his effects upon his power of provoking laughter. There is in his most striking political cartoons hardly a trace of rancor. When he is girding at the trusts he gives you a group of well-fed, selfish gentlemen, who are merrily buffeting about a poor figure labelled "The Common People." You recognize that these gentlemen are most reprehensible rascals; yet there was always the suggestion that under the exterior there may lurk some little element that is not wholly bad. Probably a great part of the effectiveness of Opper's cartoons has been due to this very kindliness. Keen as is the humor, the point itself is never lost.

In striking contrast to Mr. Opper is his political and artistic colleague, Mr. Homer Davenport. Mr. Davenport's cartoons are in no sense humorous, but they give, from their semiallegorical nature, an impression that is simply haunting. His most striking creation was the huge, monstrous figure with the great bull-neck, the Assyrian beard, and the tiny head which was used to typify the trusts. This figure has been for years the very keystone of Mr. Davenport's political work.

In an entirely different vein has been the caricature of Mr. John T. McCutcheon, who can probably claim the very widest audience to-day of any American cartoonist. Like Mr. Opper, Mr. McCutcheon is essentially a humorist, but in attaining his effects he has kept closer to real life and to real types. He is a keen observer, and has caught and depicted with great accuracy and humor the various phases of village life in the Middle West. The veterans, C. G. Bush,

THE OLD VIKING FREE AGAIN.

After ninety years of partnership with Sweden under one king, Norway (on June 7, 1905) declared the union dissolved. It was a question of incompatibility of temper. This cartoon, one of the typical ones of C. G. Bush, in the New York *World*, pictures the old Norwegian spirit again free after four centuries of subjection to Denmark and Sweden.

Copyright, 1901, by *Life* Publishing Co.

A WIDOW AND HER FRIENDS.

The day after arriving at her journey's end.

From *Life*, by Charles Dana Gibson.

who for the past few years has been regarded as the dean of active American cartoonists, and W. A. Rogers, have already been mentioned. In the pages of *Judge,* Victor Gillam has been carrying on the work of his brother Bernard with a talent fully as great. The cartoon here reproduced entitled "Be Careful! It's loaded!!" is the very apotheosis of a certain form of caricature. The great threatening gun, the startled countenance of Uncle Sam, and the diminutive, apelike Spaniard shaking his fist in the cannon's muzzle, sum up with a wonderful vigor the great storm of suppressed passion that was surging in the breast of the American people in the weeks immediately preceding the outbreak of the Spanish-American War.

There is a particularly pleasant form of pictorial satire which, if it is usually cruel and too often based on the misfortunes of the individual, is happily free from the spirit of rancor, which is the very inspiration and key-note of political caricature. This is the comic art which is designed simply to amuse, to provoke our laughter by ludicrous contrasts or exaggeration. The Frenchman Caran d'Ache is perhaps its most brilliant exponent, and each of his albums is a mine of humor. As an example of his art, look at the accompanying series of pictures, "The New Hat." There is not a single phase of the story with which we could dispense; and when the flattened and mutilated remains of the indiscreet joker have been swept away by the accommodating *garçon de café,* our sympathies remain, as Caran d'Ache intended they should, wholly with the injured owner of the hat. This is a form of humor in which the Germans are particularly adept, and the whimsical absurdities of papers like the *Fliegende Blätter* are known and imitated all over the civilized world. The drawings of Wilhelm Busch, the *Fliegende Blät-*

Copyright, 1898, by the Arkell Publishing Company, New York.

From *Judge*, by Victor Gillam.

BE CAREFUL! IT'S LOADED!!

ter's most important artist, have been published in editions that numerically rival the editions of the most successful and widely exploited modern popular novel. In America this form of comic art has in the last few years won an audience that probably reaches the millions. The Katzenjammer Kids, who bear a strong resemblance to the Max and Moritz of Busch; Buster Brown, with his Resolutions and his dog

THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN.
From the rib to the finished product, as seen by *Fliegende Blätter*, Munich.

Tige; Alphonse and Gaston; Happy Hooligan, together with his brothers, Gloomy Gus and Montmorency; Foxy Grandpa; Mr. Pewee; and Mr. E. Z. Mark, have become bywords throughout the land.

Reverting in conclusion to political caricature, the cartoons treating of the Boer War, the Franco-Russian Alliance, the Powers in China, the Spanish-American War, the Dreyfus case, American monopolies, the struggle in Manchuria, the

THE NEW HAT.

A story without words, by Caran d'Ache.

From *Punch*.

From *Simplicissimus*, Munich.

THE GENTLE ART OF BICYCLING.

His regular daily task.

A red-hot favorite.

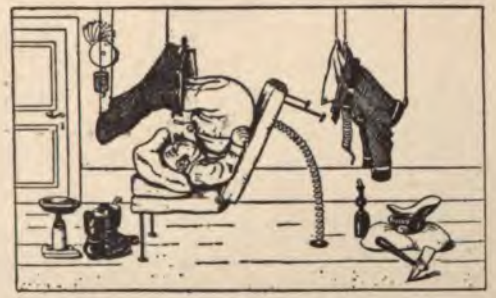
Lean and uncommonly wiry.

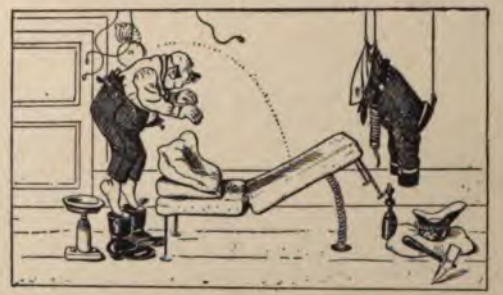
A high-strung animal.

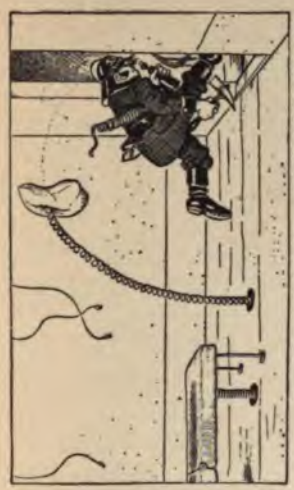
Astonishing toughness and endurance.

From Meggendorfer's *Humoristische Blätter.*

LANGUAGE OF THE TURF.







From Meggendorfer's *Humoristische Blätter* (Munich).

THE PATENT FIREMAN.

plight of the Russian aristocracy, the strenuosities of President Roosevelt, and the many-sided egotisms of the German Kaiser, need no comment. Dealing as they do with the events and conditions of to-day and yesterday, they speak for themselves.

Modern German pictorial humor has been seen at its best in the columns of the *Fliegende Blätter*. In a general way this paper has always been non-political, yet going back to 1871 one can find in it a very striking series of political prints satirizing the reign and the downfall of Napoleon III. A great deal of the popularity of the *Fliegende Blätter* has been due to the individual work of William Busch, perhaps the greatest master of caricature that Germany has ever produced. But Busch, though still alive, has practically ceased working. His place as the dean of German comic artists

has been taken by Adolf Oberländer. Political caricature in Germany to-day is as dangerous as it was in France under the reign of Louis Philippe, and the editors and artists of such papers as *Kladderadatsch, Jugend,* and *Simplicissimus* are obliged to work with extreme caution and a proper idea of the law of *lèse majesté*. Yet even frequent sentences of imprisonment have not altogether curbed the spirit of revolt, and T. T. Heine, of *Simplicissimus,* keeps all Germany on the *qui vive* by his ambiguous pictorial sallies, some of which are directed at no less a personage than the emperor himself. In fact, much of the circulation of the paper is due to the belief of its readers that each issue can be depended upon to come as near insulting majesty as is possible without directly

THE PERPETUAL WAR BULLETIN.

Description by the *Fischietto* (Turin) of the news regarding the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-1905. It will explain itself if turned upside down.

doing so. Heine possesses to a high degree the art of drawing a cartoon so deftly that every one knows at whom it is aimed without giving the state's attorney any grounds on which to begin proceedings. Yet all his cleverness has not

From the *Wiener Humoristische Blätter*, Vienna.

AN EASY GAME.

In the campaign against the Transvaal and the Orange Free State (1900), the British Regulars suffered many an ignominious defeat from the opposing peasant forces. The leading spirit in the whole conflict with England was Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal Republic.

been able to save him from occasional punishment, and Heine has not been the only sufferer. A cartoon that was widely discussed at the time of its appearance, cost the editor of *Kladderadatsch* three months in prison. The cartoon ridi-

culed the emperor's saying that no one could be a good citizen who was not a good Christian. In the foreground of the picture is shown the devil studying a knot tied in his own tail. "Ah! now I remember why I tied that knot. It was to remind me to go after the old Fritz, since he who is not a good Christian is not a good Prussian soldier, nor can he under any circumstances perform the duties demanded of a soldier in the Prussian army." These words are being read with mirth by the shades of Alexander, Leonidas, Napoleon, and the great Frederick.

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